The Levite

The
Magazine
of the
John Watson
Club

Published in
February and
August

For
Private Circulation
among the
Past and Present Pupils
of
John Watson's Institution
Edinburgh

Volume 1 1903-1908

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DAVID SHORT & SON, 29 ELDER STREET, EDINBURGH

THE LEVITE

Editor—D. M. THOMSON.

No. I. FEBRUARY 1903

EDITOR'S LETTER.

DEAR FELLOW LEVITES,

In laying our opening number before you, we feel that no apology is necessary for addressing you by the old, familiar title. The mere mention of the old name should never fail to arouse warm feelings within us towards the School which enabled each of us, after being an intimate five or six years, to gain the time honoured title. Does it not recall visions of our last year at John Watson's and that day of all days—the Vacation Day, when we left its hospitable walls to face the world, with a sound training and the laudable ambition to be in our new life a credit to our dear old *Alma Mater?*

Thus would we ask you to turn your thoughts to those days that are now past, and, for a brief space, endeavour to live them over again in these pages, to which you are one and all cordially invited to contribute.

To live in the past is not, however, our only purpose. It will be our constant aim to contribute our quota towards making the Club a real and living thing by recording the current topics of the Club, the accomplishments and pursuits of the "old boys," and passing events at the Institution.

These are the lines on which we propose to conduct *The Levite*, but we shall always be open to receive suggestions and, above all, contributions. Some Club Members may feel diffident about writing full-fledged articles, and yet be the possessors of quaint anecdotes and reminiscences. Such should not be allowed to remain longer in their present storehouses, but should be sent post haste to the Offices of *The Levite*, for the success of our Magazine will largely depend upon having a wide circle of contributors.

The Council are ever striving to give practical demonstration of their interest in the Members and, to their latest scheme, we extend our heartiest approval. The Essay Competition is an excellent idea, and full particulars will be found in another page.

As the origin of the term "Levite" appears to be somewhat obscure, we present, in this issue, an explanation from the pen of our old Headmaster, Mr Rowe.

In conclusion, we would remind you that the Magazine is,

at present, only on probation for a year,—its future lies in your hands. We are, however, hopeful that the Members will rally to its support, and that each will lay to heart this advice of Hawes:—"'I cannot do it' never accomplished anything; 'I will try' has wrought wonders."

Yours sincerely,

THE EDITOR.

"THE LEVITES."

To the present and former pupils of John Watson's Institution, the title chosen for this new Magazine will offer no difficulty as to the reason for its selection; they will at once recognise it as an old friend, and give it a hearty welcome.

Fifty years ago I was one of the Assistant-Masters in a school in the South of England in which about 120 boys were boarded and educated from nine to fifteen years of age. Two names were then in common use in the School, "Levites" and "Manassites," the former applied to the boys who were "leaving" at the close of the current session, and the latter to the younger boys.

The "Levites," as being the oldest boys, and the class from which the School Monitors were taken, were regarded as a very superior body, but still it was thought proper that there should be a distinctive name for the rest of the School also, of similar origin and at the same time indicating the use for which it was intended. The word fixed on was "Manassites"—derived from the same source, and its first syllable, "Man" (the same as the first syllable of the Latin verb "manere," to remain) suggesting that it belonged to the boys still "remaining" in the School.

The name "Levites" was unknown in the Institution before the year 1858. The leaving boys of that year had heard of the peculiar use of the word in the School before spoken of, it had taken their fancy, was immediately adopted by them, and is now as popular in the Institution as ever.

The other name, "Manassites," seems to have found no favour with the younger boys, and they have been content to wait patiently till the time should come for them also to bear the honoured name of "Levites."

GEORGE ROWE.

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT.

The Council, in presenting their fourth Annual Report to the Members, desire to congratulate them on the success which has attended the Club during the past year.

The Council have had under their consideration two proposals which might be conducive to the further benefit and enjoyment of the Members, and are hopeful of one of these schemes, namely, that of publishing a Magazine, coming into active operation at an early date.

It is with much regret, however, the Council have to record that a proposal brought forward by the Members in Edinburgh to form a Former Pupils Rugby Football Team has fallen through in the meantime on account of the lack of players.

The Membership has been increased during the year by the admission of seven new Members, but the Club has sustained a loss through the recent sad death of Mr James P. Anderson (who left the Institution in 1896) in South Africa. The total number of Members is at present one hundred and thirteen, two of whom are now Life Members.

The Treasurer's Cash Abstract is as follows :—

CHARGE.				*DISCHARGE.*			
To Balance from last year ... (*Inclusive of 13 Subscriptions for 1902*).		£10 1 0		By Printing Account	£3 14 6		
To Subscriptions—				By Stationery Account	1 13 9		
3 at 2/6 for 1901 (*arrears*), ...	£0 7 6			By Postages, &c. ...	3 16 9		
78 at 2/6 for 1902	9 15 0					£9 5 0	
1 at 4/2 for 1902	0 4 2						
1 at 42/ for life	2 2 0			By Arrears of Subscriptions at this date—18 at 2/6...		2 5 0	
New Members.							
5 at 2/6 for 1902	0 12 6			By Balance on hand		16 2 2	
2 at 2/6 for 1903	0 5 0						
—		13 6 2					
90							
To Donations from Honorary Members		2 0 0					
To Unpaid Subscriptions—							
6 at 2/6 for 1901	£0 15 0						
13 at 2/6 for 1902, less 1 written off	1 10 0						
		2 5 0					
		£27 12 2				£27 12 2	

EDINBURGH, *1st December* 1902.—I have examined the Books and Accounts of the John Watson Club, and have found these to be correct, and properly vouched and instructed, and I certify that the foregoing Abstract of the Accounts exhibits a true state of the Club's affairs at 30th November 1902.

HENRY ROBERTSON, S.S.C.

The Council have always endeavoured to keep the expenses as moderate as possible, and the Members will be pleased to see that a substantial sum stands to the credit of the Club.

A supplementary list of the names of the Office-Bearers for the current year, of the new Members, and of alterations in the addresses of the Members, was circulated in the beginning of the year. It is proposed to issue a new and corrected List of the Club Members, and the Council are at present giving their attention to the matter.

The following changes have occurred throughout the year among the Office-Bearers :—

First, HONORARY MEMBER :—The election of Mr Hugh Patten, W.S., 42 Castle Street, Treasurer of the Institution.

Second, LOCAL SECRETARIES :—The resignation of the Rev. J. H. Burn of Ballater; of Mr R. B. Adamson of London; the appointment of Mr A. G. Treasurer, now of London, as successor to Mr Adamson in the Local Secretaryship for the South of England; and of Mr George Mackintosh, now of Inverness, to the post of Local Secretary for North of Scotland.

The Council record their appreciation of the kindness of Mr Patten, and of the good services of the Local Secretaries above mentioned.

The Members will be interested to learn that in the spring of this year their old Master, Mr George Rowe, returned to Edinburgh, and took up his residence at No. 165 Colinton Road, and on their behalf the Council extend to him a warm welcome.

It is interesting to note that a number of former pupils from different parts of the world have paid visits this year to the Institution, as shown by the Visitors' Book left there by the Club. This book has been instrumental in furnishing the Secretary with the addresses of old boys who had no knowledge of the Club's existence; and the Council would again urge the Members to advise the Secretary of any information they possess about their contemporaries, so that every endeavour may be made to add to the Membership, and thus enable the Council to extend the scope of their efforts.

The Third Annual Meeting, as the Members are already aware, was held, by kind permission, in the Institution last December on lines similar to previous years. At the Business Meeting the Chair was occupied by Rev. D. G. Hamilton, Vice-President. After the ordinary business had been transacted, and a discussion had taken place regarding Club Rooms, it was unanimously agreed, on the motion of Mr Crawford, that no further action be taken meantime.

A proposal that the Club should adopt Colours was then brought up and favourably received. The Council, being invested with powers to deal with the matter, selected navy blue and red as the official Club Colours, and arranged that mufflers, ties, hatbands, &c., at a moderate cost be stocked by Messrs Gulland & Kennedy, 91 North Hanover Street, Edinburgh; and it is gratifying to find that a considerable number of the Members now sport them.

The Third Club Dinner, under the Chairmanship of the Rev. Mr Hamilton, was held as formerly in the boys' dining-room. After an excellently purveyed repast, the customary toasts—one being the health of the Club's Guest of the evening, Mr John Dickson, a former teacher—were given and replied to. Thereafter the Members adjourned to an "At Home," given by the kindness of Miss Murray, and many old acquaintanceships were renewed with her guests, the "old girls," during the enjoyable programme of music and dancing.

At the Dinner originality was imparted to the toast of the health of the King by the Chairman appropriately referring to the then approaching Coronation, and adding that a suggestion had been made to subscribe and present a memento of the occasion to all the present pupils. The Council decided to act on the suggestion; and on their circularising the Members, subscriptions readily came to hand to the amount of £4, 3s., 3d., which met all expenses. The Council have to express their best thanks to the Members for the generous support given.

About a hundred copies of a cabinet-sized Photograph of the School, the gratuitous work of the Secretary, were accordingly prepared and mounted in an artistic frame. The Council received the cordial approval of the Directors of the Institution to have the memento presented on the Vacation Day, 22nd July last, and on that day the Chairman, Mr David Scott Moncrieff, W.S., very kindly made the presentation on the Club's behalf. At the same time each boy and girl was the recipient of a silver commemoration coin—the gift of the Directors. The Members will be gratified to learn from the Club's representatives, who were present, that the mementoes were received with great delight.

The Third Summer Meeting of the Club was held, by the courtesy of Mr Langhorne, in the School Park on 4th July last, when a cricket match was played between the School Team and an XI of the Club Members. The School Team was composed of Messrs A. Mackintosh, *Captain*, R. Mearns, J. Davidson, A. Massie, C. Cockburn, F. Lindsay, R. Marshall, D.

M'Kinnon, F. Laing, L. Apedaile, and E. Fisher, while the Club XI was Messrs A. A. Stewart, *Captain*, J. B. Stewart, R. M. Henderson, D. M. Thomson, C. M'Neil, R. H. Gibson, T. A. Thornton, J. Scott, W. D. Coghill, S. St. Clair, and B. Smart. On this occasion the Club were victors, having scored 60 runs for 5 wickets against the School's total of 16. At the conclusion of the Match, the boys and the Members afterwards adjourned to the Institution, where they partook of Strawberries and other refreshments subscribed for by the attending Members.

The Council were unable to give in last year's Report an indication of the amount of money obtained by the Bazaar held in the end of November 1901 in aid of the Dean Church, as this was not publicly known at the time. They have, however, heard that £2,000 was received there, which, with £5,000 previously in hand, left about £2,500 to be gathered to cover all the expenses of the new Church buildings. The Institution Stall was highly complimented on drawing over £120 at the Bazaar; and at a subsequent Sale of Work held in June last in the School Park, where at a Ping-Pong Tournament the School representatives were the "runners up," another sum of £200 was added to the building fund. It is interesting to record that in May last the foundation stone of the new Church was laid by Principal Sir Wm. Muir, who recalled the fact that he was present forty years ago at the laying of the foundation stone of the first Presbyterian Church at Agra in India, where Mr Williamson was then minister. The Church Hall is already finished, while it is expected that the Church itself will be open for public worship in March next.

The Council desire to place on record their indebtedness for the kind and practical responses given to their proposals by Mr Langhorne, Headmaster of the Institution, and Miss Murray.

By order of the Council.

D. M. THOMSON,
Secretary and Treasurer.

6th December 1902.

FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING.

The day after the present pupils had gone home for their Christmas holidays, namely, Saturday, 20th December last, the Club held its fourth Annual Reunion at the Institution.

It was satisfactory to note that a large number of the Members availed themselves of the opportunity of re-visiting the old haunts, and while some familiar faces at our previous gatherings were absent, we had the pleasure of welcoming several Members who attended for the first time.

The following Levites, with the Club's guest, Mr John Dickson, a former teacher, were present:—

Henry Robertson, Ken. Donaldson, A. J. Wright, Dr W. V. Sinclair, Rev. Professor Stevenson, Wm. Muirhead, Chas. S. Brown, Rev. D. G. Hamilton, W. G. Middleton, J. S. Syme, R. M. Henderson, D. M. Thomson, J. Ross, J. Jolly, D. S. Ross, C. M'Neil, D. Sanderson, J. N. R. Macqueen, R. H. Gibson, J. O. Naismith, A. A. Rennie, T. A Thornton, G. W. C. Laidlaw, R. Archibald, O. S. Rankin, A. J. Roger, D. S. Burnet, and W. D. Coghill.

Shortly after half-past four the Members began to arrive at the Institution, and after chatting some time in the Drill room, proceeded to the Masters' Room, where the Business Meeting took place.

The Rev. D. G. Hamilton was called to the Chair, and the Secretary intimated apologies for absence from Mr Rowe and Mr Langhorne, as guests of the Club, and from Mr Macbeth Forbes, who expressed his desire to retire from the office of President.

The Minutes of the third Annual Meeting were then read, and approved, as was the Council's Report for the past year.

The Chairman then expressed the thanks of the Council for the approval the Meeting had given their efforts to forward the interests of the Club, and the election of Office-Bearers for the ensuing year was thereafter proceeded with. The List of these is printed in the Supplement.

The proposal to publish a Club Magazine was now fully explained by the Secretary; and after instances had been quoted of the hearty support promised by many Members, Mr Kenneth Donaldson drew attention to the subject of advertisements, and offered to take the back cover himself —at a handsome rate.

Following some further discussion, the Rev. Professor Stevenson moved that the scheme of publishing a Magazine be proceeded with without delay. This was seconded by Mr Norman Macqueen, and there being no amendment, the

Chairman declared the motion to be unanimously carried, amid applause.

On the motion of Mr H. Robertson, it was agreed that, as a precautionary measure, the scheme be on probation for one year, and be reviewed at the end of same.

The Meeting decided to leave the details of the Magazine to the Council, suggesting, however, that a copy of each issue be presented gratis to each Member, but that a small charge be made on other copies.

A suggestion that the Magazine be called by the familiar term of *The Levite* was most favourably received—Messrs G. W. Crawford and D. M. Thomson being appointed the Editors.

The attention of the Meeting was thereafter directed to the resolution, previously notified, relative to striking off the names of any Members in arrear with their subscriptions for two years. Dr Sinclair moved that this be carried, with the reservation that intimation of the Council's intention be previously given to the Member interested. This was unanimously agreed to.

A hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman, moved by Mr Robertson, terminated the Meeting.

So engrossing was the business that it had encroached upon the dinner time by half-an-hour! Few minutes, however, elapsed before the Members took their places in the dining-room, and, the old Institution grace having been said, the Members seated themselves at prettily decorated tables and partook of an excellent dinner. The commencement of the Toast List having been signalised by the use on the Chairman's part of the Master's old knocker, the loyal toast was duly honoured amid enthusiasm.

The toast of "The Club" was proposed by Mr Robertson, who commented on its growth and usefulness, and concluded by coupling the toast with the name of Professor Stevenson, He, in reply, dwelt mostly on the subject of friendships and on the number of his fellow Levites whom he counted among his closest friends. After further remarks on the benefits to be derived from the Club, Mr Stevenson was succeeded by Mr K. Donaldson, who gave the toast of "The Institution," coupled with "Our Guest." He spoke cordially of his past days at the School which were not forgotten by him while on the Veldt.

Mr Dickson then rose to express his pleasure in being present, and urged upon the Members of the Club the great value of an ideal.

The toast of the Chairman's health was characterised by

great kindliness on the part of Mr Brown, who remarked that recently Mr Hamilton had, in Biblical language, "taken unto himself a wife." Musical honours, by the rendering of "For *they* are jolly good fellows," having been given, Mr Hamilton cordially returned thanks for the hearty good wishes, and said he would gladly convey them to "the other fellow!"

About a quarter-past eight the Members adjourned to the girls' schoolroom, where they were kindly welcomed by their old friend, Miss Murray, the hostess of the "At Home." Of the many feminine Levites present the Members were not slow to recognise a number, and while enjoying a cup of coffee had a pleasant chat with them. An adjournment was then made to the Chapel, which was very tastefully arranged, and a dance followed. During the intervals songs were well rendered by the Misses Mary and Eva Smith and Dr Sinclair. At the close all arranged themselves in a wide circle and heartily sang "Auld Lang Syne." Three cheers having been spontaneously accorded to Miss Murray, the gathering broke up at eleven o'clock.

In expressing their thanks, on leaving, to their hostess, all voted the Re-union had been most enjoyable, and would form another pleasant memory to carry away of the old School.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

I have the pleasure to announce that the Council of the Club has decided to award a Prize of 12/6 for the best Essay, to be competed for under the following conditions:—

The Essays will be confined to subjects connected with the old school days of the Levites in John Watson's, and should not exceed 850 words in length.

The Competition is limited to Club Members not over twenty-one years of age on 1st June 1903, the last date on which the papers should be sent in to the undersigned.

Only one Essay, which shall be his unaided work, will be accepted from each competitor.

The Articles should be written on one side of the paper only; and each Competitor must put a *nom de plume* only to his Essay, which should be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the writer's real name and address, with the *nom de plume* on the outside.

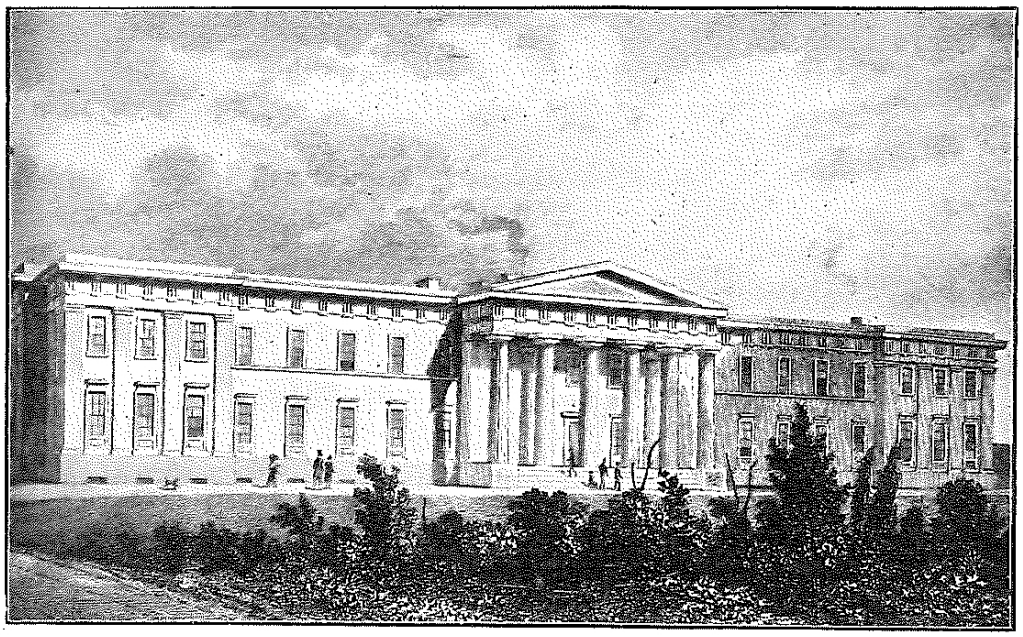
The Council reserve the right to print the winning Essay in *The Levite*, but they will not make use of any other papers in this manner without the writer's consent.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as Judges in the Competition:—Rev. D. G. HAMILTON, Mr G. W. CRAWFORD, and Mr C. S. BROWN. Their decision will be given in the August number of *The Levite*.

D. M. THOMSON,
Secretary.

12th January 1903.

GENESIS OF JOHN WATSON'S.



From a Steel Engraving of 1829.

"Dear the schoolboy spot,
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot."
BYRON.

PART I.

In the good old days of a century and a half ago, on the 2nd July 1759, an eminent legal luminary named John Watson, W.S., endeavoured to fulfil what he termed "a rash vow" to found an hospital for training children.

On that date Mr Watson executed a will, at St. Hutton in Yorkshire, by which he bequeathed to his wife Isabella Mudie the liferental of the principal sum of £1300, together with £200 for mournings and other uses, also his household furniture in Edinburgh, silver plate, and china; and he directed that at her decease (which occurred in 1769) the residue of the estate be left in the custody of two Trustees, Mr Andrew Fletcher, of Milton, W.S., and Mr John Mackenzie, of Delvin, W.S., "in the sight of the Magistrates of Edinburgh, to apply to such pious and charitable purposes within the city as they shall think proper."

Looking to the value of his estate, one can readily understand the qualification Mr Watson himself placed on his vow, as he would know but too well that his fortune was quite inadequate even for many years to come for his purpose.

But this nest-egg was not one to be despised, for it was subsequently added to in a wonderful way; indeed, its history forms a romantic tale of finance such as one seldom meets with in this every-day world.

Within sixteen years after Mr Watson's death, which took place at Edinburgh, on 5th November 1762, both of his original Trustees departed this life ; and so faithfully had they performed their stewardship that the fund in 1781 amounted to £4700.

Mr Fletcher and Mr Mackenzie had some years previously executed a deed declaring that on their decease the management of the fund should come under the direction of the Principal Keeper, Deputy-Keeper, and Commissioners of the Writers to the Signet.

In course of time the Signet authorities, having appointed Mr Samuel Mitchelson, senior, W.S., the Treasurer of the Funds (1781-1788), entered upon their self-imposed duty, and it might seem, in the natural order of things, that this act of theirs would have been allowed to go on unchallenged. The fickleness of human nature showed itself, however, when the Society, after having carefully tended the funds for thirty years, sought to acquire a legal title to uplift the accumulations of the same amounting to £60,000.

Edinburgh had at this time—1812—not long begun to lay the foundations of the educational establishments from which the City now justly derives her fame as a seat of learning. The Lord Provost and City Magistrates were in the vanguard of this progressive movement; and, being jealous of their dignity, seized the opportunity afforded them of contesting the rights of this powerful legal incorporation to the funds.

In February 1812 the rival parties brought the dispute before the Court of Session, and the resulting settlement was in favour of the Writers to the Signet. We need not now enter into the details of the contest, but will rather forgive and forget, as the Civic authorities did, by their afterwards gracing the initial ceremony at the School. *En passant*, however, it is interesting to record that the Lord Provost of the time was Sir William Fettes, the founder of Fettes College, who probably derived his inspiration, as George Donaldson subsequently did, from the example of John Watson.

We get a glimpse into the tragic side of the life of our forefathers at this era—which is indelibly marked by the Burke and Hare murders — when it is observed that the Society hastened to alter the deed of settlement in order to allow the funds being used to establish a foundling hospital.

Happily this agitation was merely of a passing nature, since an Act of Parliament was, in 1822, petitioned for and granted, empowering the Trustees to establish and endow an hospital for the maintenance and education of fatherless children of the professional classes—a charter which has been unaltered to this day.

It is a circumstance nearly incredible, but which is ascertained from authentic documents, that at this period the Funds had rapidly increased, by the genius of Vans Hathorn, the second Treasurer, to over £110,000!

The Signet authorities exercised characteristic caution before proceeding to erect a building which would be consonant with the magnificence of the City and adequate to the object to be accomplished. Eventually, in 1825, they bought part of the Estate of Dean, near Bell's Mills, Edinburgh, and appointed Mr William Burn, a leading city architect who afterwards designed the Edinburgh Academy, to draw up plans of the edifice, which, when ready, were of a highly elegant and simply ornamental Grecian style, and showed a very judicious arrangement of its apartments—the building, with its Doric portico, corresponding in point of beauty with the nature of its surroundings.

On Monday, 4th July 1825, the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of John Watson's was witnessed by the Directors of the Institution, the Lord Provost and Magistrates, the Sheriff-Depute of the County, and a considerable gathering of spectators. In a bottle, hermetically sealed, were placed a copy of the deed of settlement of Mr Watson, and deed of destination by the Trustees, a copy of the Act of Parliament, a copy of the regulations, a list of the Society of Writers to the Signet, and of Office-Bearers of the Funds, a set of newspapers, &c. The stone was in due form laid by Mr Richard Mackenzie, the Deputy Keeper of the Signet, after which, Dr David Dickson, the celebrated Minister of St Cuthbert's, in a suitable and most impressive prayer, implored the blessing of the Almighty on the Institution.

That this prayer has been richly answered can be truly owned by hundreds of pupils, old and young, and of both sexes, to all of whom the Institution has discharged its duties faithfully as a foster mother during its three quarters of a century of existence; and that our revered parent may long continue to play this excellent rôle to coming generations is the earnest wish and fervent prayer of all who have come under the care of the parental guardian, whose motto is that of Queen Dido:—

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.

D. M. Thomson.

THE CRAW.*

Picture to yourself a man about sixty years of age, tall, erect, of military bearing, with a well shaped head scantily covered with grey hair, generally arranged with a sweep of the hand to cover the bald part on the crown. A strong face of the Wellington type, with well marked features, particularly the nose, from the size and shape of which he was nicknamed the Craw, the sharp-witted boys having detected in it a resemblance to a crow's bill! The face was adorned with grey side-whiskers which, artistically combed out, met beneath the chin.

The Craw was generally attired in a dark grey suit, and wore the old fashioned "stock" tie wound in heavy folds round the collar. His handkerchiefs were somewhat startling in size and shape—huge affairs of various hues, red predominating. The Craw indulged in the cleanly (?) habit of taking snuff, and his handkerchief was in frequent attendance upon his outstanding feature; and, as he applied himself *diligently* to the work, his whereabouts were at times conveniently made known to us by the echoes ringing through the long passages.

You have the man—now let me describe his duties and his methods of performing them. I will be able to do this best by asking you to follow him through an ordinary day's work

At 6 a.m. a boy's anxious face might be seen peering out of a First, a Wee Room, or "Conval" window, on the look out for the Craw coming up the long avenue from his Lodge. After some breathless moments the scout's voice is heard, "Here's the Craw, you chaps!" The scout then tumbles into bed again for a last five minutes—how precious they are. On reaching the front door the Craw gave the bell a tremendous pull—the first signal to rise—and after climbing two flights of stairs, he marched along the dormitory passage shouting, "Stro-o-ow," in a long drawn out manner; this was the second signal. To this day I cannot think where he got a hold of that word "strow," or what it meant, further than this, that if we did not give it *immediate* attention, the Craw appeared at our bedside, pulled the blankets off us, and entered into a little kindly conversation after the following style—"W———, is that you lyin' there yet? Come out of that, you law, mean, schemin' felly. Did you not hear me calling Strow?"

A. B. TURNER.

(*To be continued.*)

* John Liddell, School Porter from 1854 to 1881.

CLUB TALK.

The contemporaries of Captain Livingstone will be interested to learn that he expects to visit Edinburgh in May next. They will recollect that he is a nephew of David Livingstone, the explorer.

J. T. Milne writes that when he last dined with Richard Stephenson of Chapel, Duns, a Levite of 1843, his old friend said, without hesitancy, the old School grace!

In recognition, said *The Scotsman* last year, of his literary gifts, the Rev. J. H. Burn, had the honour of being elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Mr Burn, like most of our other University Members, has kindly promised to support *The Levite*.

Extracted from the Visitors' Book at the Institution:—

30/1/01. Captain M. W. Walker, Pietermaritzburg, a Levite of 1869.
29/8/02. Alex. Walker, Coronel, Chili, a Levite of 1858.
19/9/02. Colonel R. A. Finlayson, C.M.G., Kimberley, a Levite of 1871.
1/11/02. Tom Graham, Vancouver, a Levite of 1891.

A link with the past was recently severed by the death in December last of our old French Master, M. Jules Kunz, at the age of sixty-six. This news will be received with genuine regret by all his old pupils.

Last summer Dr Vernor Sinclair returned to town to take up the appointment of Recruiting Medical Officer for Edinburgh.

Among the absentees, through illness, at the last Club Meeting, was the familiar figure of Mr Crawford. His old friends will be glad to hear of his having now completely recovered, but will regret that he has, through continued pressure of work, found it necessary to resign the joint editorship of *The Levite*.

The Levites, particularly of 1840 to 1870, will be most interested to hear that Mr John Hamilton, Treasurer of the Institution of the above period, was the grand-uncle of our President!

There is now a quartet of Members on the other side of the "Herring Pond." Charles Fraser is the fourth.

That others than the Levites admire greatly the Institution Building was evidenced lately by the late David Ainslie of Costerton, Blackshiels, directing his trustees to build the proposed Edinburgh Convalescent Institution, to be called after him, as nearly as possible in the Grecian style of the School.

Donald Macgregor, in his periodical letter, writes that he had, not long ago, a chat over old times with Alf Shanks in Bombay, and Robert Campbell up the Hooghly. Macgregor, a life Member himself, secured the latest one. He probably returns from India in another year.

In the football field Arthur Richardson was considered the best half back at "soccer" in the South of Scotland before he went to London.

John F. Anderson was this winter session appointed Assistant Professor of Logic at Aberdeen University. Just what his contemporaries would expect of this dux in 1893 and 1894 at John Watson's. *Floreat!*

To the already numerous group of Medical Levites there were lately added the names of George A. Jolly and Robert P. M'Neil. The latter's brother, Charles, will soon be entering the same profession.

Heard in Drill-room at the recent Re-union: "Do you know how the Club came to choose blue and red for their colours?" "Not exactly, but they may have taken them from the old association of the blue jerseys we used to sport at 'rugger' matches, and of the old red hankies!" [Not bad.—ED.]

The further honour Stanley Nairne recently received by gaining the Medal for Botany at St Andrews will put his old friends on the *qui vive*.

His old chums will hear with deep regret of the sad death of James P. Anderson, a Levite of 1896, of rheumatic fever. It seems only yesterday he was heard to be getting on well in the African Banking Company at Cape Town.

At the third last Vacation Day was witnessed the novel sight of a prize for proficiency in pianoforte playing being awarded to a boy! He was James E. Stevenson.

Golfers will be interested to hear that Basil Smart holds the Gold Medal for the Hole and Hole Tournament in George Watson's P P.'s Golf Club. Footer men should "tak' a note" that he has his cap in that College's 2nd P.P. XV.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The University Locals are a thing of the past. Consequently other distinctions must be hoped for. The most recent success fell to the lot of Fred. W. B. Wilson, who, gaining the first place in the Examination for Dr. Sibbald's Bursaries at the Royal High School, distanced the second on the list, it is said, by a hundred marks. He was dux of the Institution last Session.

The 2nd and 3rd Sections are now being taken by Mr J. Bell and Mr W. F. Owston, who, besides faithfully fulfilling ordinary duties, take a proper interest in the children out-of-school. Miss Legat continues her services with the 4th Section. French is ably conducted by Mr J .K. de Dreux Kunz, who succeeded his late father, not without his own credentials. Mr Moonie remains in charge of Singing; while Mr J. I. Noble is an up-to-date Drawing-Master. Mr D. G. MacLennan teaches Dancing. Mr Sheen and another undertake Drill, &c.

Some former pupils will probably be surprised at the amount of liberty now given to the boys. The Cricket and Football teams may play their return matches on other grounds. Such boys as can skate have leave to the Braid ponds and elsewhere, a "skating-holiday" being granted for the purpose.

The Football Team is every bit as keen and plucky as ever. The record, as yet, is so far satisfactory. It runs: Dalkeith, 25 points; J. W. I., no score. 7th George Watson's, 3 points; J. W. I., 17 points. 3rd George Heriot's, 3 points; J. W. I., 18 points. 5th Daniel Stewart's, no score; J. W. I., 47 points. The opposing teams matched in age the Institution. "Dalkeith" were an exception.

Those Old Boys who visited the Institution in December last year will have noticed a novelty. The two niches in the entrance hall, long vacant, are now by the generosity of Mr H. Hamilton Crichton, a Director, graced by the presence of busts—Sir Walter Scott being confronted by Christopher North.

There is a reasonable prospect of a Gymnasium being built, the site being at the back of the drying green between the boys' and girls' playgrounds. There is also some hope that more suitable quarters than the present Press may be found for the Boys' Library. If so, the collections of minerals and birds will probably be transferred thither.

THE JOHN WATSON CLUB.

1902-1903.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

Honorary President—Sir CHARLES B. LOGAN, D.K.S.

President—The Rev. DAVID G. HAMILTON, M.A.

Vice-Presidents—GERALD W. CRAWFORD, A.M.I.Mech.E.; WILLIAM MUIRHEAD.

Secretary and Treasurer—DAVID M. THOMSON.

Members of Council—CHARLES M'NEIL, M.A.; JAMES B. STEWART, M.A.; JAMES ROSS; CHARLES S. BROWN; and J. NORMAN R. MACQUEEN.

Ex-Officio Members of Council—Local Secretaries, G. W. C. LAIDLAW, Edinburgh; JOHN A. KAY, Glasgow; HENRY K. GRANT, Aberdeen; H. F. MENZIES, M.A., Thornhill, Dumfriesshire; ALFRED G. TREASURER, London; Professor W. B. STEVENSON, Bala; J. STUART WATERSTONE, Newcastle; WM. WATSON, Buenos Ayres; and KEN. DONALDSON, Johannesburg.

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NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF MEMBERS.

Life Members are marked thus *

Levite of	
1861	FORBES, J. MACBETH, J.P., 5 Cluny Place, Edinburgh.
*1863	LIVINGSTONE, Captain J. W., S.S. "*Uganda*," British India Steam Navigation Company, Calcutta.
1864	GLOAG, MATTHEW, 24 Atholl Street, Perth.
1865	MACKENZIE, W. M., 5 Duncan Street, Newington, Edinburgh.
1865	SMELLIE, JAMES, I. M., Measurer, 112 Bath Street, Glasgow.
1866	GLOAG, ROBERT F., Grove Hill, Middlesbrough.
1867	BEATY, G. H. S., Manager, National Provincial Bank of England, Ltd., Dover.
1868	DONALDSON, JOHN T., 8 Bonnington Terrace, Edinburgh.
1870	MILNE, JOHN T., 56 Aldermanbury, London, E.C.
1872	BURN, Rev. JOHN HENRY, B.D., F.R.S.E., St Saviour's, Ballater.
1875	JENKINS, JOHN G., Seabeach House, Esplanade, Portobello.
1877	ROBERTSON, HENRY, S.S.C., 1 Hanover Street, Edinburgh.

Levite of — *Life Members are marked thus* *

1877 DONALDSON, Colonel JAMES, D.S.O., A.B.C. Buildings, Johannesburg.
1878 DONALDSON, KENNETH M'L., Goodman Buildings, Johannesburg.
1880 TAYLOR, Dr JAMES A., Dunkeld.
1880 WRIGHT, Dr WM. FRASER, Bonnington Mount, 11 Bonnington Terrace, Edinburgh.
1880 WATERSTONE, J. STUART, 92 Manor House Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
1880 NEILSON, CHARLES E., Merchant Marine Officers' Association, Shanghai, China.
1880 NELSON, ARTHUR D., Carrielea, 6 Cluny Avenue, Edinburgh.
*1881 WATSON, Dr WM. M. CRAWFORD, Beechville, Ripon Road, Harrogate.
1881 TURNER, ARCH. B., Union Bank of Scotland, Ltd., Haymarket, Edinburgh.
1881 ALISON, GEORGE, 69 Eutaw Street, East Boston, Mass, U.S.A.
1882 MACGREGOR, Dr ANGUS V., Durham House, West Hartlepool.
1882 WRIGHT, ALEX. J., 4 Greenbank Place, Edinburgh.
1882 SINCLAIR, Dr WM. VERNOR, 4 Morningside Park, Edinburgh.
1882 SAUNDERS, ALEX. G., 264 Balsall Heath Road, Balsall Heath, Birmingham.
1882 MENZIES, HARRY F., M.A., B.Sc., Wallace Hall, Closeburn, by Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.
1882 MUIRHEAD, JAMES, Commercial Bank of Scotland, Ltd., 62 Lombard Street, London, E.C.
1883 LIST, LOUIS G., c/o Bentley, Eglinton, Were Street, Brighton Beach, Melbourne.
1883 WATSON, WILLIAM, Calle Maipú 65, Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic.
1883 CRAWFORD, GERALD W., A.M.I.Mech.E., 21 Windsor Street, Edinburgh.
1883 STEVENSON, Professor WM. B., M.A., B.D., Gwylfa, Bala, Merionethshire.
1884 BOYD, Dr. JOHN J., Health Office, South Shields.
1884 WILSON, ARCHIBALD., A.M.I.E.E., 11 York Place, Edinburgh.
1884 BROWN, CHARLES S., Solicitor, 5 Bangholm Terrace, Edinburgh.
1884 HENDERSON, JOHN, c/o Stewart, 12 Percy Street, Glasgow.
1885 FINDLAY, Dr JOHN S., The Falls, Glenlivet, Banffshire.
1885 MUIRHEAD, WILLIAM, 5 Abbey Road, Dalkeith.
1885 HAMILTON, CHARLES F., Bulawayo, Matabeleland.
1885 DOUGLAS, ARCHIBALD, 41 Colinton Road, Edinburgh.
1886 HAMILTON, Rev. DAVID G., M.A., 43 Trinity Road, Leith.
1886 BOYD, Professor DAVID R., Ph. D., D.Sc., Redlands, Portswood Road, Southampton.
1886 VOST, JAMES, B.Sc., Edenside, Newlands Road, Newlands, Glasgow.
1887 MIDDLETON, WILLIAM G., 18 Comely Bank, Edinburgh.

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1888	MACKENZIE, ANGUS, 41 West George Street, Glasgow.
1888	FRASER, CHARLES J. S., c/o Messrs Wm. Anderson & Co., 114 Franklin Street, New York.
1889	WATT, COLIN J., Hampden Club., Phoenix Street, London, N.W.
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1890	WALKER, ERNEST, 385 Holburn Street, Aberdeen.
1890	STEWART, ALEXANDER A., 4 Summerside Place, Bonnington, Edinburgh.
1890	BROTCHIE, Trooper JAMES R., No 2792, No. 26 Troop, E Division, South African Constabulary (Field Force).
1891	M'RAE, DUNCAN, Duncan's Rest, Victoria, Vancouver, British Columbia.
1891	M'KAY, JOHN D., 7 Holmhead Crescent, Cathcart, Glasgow.
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1891	NAIRNE, CHARLES J., 5 George Crescent, Perth.
1892	BOYD, DONALD JAS., M. A., c/o Grindlay, Groome & Co., Bombay.
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1892	HENDERSON, ROBERT M., 22 Montague Street, Edinburgh.
1893	THOMSON, DAVID M., 3 Marchmont Street, Edinburgh.
*1893	MACGREGOR, DONALD M., S.S. "*Lawada*," British India Steam Navigation Coy., Calcutta.
1893	RICHARDSON, ARTHUR W., National Bank of India, Ld., 47 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.
1893	GRANT, HENRY K., 257 Union Grove, Aberdeen.
1893	ADAMSON, ROBERT B., 156 Southgate Road, London, N.
1893	JOLLY, Dr GEORGE A., 6 Admiral Terrace, Edinburgh.
1894	ANDERSON, JOHN F., M.A., 44 Mount Street, Aberdeen.
1894	ROSS, JAMES, 1 Fingal Place, Edinburgh.
1894	M'NEIL, Dr ROBERT P., 36 Woodburn Terrace, Edinburgh.
1895	KAY, JOHN A., The Manse, Millerston, Glasgow.
1895	TREASURER, Trooper RODERICK, No. 6 Troop, B. Division, South African Constabulary, Transvaal.
1895	JOLLY, JOHN, 95 St John's Park, Blackheath, London, S.E.
1895	MACCALLUM, ARCH. W., Commercial Cable Company, 20 Broad Street, New York.
1896	ROSS, DANIEL S., 1 Fingal Place, Edinburgh.
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1896	SANDERSON, DOUGLAS, 31 Colinton Road, Edinburgh.
1896	TATE, DONALD GEORGE, c/o Longstaff, 18 Laburnum Avenue, Wallsend-on-Tyne.

Life Members are marked thus *

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1896 NAIRNE, STANLEY, M.A., 2 Albany Place, St Andrews.
1896 - BOE, JAS. H. STEELE, National Bank of India, Ltd., 47 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.
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1897 TREASURER, ALFRED G., London and Provincial Bank, Ltd., Thornton Heath, London, S.E.
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1898 ARCHIBALD, ROBERT, Oakley, Hamilton.
1898 SCOTT, JOHN, 35 West Preston Street, Edinburgh.
1899 BROWN, JAMES G., 46 Bridge Street, Montrose.
1899 MACLEAN, DONALD. 3 Sudely Street, Islington, London, N.
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1899 MILNE, MARTIN M., Porthcurnow, Treen, R.S.O., Cornwall.
1899 ROGER, ALBERT J., c/o J. Firth, 11 Montpelier, Edinburgh.
1899 BURNET, DAVID S., Church Street, Haddington.
1899 COGHILL, WILLIAM D., 162 Leith Walk, Leith.
1900 ARCHIBALD, TENNANT, Oakley, Hamilton.
1900 M'EWEN. HARRY C., 38 Woburn Place, Russell Sq. London, W.C.
1900 ST CLAIR, SIDNEY, 1 Rankeillor Street, Edinburgh.
1900 JOLLY, GORDON, 6 Admiral Terrace, Edinburgh.
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1900 SCOTT, HARRY, 35 West Preston Street, Edinburgh.
1900 BRUNTON, DAVID TODD, 17 Park Drive, Whiteinch, Glasgow.
1900 GRAHAM, THOMAS, Barn's Place, Clydebank.
1900 STEVENSON, JAMES E., Standard Bank of South Africa, Ltd., King William's Town, Cape Colony.
1901 MACLEAN, JAMES, Clachhuile, Urray, Ross-shire.
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1901 RENWICK, JOHN, 2 Keir Street, Edinburgh.
1901 ANDERSON, ROBERT B., c/o Jaffrey, 50 Stanley Street, Abeideen.
1901 CUTHBERT, FRED, 3 Marchmont Street, Edinburgh.
1901 MACKINNON, ANGUS, 1 Kerrsland Street, Hillhead, Glasgow, W.
1902 MEARNS, RONALD, 1 St Clair Terrace, Edinburgh.
1902 M'INTOSH, ALEX. B., 5 Kerrsland Terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow, W.
1902 WILSON, FRED. W. B., 16 Granville Terrace, Edinburgh.

THE LEVITE

Editor—D. M. THOMSON

No. II. AUGUST 1903

REMINISCENCES OF THE EARLY 80's.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD.

DEAR MR EDITOR,

As you will notice from my address, I live far from the scenes of your labour and also from those of my school-days, so I may perhaps be forgiven if I ask a few simple questions about the matters treated of in your Magazine, to which long life and prosperity.

I notice from the School Notes that Messrs Dickson and Mackay have both left the School Staff, and my mind is much exercised to know whether their famous tawse, the heavy ones, were left behind them for the good of my successors. If so, I, from repeated personal experience, can thoroughly recommend them to the present pupils as a splendid remedy. When a boy feels bad, never mind from what he is suffering, just let him have say, six, on a cold frosty morning, and he will feel angelic immediately.

Another old-fashioned sport I was very interested in, and particularly fond of, was the "Dentist." I must leave it to an abler pen than mine to describe to the uninitiated—the nervous shiver that passed through the class-rooms when the Dentist's bell sounded about 10 a.m. on a Monday morning, the rubbing up of teeth with red pocket handkerchiefs, the quaking suspense waiting in a row to take one's seat on the dread chair, and wondering whether one would be passed or not. But then, the glory of rushing downstairs and telling an admiring crowd that one had had three teeth drawn. Oh, the good old sport, is it still kept up? (Yes.—ED.)

All Levites must have heard with regret of the death of M. Kunz, whose terrible threat of "I'll dash you in pieces" was not sufficient to keep some of the unruly members of his class in order. I remember one day, a boy had been skylarking in the class, when M. Kunz caught him, and shouted, "You try to be funny, I can be funny, too, go for the tawse;" and he really gave us all a good deal of amusement, as he was not accustomed to wield the leather. I also remember his answer to a girl of an enquiring turn of mind, who asked him if he knew Jules Verne—"Rather," was the reply, "at least, I knew his *oncle*."

But enough of questions and reminiscences for the meantime.

Yours,

D 13.

FOURTH SUMMER MEETING.

The Cricket Match which took place between the School Team and the Club XI. at the Summer Meeting on Friday, 3rd July last, was looked forward to with great interest, as the two previous years' matches had resulted in a victory to each side.

Although the weather conditions were not of the best, yet we were able to reap the full advantage of Mr Langhorne's kindness in arranging for the boys having their "Preparation" immediately after the day's lessons, and so giving ample time for the match being played to a finish.

There were twenty Members present at the match; and at a quarter past five, the School Team having been photographed, the Club Captain sent in his first batsman; and the Club's performance at the wicket and also that of the School Team are given as follows:—

Club XI.	
M. T. Archibald, *b* Davidson...	6
W. D. Coghill, *b* Massie.....	1
J. Scott, *b* Massie.....	2
D. S. Ross, *b* Davidson.....	7
B. Smart, not out.....	13
J. Ross, *Captain,* run out.....	0
G. W. C. Laidlaw, *b* Davidson	0
T. A. Thornton, *b* Massie	3
A. J. Roger *b* Davidson	1
G. G. Jolly, *b* Davidson.....	0
R. Mearns, *b* Massie.....	3
Byes 7. Wide Balls 2.....	9
Total.....	45

School Team.	
C. Cockburn, *Captain*, *c* Scott, *b* J. Ross	4
F. G. Lindsay, *b* J. Ross	2
A. Massie, *c* D. S. Ross, *b* Smart	5
J. Davidson, *c* Coghill, *b* J. Ross	5
L. Apedaile, *b* Smart.....	1
F. Laing, *c* D. S. Ross, *b* Smart	4
R. Marshall, *b* D. S. Ross.....	17
B. M'Kinnon, *c* Laidlaw, *b* Smart	0
E. Fisher, *b* D. S. Ross	3
S. Thomson, not out.....	7
W. Cuthbert, *b* J. Ross.....	1
Byes.....	6
Total.....	55

While lack of space will not allow of our individualising the play, we must say that the "old boys," although they saw their hopes being defeated, could not but admire the splendid stand made by the School batsmen towards the end of the game.

At the finish the boys went in to "supper," to which strawberries were added, and later the "old boys," having also faced the camera, partook of similar refreshment. Hearing that the Gymnasium was nearly built, the "old boys" made a point of viewing it before they wended their way down the Avenue in groups, and once more left their boyhood's haunts behind them.

In closing, we would give three cheers for the winning team!

THE CRAW.*

(*Continued.*)

Leaving our dormitory, the Craw would proceed to the next in order and arouse some of the boys there after the same style. Upon making sure that all the boys had descended to the bathroom, the Craw followed, and took up his position on an elevated footstand at one end of the large stone plunge-bath of cold water, three feet in depth, into which every boy had to take a "header" without splashing. The youngest boys were entrusted to their respective "big boys," whose duty it was to see that their charges plunged also, and, if necessary, "duck" them. Well do I remember these "new boys" standing shivering on the top step of the bath till expostulations on the Craw's part failed, and their "big boys" clutched them and drew them down to their watery—bath. I remember one little fellow crying out on one occasion, "Oh! must I, must I?" when the Craw replied, "Must you? of course you must! What are you standing there for with your "must I." Who is your "big boy?" On the latter coming forward, he was told to "put him over the head"—which he did with a vengeance. We nicknamed that little chap "Musti" after that. Woe betide the boy who splashed when diving. He was generally reprimanded as follows, "W——, what do you mean by splashin'? Stand up in the corner, you law, mean, schemin' felly." Poor W—— had to stand shivering in a corner of the room till released.

Many a tale could be told about the Craw during the time spent in the brushing of our shoes—but I shall leave such to some other Levite. Having finished our dressing in the dormitory, we were marshalled in the passage outside it by the Craw's command of "Stem passu," meaning "Stand in the passage," and we then marched downstairs to the Chapel for morning prayers. The Craw sat facing the boys, and endeavoured to keep them in order with his eye. If we misbehaved during the service, we heard from him about it later on, and were told to "go up to Mr Rowe, and tell him I sent you." We had breakfast at eight o'clock, and the Craw was indispensable there. He dealt out our rations with many quaint remarks, such as, "Whee, boy, is the food not good enough for you? Why, the Queen couldn't get better"—this being in answer to our request that we might have "very, very, very, very little" of the food served. We were allowed to name the quantity required, and often provoked the Craw with too much repetition of the word "very." As

* John Liddell, School Porter from 1854 to 1881.

the food was generally good and wholesome, we provoked him likewise by asking "more, please," and kept him trotting round with fresh supplies. He made quaint remarks to the cook also. The dishes were placed in a large revolving press between the dining-room and the kitchen, which enabled us to receive the food in good season. The Craw would knock at the press, and the cook, having turned it round so as to be able to see the Craw, would be saluted with—"I say, cook, two more porridges wanted," or, at dinner-time, "Cook, two beefs." During the revolving process we were sometimes afraid that the Craw's nose would come to grief, as he held it so near the press that he frequently had little enough time to withdraw it before the cook set the press in motion. When all the boys were served, and engaged in "tucking in," the Craw stood erect with his back to the press, in military style, his arms straight down by his sides, the hands slightly turned outwards. While standing there he would indulge in the habits most common to him—arranging his hair with a sweep of his hand, contracting his mouth in the "o" shape, while drawing the fore and middle fingers of his right hand repeatedly across his lips, and rising on his toes and coming down heavily on his heels.

At nine o'clock we started lessons, during which we lost sight of the Craw. We found him again on reaching the playroom, situated at the far end of the ground-flat. We were forbidden to *run* in any of the long stone passages. On breaking this rule, we were ordered to return the whole length of the passage and walk back slowly—as a punishment. On coming out of the class-room we naturally felt inclined to *run* to the playroom. A boy would walk till he imagined he was out of the Craw's sight, and then he would make a bolt for the playroom, only to hear the Craw's welcome (?) voice calling "Back and walk—none of your schemin' here, ye schemin' felly. Did your mither teach ye them tricks?"—and the unlucky delinquent was compelled to return the whole length of the passage, and walk back sedately. On reaching the Craw in the "back and walk" process, the unhappy offender was generally treated to what we called a "hoch." The Craw applied his right hand to the back of the boy's neck, and gradually raised his fingers so as to catch the hair and inflict a torturing sensation, from which, I am told, many of the boys (?) suffer to this day in the way of their hair being "seldom" in that vicinity. In many instances the Craw's hand was so well inserted as to enable him to turn the unlucky boy round on his feet once or twice before the torturing sensation took place, and then to send him spinning along the passage in a half-dazed condition. The Craw's

ingenuity and originality were truly marvellous. Can you imagine any one *without* originality concocting the "hoch" as a punishment? After the first interval (of half-an-hour) between lessons, we returned to the class-rooms, from which we emerged again at dinner-time. You can now picture the Craw in attendance on us at dinner from my previous description, so we will pass on to the hours when we had most of his company, namely, from 4.30 p.m., when lessons terminated for the day, till 6.30 p.m., our supper hour. During those two hours the Craw kept his eye on us while we played, whether in the play-ground at the back, in the park at the front of the school as in the summer time, or in the play-room as in winter. In the play-ground the Craw generally sat upon one of the fixed forms provided for our use, with his legs crossed and his arms folded. In this position he would frequently fall asleep, and the boys in his immediate neighbourhood were made aware of the fact by hearing a steam-whistle, on a small scale, being blown at intervals through his nasal organ. On one occasion a boy named MacGregor ran up to the Craw while he was seated in this favourite attitude—he happened to be awake then—and informed him that he had cut his finger. The Craw examined the finger, then said, "Whee, boy, that's naethin'. The MacGregors lang ago used to run aboot with their heids aff!" On another occasion two small boys arranged to take a "rise" out of the Craw. They sat down, one on each side of him, and plied him with questions in geography, somewhat in the following manner:—

First small boy, "Please sir, where is Timbuctoo?"

The Craw, "I don't know."

Second small boy, "Please sir, where is Agincourt?"

The Craw, "I don't know."

First small boy, "Please sir, where is Bokhara?"

At this point the Craw, perceiving the joke, rose, and with the remark, "Whee, boys, you're far too clever for me," gave the boys a huge twisting "hoch," each in his turn, and sent them spinning to a considerable distance. After supper we had an hour's play, and then an hour in the Third Section to prepare the following day's lessons. After this we attended evening prayers in the Chapel—then off to the dormitories for the night. The Craw returned to his lodge at the close of evening prayers, and, I have no doubt, slept soundly till six o'clock the next morning. During his sleep he may have whistled, or dreamt of "hoching" the boys, and of their being "law, mean, schemin' fellies."

A. B. Turner.

THE INSTITUTION GHOST.

The ghost at John Watson's dwells in so much obscurity that his presence is quite unknown in the School, and yet he has been in residence there for generations. This statement is bound to take every Levite by surprise, and I can readily imagine my readers demanding on whose authority I speak. My answer is, on the best of all authorities, my own, for I am the ghost!

And now, having declared myself openly, let me make a little explanation. Years ago, in obedience to the summons that comes to all mankind, I joined the great majority. After penetrating the mysterious veil which separates this world and the next, I was asked the question: Is there any place in the world from whence you came wherein your spirit would most like to dwell? I immediately answered, Yes, in the Chapel at John Watson's; and being taken at my word, I found myself back again within these walls. Now, mine has been a kindly fate, for I have been able, year after year, to watch the progress of the old school from my comfortable chair, over the fireplace, and to scan the faces below me, perfectly certain that none dreamt of the existence of a silent and critical witness of their everyday life and work.

I suppose these lines may be read by Levites all over the world. How many, I wonder, remember the portrait, in the Chapel, of the old gentleman in the costume of a bygone generation, which fairly represents my personal appearance whilst I was still in, and of, the world. How often I have seen them, as new boys, glance up shyly at my features, and how I sympathised with them when, with their hearts in their mouths, in strange clothes, and amongst strange faces, they attended prayers for the first time as pupils of this school. But it did me good to see how soon the little fellows got over their homesick feelings, and how heartily they entered into the work and play of their school life. Yes, I can't help wondering if they remember me, for I remember them, every one of them.

It was a happy thought of mine to select the Chapel for my dwelling place, for the real history of John Watson's is written here. Twice a-day, the whole household assembles for prayers under my vision, and twice a-day I write up the diary of the school's life. In that diary you could find material for articles for *The Levite* for years to come, and the material would be vastly interesting, for it consists of a true record of all that happens daily in the school.*

* The Editor hopes that his supernatural contributor will send him some more stray leaves from his diary.

Besides truth, however, my diary contains criticism, and I sometimes wish my critical observations could reach the powers that be. For I am frank, and when I think I could suggest improvement, I don't hesitate to say so. After all, though, of what use is a ghost's diary? I almost forgot, for the moment, that I was no longer on earth, and therefore no longer Treasurer of John Watson's!

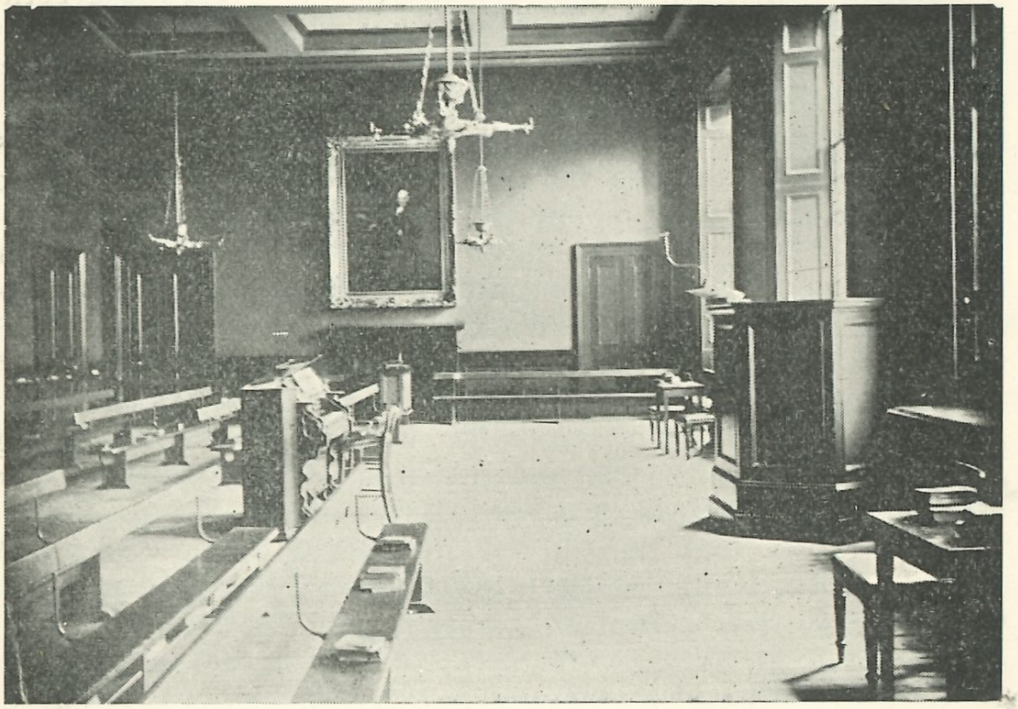
Well, I am writing on the night of another Vacation Day. How closely have those Vacation Days resembled each other for fifty years, save in one important respect. The faces are continually changing, and to-day another group of Levites have gone out into the world, equipped with an excellent education, a Bible, and a £5 note. I shall not see all their faces again, but a goodly number do come back, and I will recognise them on the instant, and trace the old features in a moment. We have had great excitement to-day as usual. The whole building has been alive since five o'clock this morning, and hardly a single pupil has slept soundly. The Chapel was early arranged for the great function of prize distribution, and it was delightful to watch the happy faces of the lucky winners as they peered in at the doors while the books were being arranged. We had the usual audience of Directors, parents, old pupils, and friends. We had singing and pianoforte-playing by both girls and boys. We cheered everything vociferously, the dux of the school especially. We even cheered the boy who got a prize for services as monitor. Somehow, though, he looked as if he thought we were sarcastic, but we weren't; we were only happy. And to wind up with, we had the historic strawberries and cream, without which no Vacation Day would be complete. Then came the goodbyes all round, the innumerable cabs; and my charges are by this time scattered all over the land.

That brings me back to the fact that I am alone and, what is more, a ghost. I have now almost all the building to myself, and for two months to come there will be silence in the school, except for the echoing footsteps of the caretaker, and the sounds, from without, of the workmen building the Gymnasium.

But I look forward to the opening of another session's work, and I shall comfort myself during the quiet weeks by reflecting upon the wonderful work carried out through John Watson's endowment, and the little part I played in helping on the prosperity of the Institution.

VANS HATHORN'S GHOST.

GENESIS OF JOHN WATSON'S.



From a Photograph. THE CHAPEL.

PART II.

It doubtless was with unusual pleasure that the citizens of Edinburgh viewed the building of the Institution, for a widespread interest had arisen at the time in the cause of Education, chiefly through the influence of those handmaids of Literature—the newspapers. In their bi-weekly issues, they discussed the subject so frequently that it ultimately gained the ear of the general public, and particularly of the educated classes, who subscribed to the Reviews—the organs of the famous Edinburgh school of literature. The result was that school after school was opened, or built anew, at short intervals.

For instance, on 28th July 1825, a few days after the initial ceremony at John Watson's, the scholars of the Royal High School walked in public procession, from their old quarters in the High Street of Edinburgh, to witness the foundation stone being laid of their present building.

At this period, building operations were, comparatively speaking, very slow; but yet, this was not without the advantage that more mature thought could be spent on them. What better illustration have we of this than John Watson's, which, while it took three years to build and furnish, at a cost of £22,000, has been so well thought out

that scarcely a structural alteration has since been required.

Some former pupils may remember, however, the erection in 1855 of an open shelter in the boy's playground, and its conversion into the now famous "long playroom" by the addition of an outer brick wall.

At the present time a handsome Gymnasium for the use of the boys and girls is being erected, and it will probably be finished in the Autumn.

Prior to the building of the present house for the Head Master in 1866, he slept under the School roof. At first, his rooms were those now occupied by the Assistant Masters, next to the Third Section, and later, those now known as the Head Master's Room and the new Library.

It was not until 1857 that the pupils over ten years of age were given separate beds, and in that year the Convalescent Rooms at both ends of the House, which had never been used for their special purpose, were then occupied as now. This had also the effect, at the boy's end, of the Junior Master, who had hitherto occupied the "Wee Room" as his bedroom, removing to the room adjoining the "Big Room," and of the "Wee Room" being put to its present use. Greater comfort was also brought about by the room next to the boys' bath-room (in which were a plunge and a shower bath) being converted from a store room into a dressing room. A similar change was made at the girls' side of the House, the dressing room there having been previously used as a dining room by the teachers, who, in exchange, were given the present room between the First and Second Sections.

So far as can be ascertained, no changes have taken place in the use of such rooms as the Chapel, which measures 55 feet in length and 30 feet in breadth, the Sections, Dining Halls, Play-rooms or Sick-rooms.

On turning to the external arrangements of the Institution, one meets with the same studied care in their planning. A Porter's Lodge, with a small portico, was built at the Entrance Gate, and thorn hedges and young trees were planted, which, in their full growth, combined with the floral work of the gardener (especially at the Bower), now make the Avenue a delightful approach to the School. Stone walls were built so as to enclose the estate, and trees were planted bordering the public road to add to the privacy of the grounds.

The wood situated between the Water of Leith and the back of the School also claimed the attention of the Directors, and it is interesting to note that the ruined tower at the north-west corner of the Cauldron was a windmill, once used by Mr Sawers when he owned Bell's Mills. Old pupils may remember the deep pool formed by the rough stone weir in

the Water of Leith, which could be seen from the lower walks of the Cauldron. This pool went by the Scotch word of "cauldron"—hence the origin of the name of the School Wood, which also is still commonly spoken of by the boys as "The Kiddern."

Now let us pass from stone and mortar, and people the Institution with inmates.

The Directors were happy in their choice of Mr Charles Marshall as the first Head Master; and on the opening day of the School, 12th August 1828, he had placed under his charge eleven boys and twenty-one girls, from six to eleven years of age, who had been passed by the Surgeon, Mr Henry Johnston, and were attired in the brown clothing of the Institution. Mr Marshall took a large-minded view of his duties, and, as a proof of his earnestness, we find that, in November 1829, he was readily granted permission by the Directors to attend theological classes in the city. That he attended these with successful result is indicated by his office being soon after dignified as "House Governor and Chaplain."

In those early days the only other teacher in the School was the Matron—a post first held by Miss Helen Tait for two years—and her duties also included the superintendence of the domestic arrangements of the house, which were worked by a staff of nine servants, two nurses, and a porter, whose name was William Veitch.

Towards the end of the first school session the Directors issued invitations to the Lord Provost, the two Ministers of St Cuthbert's, the Minister of St Bernard's, Stockbridge (which church the children then attended), and the relatives of the children, to witness the Public Examination of the Pupils, on Monday, 6th July 1829, at 12 o'clock.

The curriculum of the School was then "reading, grammar, accentuation, meanings, sacred biography, ancient and modern history, geography, writing, arithmetic, exercises in composition, drawing and singing."

The pupils passed, with flying colours, the examination to which they were subjected by the attending ministers; and Mr Richard Mackenzie, Deputy Keeper of the Signet, expressed much satisfaction with the results, and approved of the conduct of the Master, the Matron, and the children. Several ladies inspected the specimens of needlework by the girls, to whom prizes were given. The children were also suitably rewarded for their other school-work with prizes, and were each given a small premium, and, last but not least, a Summer Vacation of three weeks!

D. M. Thomson.

(*To be continued as "John Watson's in the 30's."*)

THE OLD DAYS AT JOHN WATSON'S.

[Prize Essay.]

John Watson's! How many pleasant memories are recalled by the mere mention of the name! Those of us who have left the old place and are now, so to speak, out in the world, have our thoughts carried back to the happy years we spent under the roof of the old school. And yet it is, perhaps, only now that we realise this. It has been said that "what we have, we prize not to the worth." And this is, indeed, true in the case of most who have spent their early years in John Watson's. It was often difficult for us to believe that the years we were spending there would be the happiest of our whole lives. The restraints put upon us, which we now recognise as more than necessary, made us feel that the sooner we were done with school, the better would it be for us. True, it was only occasionally we thought so. But how were we, even in such cases, deceived. Most of us, I think, would like to be "Levites" there once again, and spend that part of our life a second time.

There was a "something" in the John Watson's life which exerted on us an influence that can never lose its effect. Perhaps it was that we were all, in many respects, alike, and could thus easily become friends, almost brothers; perhaps it was that an atmosphere was created there for us, which we will breathe nowhere else.

Nothing brings back the old days to our memories better than the letting ourselves think over the programme of an average day in John Watson's.

At an hour which often seemed *very* early, we were suddenly transported from the "Land of Nod" by the ringing of the familiar bell, and the cry of "Start." A new day had begun. But the cold bath was a prelude to every day. The thermometer may have been below 32° Fahrenheit, but we were indifferent to this. To the "new boy" the bath was awe-inspiring, but once the custom was established, a day could never seem complete without the morning immersion. In summer at 6.30, winter at 7.30, we were all assembled in Chapel. Many of the hymns we sang there we can, I am sure, never forget.

If it was summer, then an hour was available for play. Let us cast our eyes back to the play-ground. Here was truly a scene of life. For the different seasons different games would amuse us. It might be the old-fashioned and time-honoured "Prisoner's Base," it might be "Rounders" with all its excitement, or, above all, the great event of the season —the football match, Levites *v.* House. At times, there

were also those boys who got an appetite for breakfast by running their mile every morning.

If frost came, there was the magnificent slide of 100 yards or so, down the centre of the play-ground. Snowballs were, of course, forbidden, but, with all boys, rules are made for the sole reason of being broken.

The call for breakfast put an end to this busy scene, and another one was soon begun in the dining-room.

9 a.m. "All up." The real work of the day was about to start. How pleasant it is, for those of us who have left the school, to roam through the Sections! Memories *grave* and gay are brought back to us. Here it was that we acquired the wisdom to fit us for life, and here also it was that the maxim of "who spareth the rod," etc., was carried into effect. 4.30 p.m. usually saw us at the end of this part of our work. For two hours the play-ground was again our rendezvous. In winter, it was at this time that the pleasant evenings were spent indoors. Take a look into the play-room. You find all sorts of boys' games going on. In the drill-room are those more studiously inclined. Some will be devouring a book from the library, others will be at draughts, etc., while others, again, are busy with shorthand. There is an air of comfort here.

"Supper" at 6.30. "Preparation" from 7 to 8. "Chapel" at 8. How familiar these terms sound! Completed the day. The authorities believed in the wise maxim, "Early to bed and early to rise." But the day was not really finished. We have heard many an exciting story told after 8.30 p.m. in the Big, High, Wee, or First Rooms—even in the "Convalescent," to which the insignificant "new boy" is relegated. "After nine" was the command for silence in all the dormitories, and another day in John Watson's had passed. Many such days we spent; never, perhaps, shall we have happier ones. To some, they may seem very average and matter-of-fact, but over all our thoughts and actions they exerted on us, separated from our homes, as we were, a lasting influence for all that was good. Now that we are scattered over the whole world, let us remember to whom we are indebted for the care bestowed on us at that critical period of our life.

Those who have passed through John Watson's will never have greater pleasure than by thinking over the "old days" spent there in innocent happiness.

STANLEY NAIRNE,
A Levite of 1896.

The above Essay has been decided by the Judges to be the best sent in under the Competition, the conditions of which were announced in the first number of *The Levite;* and the Prize of 12/6 has been awarded to Mr Nairne.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The School Gymnasium is now, thanks to the management of the Directors and Treasurer, in an advanced state. Built of Craigleith stone, it is quite in keeping with the Institution buildings.

The Library and Museum, opposite to the First Section door, will soon be open for use. Old boys might bear in mind that an odd volume or so, with their name on the fly-leaf, might help to "keep their memory green."

By the liberality of the Directors, all the children had an excellent view of the King and Queen, from the covered stand in Comiston Road, on the occasion of the opening of the Colinton Fever Hospital,

At the first service in the new Dean Church the Directors were represented by Messrs Stuart Fraser and Somerville Greig. Mr Hugh Patten and Mrs Patten also attended.

The Vacation Day was held on Tuesday, 21st July, when at eleven o'clock a successful concert took place in presence of Sir Charles B. Logan, D.K.S., Chairman, the Directors, the relatives of the children, and the old pupils. Thereafter Lady Logan presented the prizes to the pupils. It is worthy of record that the Dux of the First Section, on the boys' side, was Charles Cockburn, and on the girls', Madge MacPhie. Duxes of the Second Section were Leo Apedaile, and Isabella Peddie; of the Third, Frank Burnet, and Edith Ferrie; and of the Fourth, Drummond Collins, and Nettie Badger. Seven boys and five girls leave us. The boys' names are C. Cockburn, F. G. Lindsay, F. Laing, B. M'Kinnon, A. Barckley, L. Apedaile, and J. Davidson.

The Football results of last season yet unrecorded are :—

3rd George Heriot's,	...	...	0 points,	*v*	J.W.I.,	6 points.
4th Royal High School,	...	16 ,,	*v*	,,	3	,,
2nd Edinburgh Institution,	...	3 ,,	*v*	,,	3	,,

The results of Cricket Matches this summer have been :—

5th Loretto,	...	100 runs,	*v*	J.W.I.,	30 and 27 runs (2 innings).
7th George Watson's,	6 ,,	*v*	,,	53	,,
2nd Daniel Stewart's,	35 ,,	*v*	,,	30	,,
Loretto Preparatory,	87 ,,	*v*	,,	15	,,
7th George Watson's,	63 ,,	*v*	,,	79	,, for 8 wickets.

The Old Boys' Cricket Match is noticed at page 2, where are also given the names of the School Team. Without detailing the "character of the eleven," one might specify for praise the bowling of Massie and the batting of S. Thomson. Taken altogether the bowling was quite up to the average, the fielding often very good, but the batting distinctly poor.

CLUB TALK.

Two notable events of 1829. The first Vacation Day of the Institution, and the birth of Mr Rowe.

QUISEGO writes :—"While waiting recently in a Visitors' Room at the School, what should I turn up first, by accident, in *Chambers' Journal* for June 1903, but an article headed "Episodes in the Jacobite Trials of 1746, from State Manuscripts, by J. Macbeth Forbes." Mr Forbes is a fluent linguist, and at one time was Treasurer of the Franco-Scottish Society."

A propos of the above note, Messrs Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier, of St Mary Street, Edinburgh, have recently issued a booklet of about seventy pages, entitled "Jacobite Gleanings," by Mr Macbeth Forbes, in which he gives short sketches of Jacobites, and an account of the Transportations of 1745. The price is two shillings in cloth boards, or one shilling in paper covers.

Extracted from the Visitors' Book at the Institution :—

4/10/02. D. B. STRANG, 4 Wellington Field, Liverpool, a Levite of 1865.

-/11/02. W. A. MACKINLAY, 3 West George Street, Glasgow, a Levite of 1875.

Did the Levites recognise in Mr Peter Mackinlay, who lately resigned the Rectorship of the Edinburgh Church of Scotland Training College, the teacher of the Third Section from 1857 to 1860?

It is only fair to say that, according to information lately received, the nasal organ of Liddell was *not* the origin of his being called "The Craw." He inherited the nickname, which arose through the name of his predecessor, the second porter, being Alexander McRae, or more familiarly, Sandy Mc*Craw!!*

Several Levites have been conjecturing as to the meaning of the signal "Strow," used in the mornings by the Craw, and the most likely solution seems to be "Stir all."

"CHUM" writes :—"Without desiring to go into private details, I would be glad if any reader can give, through the medium of Club Talk, any news about Tom E. Saxby, a Levite of 1883." ("Chum" will get a surprise if he refers to page 16.—ED.)

The Club Colours have already proved their usefulness by having enabled several Levites to recognise others, who would have passed them in the street unknowingly. Look out for the blue with the "thin red line!"

The Editor takes this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging the kindness of the Treasurer and Directors of the Institution for permitting the School Books to be searched for data of school life from its earliest days. This proof of their consideration will be highly appreciated by the Levites.

To continue, the Editor will be most happy to furnish "straw to make bricks," in the shape of school statistics; and, as a friendly barter, would the Levites add the "life" to them by writing sketches of, say fifteen hundred words, such as "John Watson's in the 50's," also, in the 60's, 70's, 80's, and 90's. What Levite is there who does not loyally hold that his period in the School was "second to none?"

"G 10" writes: "In the early 80's, one boy (A) said to another boy (B), who had chosen his profession early, 'When you are a Minister, you should preach a sermon on such and such a text.' Nearly twenty years afterwards the sermon was preached, and, by a strange coincidence, A was present. He is now a member of B's church."

Hearty congratulations were sent to J. Stuart Syme on his election, in April last, as a Vice-President of the Edinburgh Architectural Association.

The old and new Dean Churches have histories attached to them of peculiar interest to the Levites, but lack of space prevents such being given meantime. However, in order that the Levites may know the proper time to visit the handsome new church, we would mention that the services on Sunday are held at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.—all the year round.

It is a pleasure to note that W. D. Coghill and Gordon G. Jolly recently passed the First Professional Examination in Medicine at Edinburgh University.

Basil Smart again carried all before him this season in George Watson's P.P. Hole-and-Hole Golf Tournament, winning the Golf Medal a second time! He plays a particularly good "short game."

"PHILATELIST" writes to the Editor: "I suppose the boys in the School still collect stamps, and, living in a foreign country whose stamps may be considered 'rare,' I send you a few specimens for distribution. I shall also be glad to help any Levite who goes in for the hobby, if he will communicate through you." (The boys much appreciated "Philatelist's" kindness, and hope for a repetition of it! We would suggest that other Levites, especially those abroad, might follow his example.—ED.).

AN "OLD GIRLS" CLUB.

Levites of both sexes will be glad to hear that a Club is to be formed by the "old girls" in the autumn. The Annual Subscription, entitling the Members to a copy of two numbers of *The Levite*, will be Eighteenpence.

We ask the Levites, especially those who have had sisters educated at the School, to bring this intimation under the notice of the girls, so that any who have not already heard of the movement, and who wish to join it, may send in their names to Miss MURRAY, at the Institution, by the first of October.

ALTERATIONS OF ADDRESSES OF CLUB MEMBERS.

Since 1st February 1903.

Levite of	
1867	BEATY, GEORGE H. S., Manager, National Provincial Bank of England, Ltd., Poole.
1882	SAUNDERS, ALEXANDER G., 162 Alcester Road, Moseley, Birmingham.
1883	WATSON, WILLIAM, Calle San Martin 186, Buenos Aires.
1884	HENDERSON, JOHN, c/o Downie, 191 Albert Road, Pollockshields, Glasgow.
1890	BROTCHIE, Trooper JAMES R., No. 26 Troop, South African Constabulary, Out Station, "Korannaberg," Orange River Colony.
1891	NAIRNE, CHARLES J., 56 Brunswick Street, Edinburgh.
1892	HENDERSON, ROBERT M., 2 Roseneath Terrace, Edinburgh.
1893	JOLLY, GEORGE A., Indian Medical Service, 31st Punjaub Infantry Mess, Rawal Pindi, Punjaub, India.
1894	ROSS, JAMES, 233 Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh.
1896	ROSS, DANIEL S., 233 Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh.
1896	TATE, DONALD GEORGE, c/o Fairlie, 16 Laburnum Avenue, Wallsend-on-Tyne.
1897	CHALMERS, FRED, Edgehill, Pitheavlis, Perth.
1899	COGHILL, WILLIAM D., 34 Sloan Street, Leith.
1900	M'GREGOR, RONALD, 184 Woodlands Road, Glasgow.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF NEW CLUB MEMBERS,

Admitted since 1st February 1903.

Levite of	
1862	WEIR, WILLIAM FYFE, 4 Greenhill Gardens, Edinburgh.
1883	SAXBY, Dr THOMAS EDMONSTON, Halligarth, Baltasound, Shetland.
1883	SAXBY, Sergeant HORACE D., No. 1 Troop, A Division, South African Constabulary, Bank Station, Krugersdorp, Transvaal.
1901	MENARD, LOUIS, 6 Admiral Terrace, Edinburgh.
1901	MASSIE, IAN, The Eagles, 4 Queen's Gate, Aberdeen.

THE LEVITE

Editor—D. M. THOMSON

NO. III. FEBRUARY 1904

EDITOR'S LETTER.

DEAR FELLOW LEVITES,

This letter, like unto the ancient country of Gaul, is divided into three parts.

Since our previous communication our world—the Greater John Watson's — has received much new life, as you will realise when we mention that the "old girls" have formed an Association some three months ago. We have had many evidences on the "old boys'" part of the wish that the "spindle" side of the Institution was represented by such an Association, and now that this is an accomplished fact, we would be among the first in wishing it every success. It speaks well for its future prosperity that the inaugural Meeting on 19th December last immediately preceded the most enthusiastic of all the Reunions of the Levites.

This date was also an eventful day in our own Calendar, for the Shakespearean question "To be or not to be?" was then asked of the Club Members with regard to the continuance of the publication of *The Levite*. For the affirmative answer so readily given, we express the cordial thanks of our contributors and of ourself; and we trust that your verdict on our further efforts will be ever the same.

In now making another appeal for literary contributions, we are privileged to extend the invitation to the "old girls." We shall always look as expectantly for the product of their pen as of the "old boys," trusting that they will regard *The Levite* in as keen a proprietary sense as ourselves, more especially as each girl member is already a subscriber. *A propos* of this, the Council has decided to enlarge the size of each of our Numbers to twenty pages, an action which we are sure will gain your warm approbation. Now, if you should at any time be in doubt as to the subject for a contribution, we would suggest that you read a second time the contents of our back Numbers, not forgetting to pause over the illustrations; and, as our experience has already shown, the effort to write a personal note, a dialogue, a character sketch or poem, will profit both these pages and yourself.

Yours sincerely,

THE EDITOR.

FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT.

The Council, in presenting its fifth Annual Report to the Members, desires to congratulate them on the success which has attended the Club during the past year.

It is gratifying to record that the hope expressed in the last Report of publishing a Club Magazine has been fulfilled. According to the decision at the Fourth Annual Meeting, a Magazine, under the title of *The Levite*, was published in February and August last, and a copy of each Number was issued free to each Member. The Editors appointed were Mr G. W. Crawford and Mr D. M. Thomson, but Mr Crawford resigned office through claims of business. It was agreed to review the subject at the next (fifth) Annual Meeting.

The review may, roughly, be divided into two aspects—the personal and financial. While the Members have not been backward altogether in contributing articles, still the Council would like to see a much wider circle of contributors. Even if the effort made is small, it can be productive of good result; it is this individual interest which makes for success.

The figures of the finances of the Magazine are given in the Treasurer's Cash Abstract annexed. In view of the full explanation of each item of expenditure and income given in the recent circular to the Members, it is unnecessary to make any further comment here, except to offer special thanks to Mr Kenneth Donaldson for his generous support.

In conclusion, the Council is of opinion that the continuance of the Magazine will advance the progress of the Club, and it feels confident that the Members will share its views.

When the First Number of *The Levite* was published, the Council took the opportunity of showing its interest in the younger Members by holding an Essay Competition for them, and the Prize of 12/6d. was, as already announced, awarded to Mr Stanley Nairne, a Levite of 1896.

That the Magazine has had an influence in gaining new Members to the Club is shown by the large number of candidates for admission this year. Twenty of such applications, including one for Life Membership, have been received, and added to the existing Membership of 113 at the beginning of the year. The Council regrets the loss of five Members—one through the death of Mr Louis G. List, a Levite of 1882, and the other four through the operation of the new Rule 10. The present Membership is 128, including three Life Members.

The following changes have occurred throughout the year among the Local Secretaries:—The resignation of Mr Charles J. Nairne; and of Mr George Mackintosh. The appointment of Mr Henry K. Grant; and of Mr Kenneth Donaldson. The Council is indebted to them for their work.

The Council again desires to express its best thanks to Mr Langhorne and to Miss Murray for the kindness which it continues to receive from them.

The Council desires to record its very high appreciation of the zeal and energy displayed by the Secretary, Mr D. M. Thomson, in the Club's interests. It realises that much of the Club's success is due to him, and hopes that the enthusiasm he has devoted to its services since the beginning may long continue at its disposal for its further extension and usefulness.

[This recommendation was submitted to the Annual Meeting of the Club, was passed cordially and unanimously, and ordered to be engrossed on the Minutes.]

By order of the Council.

D. M. THOMSON,
Secretary and Treasurer.

7th December 1903.

TREASURER'S CASH ABSTRACT.

CHARGE.

To Balance from last year ...				£16	2 2
To Subscriptions—					
2 at 2/6 for 1901	£0	5	0		
7 at 2/6 for 1902	0	17	6		
97 at 2/6 for 1903	12	2	6		
4, various, for 1903	1	0	6		
3 at 2/6 for 1904	0	7	6		
1 at 2/6 for 1905	0	2	6		
New Members.					
12 at 2/6 for 1903	1	10	0		
7 at 2/6 for 1904	0	17	6		
1 at 42/ for life	2	2	0		
				19	5 0
To Donation from Honorary Member				1	0 0
To *The Levite*—					
Advertisements	£5	0	0		
Sale of copies	2	3	0		
Donation from D.M.M.	0	10	0		
				7	13 0
To Bank Interest				0	7 9
To Unpaid Subscriptions—					
1 for 1902 and 4 for 1903 (4 for 1901, 1902 and 1903 written off.)				0	12 6
				£45	0 5

DISCHARGE.

By Stationery A/c.	£1	19	2		
By Postages, &c.	4	13	10		
By *The Levite*—					
First Number	7	11	6		
Second Number	6	1	6		
By Prize Essay ...	0	12	6		
				£20	18 6
By Arrears of Subscriptions at this date—5 at 2/6 ...				0	12 6
By Balance on hand				23	9 5
				£45	0 5

Edinburgh, *2nd December* 1903.—I have examined the Books and Accounts of The John Watson Club, and certify that the forgoing Abstract is correct. Henry Robertson, S.S.C.

THE FIFTH WINTER REUNION.

At that joyful hour of old, half-past four, the first contingent of "old boys" arrived at the Institution on Saturday, 19th December last, to attend the fifth Annual Meeting of the Club.

These and later arrivals assembled in the Drill room and engaged in a talk over old times and current events, one of the latter being the welcome news in *The Scotsman* of that morning that Mr John F. Anderson had gained the Fullerton Scholarship at Aberdeen University.

The List of the Levites present is as follows :—

C. S. Brown, W. Muirhead, Rev. D. G. Hamilton, J. Vost, W. G. Middleton, J. S. Syme, D. M'Rae, C. J. Nairne, J. B. Stewart, R. M. Henderson, D. M. Thomson, J. Ross, D. S. Ross, C. M'Neil, D. Sanderson, S. Nairne, F. Chalmers, J. N. R. MacQueen, J. O. Naismith, A. A. Rennie, T. A. Thornton, G. W. C. Laidlaw, R. Archibald, J. Scott, A. J. Roger, T. Archibald, G. G. Jolly, and L. Menard.

At five o'clock, the Business Meeting took place in the Master's Room, when the Rev. Mr Hamilton, the President, on taking the Chair, called upon the Secretary to read the Minutes of the Fourth Annual Meeting. These were approved and likewise the Council's Report for the past year.

The thanks of the Council for the approval of its work by the Members having been expressed by the Chairman, the election of Office-Bearers for the ensuing year was then proceeded with. The List of these is printed on page 56.

The next business was the most important of the evening—the review of *The Levite*. The *pros*,—happily there were no *cons*,—of the subject were on the lines indicated in a circular issued to the Members in December last, and the Secretary had the pleasure of recording in the Minutes the unanimous approval that the publication of the Magazine has gained. It was agreed without question that the "old girls" should be invited to contribute to these pages.

A new proposal, with the Council's recommendation, in connection with the lately completed School Gymnasium, was then announced by the Secretary. It was that the Club might offer to present a Prize on the next Vacation Day to the boy who is the best gymnast in the Institution. The idea was cordially taken up, and the Members went further in voting that a Prize be also given to the Dux boy. Each Prize is to value not over £1.

This interesting Meeting now concluded with a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman.

At our Social Meeting we were happy in having the presence of all our guests. Mr Rowe, with Mrs Rowe, being at the At Home and Mr Langhorne and Mr Dickson at the Dinner also. After an excellent repast, accompanied with many an anecdote, the Chairman proposed the loyal toast, which was heartily honoured.

Mr Charles Nairne's speech in proposing the "The Club" contained many good things. In his reply, Mr Muirhead, like the former speaker, cordially welcomed the new movement of the "old girls."

The toast of "The Institution" was given by Mr C. S. Brown, who related how in his school days the political arena was as greatly agitated as at present, the chief gladiators, then being Disraeli and Gladstone. The boys became active partisans of these champions: the Tories, however, having a large majority, as the Liberals counted only two, Mr G. W. Crawford and Mr Brown himself!

The names of Mr Langhorne and Mr Dickson having been coupled with this toast, Mr Langhorne briefly sketched current School events—the latest being the introduction of science teaching; and Mr Dickson, in his reply, brought forward a suggestion which has already borne fruit, as a reference to the next page will show.

In a felicitous speech Mr Charles M'Neil proposed the Chairman's health, and Mr Hamilton made a graceful reply.

A ghostly visitor at the At Home gives on another page an inimitable description of this gathering, yet we would also speak of the kindly reception met with by the "old boys," on entering the girls' schoolroom, from Miss Murray and the members of the Girls' Association. Mr James Bruce, W.S., a Director, warmly shook hands with us, as also did our good old Master and Mrs Rowe, and Mrs Dickson. In the midst of the animated conversation, which soon ensued on all sides, the melody of a song floated from the adjoining room, thus drawing the assembly into the Chapel. Soon its floor was fully occupied by dancers, there sometimes being at the lancers as many as nine sets! The prettily hand-drawn programme allowed us also numerous waltzes, &c., and songs, and we would, on behalf of all then present, return their best thanks to the lady vocalists and pianists who contributed so much to the great success of the reunion. The evening sped as quickly as the movements of our ghostly visitor, and after singing Auld Lang Syne and giving vociferous thanks to our hostess, we, in joyful company, passed through the Institution gates before the hour of twelve chimed.

THE "KIRKING" OF THE LEVITES.

By a happy coincidence, the idea suggested itself both to Miss Murray and to Mr Dickson at the Reunion that the old pupils might, if informed, wish to attend the Dean Church on the next day, as the Very Rev. Dr M'Gregor was then to dedicate the new pipe organ presented to the Church.

Every opportunity was utilised of bringing forward the idea, with the result that over forty Levites, accompanied by Miss Murray and Mr Dickson, occupied the Institution gallery at the Sunday morning service.

Our point of view, being the same as in the old Church, and the fact of the "old girls" sitting separately from the "old boys" as of old, made it seem to us as though we were living in the past, especially as the Rev. Mr Williamson took the preliminary part of the service. Any strange feelings to the new Church having thus been quickly dispelled, we gave our undivided attention to the eloquent discourse, on 1 Timothy, iii. 15, by the popular Minister of St. Cuthbert's.

While walking homewards by the Institution gates, we heard on all sides hearty expressions of the pleasure of having attended; and this has led us now to propose that this "Kirking" of the Levites might become a regular event on the first Sunday after each of our Winter Reunions. We would suggest that the "Kirking" might take place in future at the *evening* service, to ensure an even larger attendance.

We shall be glad to receive expressions of opinion on the subject.

"THE JAUNT" TO BONALLY.

[A Prize Essay written by a Girl in 1861.]

On the 19th of June 1861 we set out on a visit to Bonally, a very pleasant spot at the Pentland Hills. There is a kind of level place, with hills on each side of it, and a large old house* situated amidst pleasure grounds. I ascended a hill, and seating myself on the heather, I saw three large ponds side by side, and close to them another one still larger, while before lay a small wood. After some time I came down the hill and found this much easier to do than to go up, the heather being rather slippery.

I then went along the stream, which was very pretty, now dashing amongst the stones, now flowing smoothly along, then falling noisily from the rocks. I pulled some very pretty wild flowers as I went along, now and then putting my hand into the cool water, or watching the dragon-flies as they lazily floated on the surface of some still pool; when the rain

* Bonally House.

began to fall, and I, with others, hurried to a place where there were some trees, for protection. It continued to rain for some time, so we got pretty wet, and when we came out from under the trees the ground was perfectly wet.

We now went into the garden and got our dinner, then ran about. In the garden I noticed the figure of a man with a book in his hands and a long robe flowing over his shoulder.

A few steps from this brought us to a stone on the wall, on which was told that below lay poor Mouse, a favourite Scotch Terrier, aged thirteen years.

At another part of the garden was the figure of a man with a crown on his head, above it I could make out the word "Bannockburn," and the thought struck me that perhaps this might be a representation of Robert Bruce.

We went about the garden for some time, then got into the carts, and rode away. After riding for about half-an-hour, we got down at the little village of Colinton, went into an inn and got our supper, after which we went into the Churchyard. Some of the tombstones were very old, one was dated 1741. The words were very oddly spelt, "here" was spelt "heare," "body" was "bodie." There was a large iron safe in which a lady's coffin had been. (It is there to-day.—Ed.)

We got into the carts again, the band struck up some merry tunes, and we had a nice ride home.

This unique essay, so typical of the language of a school girl of a byegone generation, was very kindly handed by Miss Murray to the Editor. It was written under these circumstances :—

On the Vacation Days in the 60's the Directors gave an essay competition to all the pupils, and, to test their ready wit the more, the subject was announced only at the actual moment of competing. In 1861 the essay judge, the late Mr James Duncan, W.S., was so struck with the composition of the above paper, as well as its having "not one false spelling," and being so "distinctly written," that he awarded the girls' prize to its author.

Her reference to Colinton reminds us that two grandsons of its parish minister in 1861—the well known Rev. Dr Lewis Balfour—are Arthur M. and Claude H. M. Balfour, Levites of 1876 and 1879. Another of his grandsons is the famous R. L. Stevenson, who often "wintered" at Colinton Manse to escape the east winds of Edinburgh.

Adjacent to the burial-ground of the Balfour family in the churchyard there stands a mausoleum in memory of James Gillespie, the founder of the School called after him. Its present Headmaster, Mr William Jenkins, M.A., F.E.I.S., was a master in John Watson's from 1865 to 1870!

SUNDAY IN THE EIGHTIES.

Probably one of the most difficult problems that have to be met by the authorities of a boarding school is to know what to do with their young charges on Sunday. Undue restraint is not good. It is a pity when the day becomes a weariness. But how easy it is, especially in these times when religious principles tend to become more lax, and the "Scottish Sabbath," so called, is less an object of honour than of ridicule, for the pendulum to swing to the other extreme. As we grow older we see the value of the restraints of childhood, and we are grateful now for every influence that taught us "to remember the Sabbath Day." Let me proceed to my recollections of a Sunday in the Eighties.

We rose half an hour later on Sunday, the extra indulgence being due to the fact that no shoes were cleaned that day, double duty falling on Monday in consequence. After Chapel and breakfast we would stroll about the playground, some munching sweets, yet all the while looking as innocent as possible. Or, the more diligent would learn, in the Third Section, the evening lesson. Our Sunday lessons were not excessive: the excellence of our teaching in Bible and Catechism during the rest of the week made that unnecessary. By eleven o'clock we were in Church: we were the most regular, if not necessarily, the most devout of worshippers. Still we have an affection for the old place, and the familiar figure and the kindly face of Mr Williamson have impressed themselves on many generations of old pupils. Then home to dinner, and hot pea-soup and hotter rice pudding seasoned with a spoonful of rhubarb jam, with perhaps a lump of ginger in it, are some items that still hold a place in the recollection. We moved rather than walked to afternoon church, and it was with utmost difficulty that sleepy little eyes were kept open. Prodigious efforts were made to keep the head from nodding, and it was only the awful consciousness of the eyes of the officials who were in charge, that restrained us from yielding altogether. And yet can it be doubted that those eyes were inclined to be indulgent after all, though it would never do to own as much! We were home by four o'clock, and then came the great problem what to do with us for the rest of the day. All natural exuberance of spirits was quelled. I remember being caught whistling in the passage one day, and only escaping with the lame excuse that it was one of the hymns we had been singing shortly before! If the day were fine, we were allowed to walk (not run!) in the Cauldron, or we would sit on one of

the seats by the Tower listening demurely to the conversation of the Master on duty. If the day were wet, we were taken to the Third Section, and the master read aloud to us some harmless and improving book. "Jessica's First Prayer" still lingers. Or else we were allowed to read to ourselves. Nothing light, of course, only such profitable but ponderous periodicals as "The Leisure Hour" and "The Sunday at Home." And yet pitfalls lurked even there. I remember reading in one of these large volumes a novel of Mrs Henry Wood's, which was not quite suitable for a boy of, say, ten, but whose interest was marred by the absence of the first few chapters! Gradually the day wore on. At supper we had our weekly "dish" of tea, which frequently resulted in the loss of the sleep which had been so inviting earlier in the day. From 7 to 8, Mr Rowe talked to us, kindly and pleasantly, as he always did; and then came Chapel and bedtime not at all too soon. One of the elements which made Sunday so unenjoyable was that Monday was coming, and Saturday so far distant!

G 10.

RUNNING THE CONTRABAND.

Monday Morning.

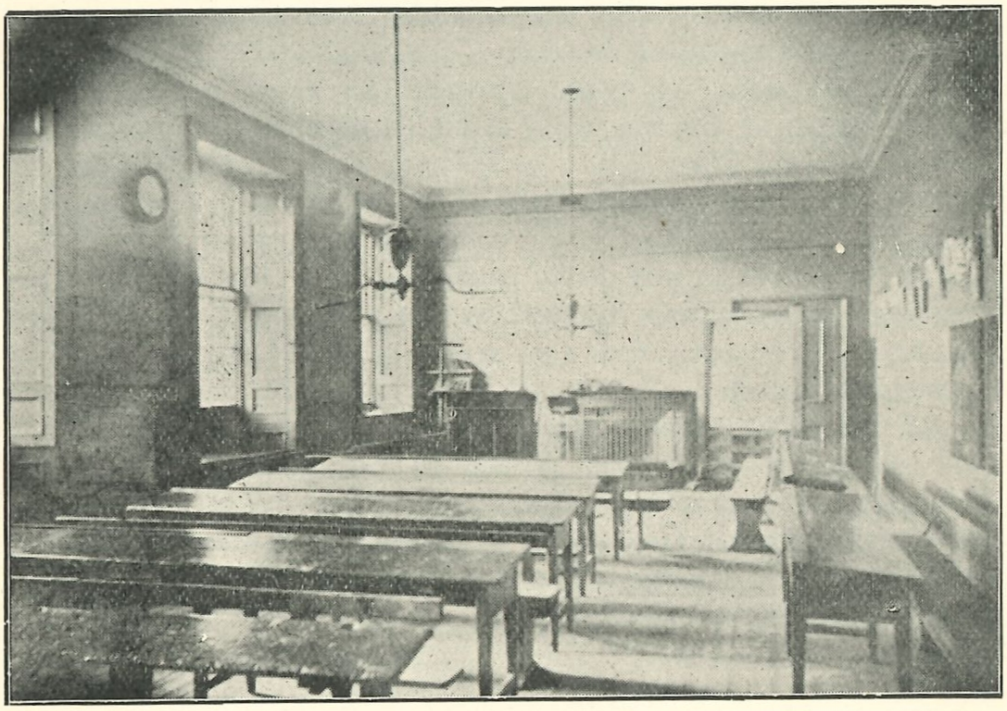
A figure, in long trousers, has halted at the gate,
His walk it is unsteady and anything but straight,
Suspiciously he eyes the Lodge that guards the massive School,
But gathering his courage up, he gives his socks a pull,
The reason of this energy—of sweetmeats they are full.

He shambles up the Avenue and stands before the door
Of that great Institution, founded in days of yore,
And then he shuffles down the stairs and schemes the watch-ful Beak,
Who, into private businesses, continually does seek,
His smuggling now is at an end—but by a narrow squeak.

Now he has reached the drilling-room where willing hands do mouch
The treacle-dabs and honey-balls into his brushing-pouch;
Then other raiment he must don, and Sunday-clothes must doff,
Which Albert Roger and Wee Beaks do speedily haul off.
The smuggler now his name appends—a *nom de plume*, does scoff.

O. S. Rankin.

JOHN WATSON'S IN THE 30's.



From a Photograph. THE FIRST SECTION.

PART III.

How short was the duration of the first summer vacation of the School! Even at a glance the three weeks then, and the four days allowed for Christmas holidays, throw much light upon the ideas held about education by our forefathers in the early part of the nineteenth century. And how truly monastic was the system of school life is further shown by the fact that parents were allowed to visit the children only on the first Monday of the month. Naturally, much attention was paid to the religious side of the children's training. These feelings influenced the Directors in having the School Chapel fitted up for daily worship by the pupils; and to enable them to attend Church on Sunday, sittings were taken at the somewhat distant Chapel of Stockbridge. How characteristic also of these times was the practice of engaging the Stockbridge Precentor to teach the children church music twice a week at the School! Thus he may be said to have been the first singing master.

The opening year of the 30's—the second session—saw the entrance into the Institution of sixteen new boys and girls, of from six to eleven years of age, who had passed the now historic ordeal, the new children's examination. This addition to the classes made it necessary that the Master and

Matron should be relieved of some House duties, and, accordingly, an Assistant to the Matron was appointed. This lady was a Miss Magdalene Auld, a well-known name to many Levites yet, for she, in her first post, and latterly as Matron, served the Institution for nigh on forty years. But this long service is not unique in the School's annals, indeed, John Watson's has to consider itself fortunate in the many officials who have served it long and faithfully. All honour to them, both past and present.

On Miss Tait resigning the position of Matron in May 1830, the duties were placed in the capable hands of Mrs Anne Molleson, who discharged them for many years.

Steady progress seems to have been made during the session in the teaching of the children and in the perfecting of the daily round of duties, and it appears that the pupils made a "very creditable performance" on the second Vacation Day.

The third session, 1830-1831, is marked by several interesting introductions. The most important was the commencement of the roll of assistant-teachers, men who have, since their tenure of office at the Institution, in many cases attained eminence in the scholastic world.

The first name on the roll is Mr Thomas Craig, who held his appointment from October 1830 to the beginning of 1832. His successor, Mr Samuel Gordon, was in office some eight months when his health broke down, and Mr William Hamilton became the next assistant. We have little or no further information about these teachers, so we pass on to record other changes which were taking place.

The first porter, William Veitch, who had previously been in a similar post at the Circus Place School, ended his duties at the Institution in November 1830. The new porter was Alexander M'Rae, formerly a warder in the West Kirk Charity Workhouse. The name of Sandy M'Craw, by which he was known, rings familiarly in the ears of all to this day in its abbreviated form of "The Craw"! He was porter for over a score of years, so we are hopeful that some reminiscences may yet be unearthed about this "character," for such we are sure he was.

Turning now to another side of school life, our attention is claimed by two new proposals of the Headmaster, Mr Marshall. It would appear that Latin was taught only in the better-class schools, and Mr Marshall, in his characteristic way, introduced the teaching of the language to the boys in this third session. Just as at the present day that popular author, Conan Doyle, writes detective stories to teach people the habit of observation, so Mr Marshall, with the same

object in view, applied for and obtained a grant from the Directors to construct a Museum. By the aid of specimens of birds, animals, and minerals, some of which are to be found to-day in the cases in the new Library, he doubtless gave many useful object-lessons in natural history to the children.

By the fourth session the number of the School's inmates had rapidly grown to forty-six boys and forty-four girls, and in another year the total was increased to one hundred and twenty, a number which has always been about the maximum.

Several of the pupils had finished their schooling by this time, and it is interesting to note that they left the School immediately on attaining the age of fourteen, and were presented with the time immemorial gift of a Bible and £10. The present custom differs from the above in two points, which will be commented upon at another time.

In January 1832 we meet with one of those incidents which so singularly happen. It appears that a Commissioner of the Signet applied for the admission of a boy named James Keith, who was a relative of the founder, John Watson! He was, however, not admitted, as he was too old.

The subject of gymnastics now came to be spoken about through an offer made by Sergeant-Major John Lawson of the Scottish Military and Naval Academy, to give his services to the Institution. It may be assumed that his offer was accepted, as it is reported that a Drill Sergeant was employed in the autumn of 1831, and duffle jackets were ordered for the boys' use while practising gymnastics. Possibly, also, the big and little "bars" at the top of the playground may have been put up at this time, and perhaps some appliances were also fitted in such a room as the Drill Room, although this room may have received its name only from the fact of the boys being drilled there on wet days.

The solitary situation of the Institution could not but react upon the feelings of the pupils, and we can sympathise with their excited interest when, in the year 1831, they saw another school, the Orphan Hospital, being erected at their very gates. The Hospital had been located for a century on land adjoining Trinity College Church, under the shadow of the Calton Hill, but it was found imperative to remove out of the crowded town on the ground of the pupils' health.

On the day of the foundation stone of the present Hospital being laid, namely 23rd June 1831, the authorities of the Institution did a graceful act in allowing the Hospital Directors to assemble in the School hall before the ceremony. But, under what dread circumstances was the next neighbourly

act performed! In the beginning of 1832 Edinburgh was visited for the first time by Asiatic cholera, and its ravages were so severe that thousands died in the course of the year. The Board of Health arranged for the patients being housed in the Orphan Hospital, and half of the latter's girl pupils, some fifty in number, were boarded in the Institution.

Happily John Watson's escaped additions to its death-roll, through such precaution being taken as that of allowing the pupils to attend only one Church service on Sunday, and of even debarring the relatives from witnessing the examination on the Vacation Day in July 1832. We may perhaps conjecture from this that the pupils spent their summer holidays within the grounds of the Institution! The Orphan Hospital was formally re-opened for its purpose in October 1833.

Now let us turn our thoughts from this gloomy picture to one which will be of special interest to all Levites and present pupils. How important is the day of his or her fourteenth birthday in the life of each pupil! And in particular was it so in these far off times to a boy called Peter M'Omish.* On that day in his life, 23rd November 1832, an interesting ceremony took place in the Chapel when Mr Vans Hathorn, the Treasurer, announced, in the presence of the masters and pupils, that this boy had been, on the strong recommendation of Mr Marshall, appointed by the Directors an under-teacher on the school staff. In other words, he was the first master of the Third Section. This speaks highly for the boy's career as a scholar, during which he won eight prizes, and we shall show later how he acquitted himself as a master.

In the winter of 1833 the existence of the Institution and the Orphan Hospital, with no Church near them, was brought before the notice of the leaders of the Church of Scotland. How this would add "grist to the mill" of Dr Chalmers, when advocating his Territorial Scheme! The experience of 1832 led to the suggestion that a Chaplain might perform services on Sunday in the Institution Chapel, at which the Orphan Hospital might also attend. At the time a missionary, the Rev. James Keith Hay, had recently come to the Water of Leith village, and his services were secured by the Institution. Mr Hay's labours in the village met with such success that, in 1835, Dr Chalmers suggested to the proprietors in the district the building of a Chapel. In this way originated the Dean Parish Church. As John Watson's was the guiding hand in the "Dean's" affairs for many years, we shall later devote an article to the Church's history.

D. M. Thomson.

(*To be continued*).

* His name is the fourth on the School Register, and his number was A 4.

THE INSTITUTION GHOST.

The grandfather clock, standing outside the chapel door, which has ticked away faithfully since the opening of the school, has just struck midnight. In doing so, it has ushered in Sunday of Christmas week. Now this ought to be an appropriate time for quiet reflection, yet I am restless and excited, so in order to soothe my nerves and regain my usual composure, I am jotting down some entries in my diary of John Watson's.

Well, I have just taken part in a delightful reunion of old girls and boys. Yesterday, from about five o'clock in the afternoon till a-quarter of an hour ago, I have simply revelled in wild enjoyment. This seems alarming conduct on the part of a sedate old man like me, but I offer no excuse for my strange behaviour. By way of explanation though, I am going to tell plainly and truthfully all that I saw and did.

I knew the John Watson Club was dining in the old room downstairs, but I had really no intention of witnessing the proceedings. I proposed to remain seated in the chapel here until the members had been welcomed by Miss Murray in the girls' schoolroom. After that, I intended to hold a little review of the old boys when they met the old girls and dancing had begun. But my plan was quite upset, and I completely lost my head! The cheering of the diners, during the progress of the toast list, was the cause. When that sound reached my ears, I could not sit a moment longer, so I jumped to my feet and ran nimbly downstairs. Fortunately I am an invisible spirit, otherwise I might have scared the school porter or some passing housemaid out of their wits. Looking in at the window in the passage, I saw and heard all that went on. I listened to the speeches, I joined in the cheering, and I rejoiced to see such a goodly company gathered round the festive board living over once again, in imagination, the years they spent beside me in John Watson's. By the way, I noticed that quite a number were smoking! I could not help thinking of that resolution of the Directors, passed years ago, which was recorded in the Minutes thus, "The Directors consider the practice of smoking to be a bad habit," and they forbade the masters and servants to smoke in school in case of showing a bad example to the boys. Truly that resolution had borne strange fruit! Still I am a tolerant old man, and I recognise that even tobacco has its charms.

Well, I remained at my post by the window until the proceedings ended and the diners trooped out. Then, mixing quietly amongst them, I accompanied them upstairs to Miss

Murray's reception and dance. There, at the reception, I shook hands most warmly with my old friends, Mr Rowe and Mr Dickson, feeling keenly appreciative of the grand work they both accomplished while masters here. I was also glad to observe the encouraging presence of Mr James Bruce, Writer to the Signet, a member of the present board of Directors. Of course they did not know I did this. How could they? Yet the shade of old Hathorn was at their very elbows wishing them well. Bye and bye, I moved round the room, noting the bevy of pretty girls and the groups of smart young men, but when the dancing began I believe I excelled the immortal Mr Pickwick himself. Throwing aside for the time that calm dignity which usually characterises my conduct, I joined enthusiastically in the dance. Passing, with the wonderful power of a spirit, from one couple to another, I mysteriously aided many an old boy to give his fair partner an extra turn in the lancers or a giddy whirl in the waltz. I also caught myself now and then chucking some of the junior lassies under the chin, and looking quite archly at the seniors. But, of course, these are a grandfather's privileges, so who dare complain?

A night like this goes all too quickly, and so a few minutes before twelve, the guests, standing in a circle, sang "Auld Lang Syne," and the old treasurer stood in the middle, with tears of gladness in his eyes, blessing each one from the bottom of his overflowing heart. Then I accompanied them all to the great front door. What a radiantly happy group we were, and how reluctant we felt to say good-bye to our kind hostess. Gallant escorts were furnished for the ladies, and I stood on the steps of the porch, watching, until the last couple disappeared round the curve of the Avenue.

Well, well, my boys and girls have all gone back again into the world, and I am alone once more.

But, before I stop, I must record a delightful vision I had just the other night. I had fallen into a dreamy reverie, and suddenly I found myself surrounded by portraits of many old friends, former Directors and Masters of the Institution. It is difficult to describe how delightful the walls of the Chapel looked covered by these pictures, but just as I was congratulating the authorities on their kindness in removing me from my position of splendid isolation, I awoke—and I found, like Pharaoh, that it was but a dream. Yet dreams sometimes come true, and I am living in the hope of seeing some day soon one or two portraits placed alongside mine to grace the walls of the Chapel in John Watson's.

VANS HATHORN'S GHOST.

TO THE GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

JOHN WATSON'S INSTITUTION.

DEAR FRIENDS,

Through the courtesy of the Editor, we are enabled to send you our hearty greetings, and to congratulate you on the successful beginning of the Association.

Its members already number over ninety, and we are sure that, when its objects are fully known, there will be few former girl-pupils whose names will not be on the roll. We express the sincere hope, which we feel sure is shared by all, that the Association may indeed fulfil its objects, namely, to unite all former school friends in a closer tie of friendship; and to make a link with the Institution through its kindly interest in the present pupils. Will the members try to make this known as widely as possible? and, perhaps, one of the best means of so doing, would be to forward a copy of *The Levite* to any non-member friend.

This Magazine hitherto has been (if the Editor will forgive the liberty we take in criticising) just a little imperfect, owing to the fact that the girl pupils have been very little in evidence! We are now assured this defect is to be remedied by their being invited to contribute to these pages, and by one page being specially devoted to "Girls' News." We thank the "Old Boys'" Club for these privileges, and to show our appreciation we invite you to send in to either of the Joint Secretaries short paragraphs of a personal nature or otherwise, for insertion in "our" page. Please, however, respond direct to the Editor's invitation to you for articles.

We are glad to say that the first business meeting of the Association passed off successfully, on 19th December last; an important item was the formal announcement that Lady Logan and Mrs Hugh Patten had kindly consented to act as our Honorary Presidents.

We have left ourself little space to write about the At Home, but its description is given on another page. It is enough to say that eleven o'clock came to our guests all too soon!

Yours sincerely,

E. MURRAY,
President.

TO THE "OLD BOYS."—Any information desired about girl-comrades will be given as readily to you as to our own members by our Joint Secretaries, Miss Gellatly at the Institution, and Miss I. B. Sadler, 4 Albert Drive, Crosshill, Glasgow.

SCHOOL NOTES.

There are, at the present time, 51 boys and 39 girls on the School Roll. Of these, it is anticipated that 14 boys and 7 girls will be leaving in July.

The children have been the recipients of two favours from the Directors. On 30th September, 25 boys and 20 girls were taken to see the Channel Fleet then lying off Queensferry. On H.M.S. Mars, they were kindly permitted to run about as they liked; and many experienced great consideration from members of the ship's company.

Again, on 16th December, all the children were enabled to enjoy at the Institution an entertainment consisting mainly of conjuring and ventriloquism exhibited by Mr André Letta.

For three weeks from 9th October it was considered wise to retain the children over the week-ends in the Institution owing to the prevalence outside of fever and diphtheria. Later, there were a few cases of chicken-pox in the school.

Meanwhile, of course, all football fixtures had to be cancelled. Indeed, owing to this "closing" and the frosty weather, only one match so far—20th January—has been played. In this the school team defeated 7th George Watson's by 16 points to 3. Three invitations to meet Newfield, Loretto, had to be declined.

The Captain of the XV. is Reginald Marshall.

The Gymnasium is now fairly well equipped with apparatus. Classes began at the end of November; the Instructors being Mr F. W. Sheen and Miss M. E. Beakbane.

The Librarians have had pleasure in acknowledging a present of books from Mr A. B. Turner, and of four South African Directories, with maps, &c., from Mr Kenneth Donaldson.

The Directors have recently given permission and facilities for the instruction of the children of all Sections in Elementary Science according to the Murché system. It is hoped that this addition to the curriculum will do much to widen the outlook of the children, encourage observation and prepare them to face the conditions of life with intelligent assurance.

The Christmas holidays lasted from 18th December to 11th January, a week being added on account of chicken-pox.

CLUB TALK.

A girl or a boy, until the 80's, led the singing at Prayers! Mr Rowe says that in the year he became Headmaster (1858), Mr Alexander Walker was the boy-precentor in the Chapel!

In which year was the harmonium introduced into the Chapel?

The Club has lost an interested member by the death of Louis G. List, on 19th September 1903, at Deniliquin, New South Wales. His letters were always full of news—his last mentioned that he had met in Melbourne a Mrs Watson, a relative of the old original "John."

A red-letter day in the ministry of our President is 17th October 1903, when the new Church of St. Serf, at Goldenacre, Trinity, was formally dedicated by the Moderator, Dr Gillespie. The building is in the 15th century Gothic cathedral style of architecture and, when completed by the addition of another transept and the chancel, will contain upwards of 1000 sittings. The cost will be fully £10,000. We are sure that the Levites, one and all, will wish Mr Hamilton a long, a happy, and a prosperous ministry in his handsome new Church.

A Levite, worthy of honour, is James Vost, B.Sc., who in April 1902 gained his Extra First Class Engineer's Certificate. He made a splendid pass in this very stiff (honorary) examination.

We regret to record the deaths of two Levites of 1888. They are Donald M. Walker, on 15th October 1903, at Newport, Fife; and Dr Andrew Asher Brown, on 11th November 1903, at Vryburg, South Africa. Literature was the forte of Mr Walker.

B 4 writes:—"It runs in my mind that there is, in "Jenny's Green," between the boys' and girls' playgrounds, a mineral well or pump. Being in the medical profession, it has occurred to me, could the waters not be made use of in treating pupils who are not in the best of health?"

In November last the Council, on behalf of the Club, conveyed hearty congratulations to the Girls' Association on its formation, and good wishes for its prosperity.

Donald J. Boyd is expected to be home on furlough, from India, in the coming spring.

"Who votes" that the Levites, of both sexes, should hold a Jaunt to Habbie's Howe on a Saturday afternoon in June next? *R.S.V.P.*

The postmark on a recent letter from Donald G. Tate reads "Elkorn, Manitoba."

The verses "Running the Contraband" will make felt the want of a dictionary of our school terms. Who will be our "Samuel Johnson?"

Boy (about to get the tawse, with recollections of a recent visit to the dentist), "Please sir, may I—may I—have gas?"

At Aberdeen University John F. Anderson has secured the Fullerton Scholarship, in Mental Philosophy, its value being £100 per annum for two years.

At Edinburgh University there are at present nine Levites who are creating very good records in the Arts, Law, and Medical Classes. Some are bursars.

At St. Andrews University Stanley Nairne has now gained the Tyndall Bruce Scholarship, in English Literature, of £50, tenable for two years.

At Glasgow University M. T. Archibald has shown his mettle by gaining second place in the Bursary List for 1903. He was awarded a Forfar Bursary, in Classics, of £36, tenable for four years.

Interest in the marvellously quick press-accounts of the present cricket test matches in Australia will be increased on hearing that one of the cable operators is Martin M. Milne. He has been recently promoted from the Eastern Telegraph Company's Cornwall Station to Cape Town. *Bon voyage.*

F 8 writes:—"Among the Glasgow Volunteer Highlanders, chosen as a special guard of honour to the King on his visit to Glasgow last July, I noticed Ronald M'Gregor, a Levite of 1900!"

Several stamp collectors desire the Editor to express their warm thanks to the Levites abroad for their kindness in sending stamps. Will the latter be good enough to continue to supply the demand? The Levites and Housites, of both sexes, who have not hitherto sent in their names to the Editor as wishing to receive stamps, are invited to do so now.

A problem, unknown to our old friend, Euclid!—"*With six matches of equal length, make four equilateral triangles.*"

THE JOHN WATSON CLUB.

1903-1904.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

Honorary President—Sir CHARLES B. LOGAN, D.K.S.

President—The Rev. DAVID G. HAMILTON, M.A.

Vice-Presidents—{ GERALD W. CRAWFORD, A.M.I.Mech.E.
WILLIAM MUIRHEAD.

Secretary and Treasurer—DAVID M. THOMSON.

Members of Council—CHARLES M'NEIL, M.A.; CHARLES S. BROWN; J. NORMAN R. MACQUEEN; CHARLES J. NAIRNE; and JOHN O. NAISMITH.

Ex-officio Members of Council—The Local Secretaries.

ALTERATIONS OF ADDRESSES OF CLUB MEMBERS.

Since 1st August 1903.

Levite of	
1889	WATT, COLIN J., 19 Melrose Gardens, West Kensington Park, London, W.
1893	ADAMSON, ROBERT B. c/o Mrs Sly, 2 Harris Road, Sheerness-on-Sea, Kent.
1894	M'NEIL, Dr ROBERT P., Box, No. 1050, Johannesburg.
1895	TREASURER, RODERICK, The Pretoria Club, Pretoria.
1899	MACLEAN, DONALD, Box, No. 141, Bloemfontein.
1899	MILNE, MARTIN, M., The Eastern Telegraph Co., Cape Town.
1901	MACLEAN, JAMES, 24 Crown Street, Inverness.
1901	ANDERSON, ROBERT B., c/o Mrs Jamieson, 24 Esslemont Avenue, Aberdeen.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF NEW CLUB MEMBERS.

Admitted since 1st August 1903.

*Life Member is marked thus**

Levite of	
1859	WALKER, ALEXANDER, Coronel, Chili.
1883	MENZIES, STUART, 6 Alexandra Road, Crosby, near Liverpool.
*1885	RIDDELL, HENRY SCOTT, Manager, Natal Bank, Ltd., Greytown, Natal.
*1898	GIBSON, ROBERT HALLIDAY, c/o Messrs A. A. Anthony & Co., Penang, Straits Settlements.
1903	DAVIDSON, JOHN R., 51 Comely Bank Avenue, Edinburgh.
1903	LAING, D. FRASER, 2 Glengyle Terrace, Edinburgh.
1903	BARCKLEY, ARTHUR E., 2 Gladstone Place, Leith.
1903	LINDSAY, FRED. G., 6 Craiglea Drive, Edinburgh.
1903	MACKINNON, J. BRUCE, 1 Kerrsland Street, Hillhead, Glasgow, W.
1903	APEDAILE, LEO B., 35 Castle Terrace, Edinburgh.

THE LEVITE

Editor—D. M. THOMSON

No. IV. AUGUST 1904

THE SECOND TUN.

From the time I entered the Institution until the event which I relate happened, the porridge in the morning was considered no royal fare by the boys. Several, indeed, were sometimes quite unable to finish their plateful—even after the smuggling of sundry spoonfuls into their mugs of milk!

After the second Grace, the Master would kindly (?) inform the boys that those who had not finished might remain behind to do so. To an onlooker it was a most comical sight to watch these boys, standing, finishing their porridge. The tables were low, and the feat of balancing a laden spoon was by no means an easy one. In addition, the boys were quaking about that coming visit to the Master's Section, when the tammys and they were once again introduced!

One winter morning in the early 90's, we were partaking of our usual mess of porridge, the while feeling like martyrs. The usual formula of the Beak carrying in an enamelled basin, filled with porridge, and a large horn spoon, to the top of the big table, and of the Master asking if any boy who would like more (as if we possibly could), to step up, was gone through as from time immemorial. Witness our amazement when a form creaked and a boy rose! The Master stared, the boys gaped, and the Beak nearly dropped the basin he was carrying away at the moment. But the boy calmly and deliberately walked to the Beak with his plate. That first "second tun" was a plateful bought with a price! What that second-year boy had to endure only Levites have the faintest idea. Chaff, ridicule, sneers. In a word, he was a "keely"—our lowest stigma.

This modern Oliver Twist, nothing daunted, presented his plate morning after morning. Perseverance wins in the end. Within a fortnight another boy summoned up courage and deserted over to the "second tun" (in proper English, a second turn or helping), then another boy deserted.

The others now began to give serious thought to the matter; they dissected the porridge, they gathered expert opinions, and, having found they had made much ado about nothing, they slowly but surely broke up the old state.

A week or two later the Beak required all his energies to cope with the demands for "second tuns," the boys now voting with the poet that

> "Buirdly chiels and clever hizzies
> Are bred in sic a way as this is."

DOSEY.

THE LEVITES' JAUNT.

Reading from the Left (*Front Row*).--Miss C. Beyer, Miss A. B. Laidlaw, Miss E. Jolly, A. J. Wright, J. Davidson, Miss K. Bruce, L. Menard, J. Ross, Miss M. Borders, Miss I. M. Nimmo, and G. G. Jolly.
Second Row.—Miss L. Munro, Miss F. Beyer, F. Laing, J. O. Naismith, Miss C. Kissack, Miss M. Lockyer, Miss J. Bruce, J. B. Stewart, W. G. Middleton, Miss H. Symon, Miss I. B. Sadler, Miss E. Watson, and W. Muirhead.
Back Row.—W. D. Coghill, Miss A. Syme, Miss J. Adam, C. J. Nairne, Miss A. Jenkins, Miss A. S. Boe, J. M. Forbes, G. W. Crawford, Miss A. M'Intyre, Miss W. L. Gellatly, Miss J. Snowdon. and Mrs Bidgood.
Present, but not in Group.—Miss F. M'Rae, J. S. Syme, and D. M. Thomson.

The last School Jaunt is one of the happiest of a Levite's memories. Let us recall it, and again take our last, long, lingering look behind, while the carts are rounding the lower end of Loganlee reservoir, at the distant ruined Camp by the head of the waters, doubly guarded in the waning light by the hushed trees and the everlasting hills. A scene worthy indeed of an artist's brush. How ardently we wish we had another Jaunt to look forward to!

To realise such a wish would be ideal, and so when a Levites' Jaunt was suggested in our last number the idea made us feel all equally young again, just fourteen! Every Levite would have liked to visit the old haunts. Thirty-nine were privileged to do so on Saturday, the 18th of June last; and they, happy in their experience of that day, will wish that many more may accompany them next summer.

When the hour of our assembling on the above day came

round, the clerk of the weather favoured us with a bright and genial atmosphere. Our rendezvous at the Mound looked very gay in the sunshine and proved very convenient.

Under such auspices did many old friends come together and new friendships begin. This subject reminds us the Levites received a pleasant surprise on finding seated in the neighbouring East Princes Street Gardens Miss Murray and Miss Home! What a gay court they held! They and the Club President, the Rev. Mr Hamilton, had kindly come to see us drive off, and we were as glad to see them as they us. Other old friends were unavoidably absent, Mr and Mrs Rowe being out of town, and Mr and Mrs Dickson at a pic-nic.

At half-past two o'clock our party were seated in the four-in-hand coach and the brake, and after a round of farewells the Jaunt commenced. After driving through the city and on reaching its outskirts, the northern slopes of the Pentlands stretched far and wide before us, and presently that familiar landmark, the Anchor Wood, loomed large on our right. While our gaze rested in its direction, we espied through the green foliage of an adjoining wood a white tent. Our interest quickened on hearing that five Levites have been camping out in it all summer.

As we entered further into the country, we glanced at the pretty wayside cottages and recalled the old scenes of the cottar children running out of them and appealing to us, not in vain, to pour-oot, pour-oot!

Flotterstone bridge is now reached; and on the now narrowing road the overhanging branches of the trees brush our heads. Then we sight the expansive waters of Glencorse, with the picturesque, wooded isle in its centre, and a youthful memory returns to us of a wondrous, but true, tale of the Craw about the ruins of a chapel and grave-yard submerged in its depths. The roadside here also claims passing attention. We read the same old warning notices put up by the Water Trust, that trespassers will be prosecuted "with the utmost rigour of the law"! Little does the Trust think that the genial phrase is immortalised by us as a school-song!

After the level winding road the horses encounter a stiff incline. We near the sluice-gates at the crest of the road, and now comes, after, perhaps, the lapse of many years, the moment to again fondly look across the Loganlee reservoir at our Mecca, the old camp. Sudden silence reigns in the happy company as the magnetic influences of the old days hold sway. The scene is before us. But back to the every-day world we come on noticing that our camping ground is occupied by a children's pic-nic!

Then, too, the gathering clouds in the sky threaten to rain, and a slight shower falls as we descend from the coaches drawn up, after the two and a half hours drive, by the banks of the Logan burn.

The question arises, Where shall we camp? and the brilliant thought strikes several great minds alike—by Peggie's Pool! A trio set out at once to scout the ground. Their report is favourable, and we camp on a grassy bank in full view of the Waterfall.

Willing hands soon have a fire alight, hampers unpacked, and other preparations ready, and in half-an-hour we begin a delightful *al fresco* tea — several for the nonce becoming "servers" as of old!

Some ardent spirits have in the interval been testing their climbing powers, and their echoing calls reach us from the heights of the Waterfall and elsewhere. Before, however, dispersing after tea, a permanent record of the Jaunt is made by the taking of the photograph we are kindly allowed to reproduce here.

Knowing that the old camp will be deserted by this time, we retrace our steps there. The time is enjoyably spent; and while a game of rounders is in progress, we gladly see Miss Flora M'Rae drive up in her trap from Penicuik. Her contemporaries soon exchange with her a budget of news. We hear that her brother, Mr Duncan M'Rae, has sailed on the previous Saturday to Canada, and her younger sister, Miss Margaret M'Rae, to Norway.

Such a re-union is typical of how full of interest the Jaunt is to all; and, indeed, the battles we fight once again over the old days, and the mutual friends we discover we have in the outside world makes us acquainted with each other as only such an occasion can.

The twilight, slowly merging into night, reminds us to consult our watches; and at nine o'clock the horses are again yoked, and we seat ourselves, after light refreshment, in the coaches for the homeward journey.

It is a soft breathless summer evening, and as we drive by Loganlee reservoir, the ruin with its companion trees is first silhouetted darkly and then gradually lost to view in the deepening shades of the hills. While skirting by Glencorse, we notice its waters have attracted a number of the disciples of Izaak Walton, some plying their rods, others tending a fire with the evident intention of staying out in the hills all night. At Flotterstone bridge we stop for a moment while two of our company leave us, Miss M'Rae and Miss Boe driving south.

In the coaches our voices give proof that the old school

songs have not been forgotten, a cornet sometimes aiding the memory, but as we progress nearer the town only scraps of song are fitfully heard, the bracing hill air beginning to tell upon the company.

The lights of Edinburgh now appear in front of us, and as the coaches pass through its streets, our numbers lessen, the Levites stepping down here and there, and eventually the Mound is reached a few minutes before eleven o'clock.

We have since heard that all safely arrived home, with enthusiastic feelings over the perfect pleasure of the day.

THE OLD BOYS' CRICKET MATCH.

While entering the School Park by the wooded pathway near the Lodge on Friday, 8th July last, to attend the above match, we remembered that many a team trod this path with high hopes, alas, often to be crushed by the School XI. Another memory was, that Friday was the wee boys' "laundry night!" and we looked forward to seeing them in their Inverness cloaks (necessary after their bath) trooping down the Park to specially watch their big chaps' play. On missing this familiar sight a boy told us that "laundry" had recently been stopped.

A larger attendance than usual of the old boys was expected on this occasion, but only sixteen were able to be present. From them, however, the Club Captain gathered a scratch team, of whose play the scores speak eloquently.

Club XI.	
C. M'Neil, *c* M'Intosh, *b* Fisher	9
R. Mearns, *b* Massie	7
D. J. Boyd, *c* Burnet, *b* Massie.	6
W. D. Coghill, *b* Marshall	5
D. S. Ross, played on, *b* Massie	6
J. Ross, *Captain*, *b* Massie	0
B. Smart, run out	12
F. Laing, *b* Thomson	2
L. Apedaile, *b* Thomson	4
F. W. B. Wilson, *b* Massie	3
G. W. Crawford, not out	0
Byes 6. Wide Balls 3	9
Total	63

School Team.	
A. Alexander, *b* Coghill	8
W. Cuthbert, *b* Coghill	6
S. Thomson *c* Smart *b* J. Ross	0
A. Massie, not out	2
E. Fisher, *c* D. S. Ross *b* Coghill	0
R. Marshall, *Captain*, not out	1
C. M'Intosh, F. Burnet, D. Brydie, J. Robertson, and L. Pattullo, did not bat.	
Byes	4
Total for 4 wickets	21

It would have been bliss for our hopes to have been ignorant that the School's strong point was bowling. Nevertheless, the game was full of good sport, for quickly did any

rustiness of the old boys with the bat wear off. Indeed, a feature of the game was the number of boundaries they hit. To see the groups, seated near the scorer, scattering as the ball flew over their heads, was most diverting to the on-lookers.

It was about seven o'clock when our innings closed, and while the first School batsmen were at the wicket "All up" was called, and the majority of the boys went in-doors for Preparation. These first batsmen knew that in the time at their disposal—already kindly extended by Mr Langhorne—their side had uncertain chances of winning, and they deserve much credit for their careful play. In fact, they greatly enabled the bat to master the ball. The result was a drawn match.

A "scatter" at these meetings is a fixed law unto the old boys, so after the match the boys, and later we ourselves, partook of a feast of strawberries. Visions of the Vacation Day!

SCHOOL THEATRICALS.

Dear Mr Editor,

My first thought upon reading *The Levite* is, where are the friends of my youth: Bailey, Bertie Morison, Thomson, Claude Balfour, Jackson, Fred and Hall Park, the two Wilsons, Black and Sandie Moffat. Others, too, crowd upon me, and the only ones I see giving a good account of themselves, and helping valiantly to keep up the Club, are big and wee Dollo.

I am surprised that among the reminiscences come none of the humours of the old pantomime days, when the youthful talent showed in the writing of the words of the plays, and the ease with which for the nonce boys assumed female parts, and strutted in silks of delicate hue lent by too trusting mammas.

Among these memories come Fred Park and his famous "Pom-Pom," as refrain to "Jeremiah blow the fire." Big Dollo who played Blue-beard in a most realistic manner, and who, when the curtain jerked back instead of forward and displayed him sitting up after suffering a violent but well-merited death, showed his presence of mind by promptly remarking he wasn't done for yet, which was greeted with roars of laughter and cheering. George Ramage, the beautiful wife in white silk, and Sister Anne, who displayed his sex by the elegance

with which he gathered up his blue silk skirts to mount the turret and see if anyone was coming.

Ali-baba and the Forty Thieves come next to mind, in which Sandie Moffat acted the donkey arrayed in a false head of home manufacture, Sunday-cloak and fearful and wonderful home-made tail, which, if my memory serves me, was white! The feats performed by that tail were truly marvellous, but what brought down the house was his substitute for the bray, not being gifted that way and having a great reputation for a clever imitation of a chanticleer's crow, he electrified and convulsed his audience by a lusty crow when his headpiece and his feelings became too much for him.

The girls were not excluded from participating in these joys. For weeks before the daily meetings between brothers and sisters were largely taken up with talk of the pantomime and progress made at rehearsals. And when it came to a question of finance they were not behind in contributing their mite to pay for properties and dress.

The crowning excitement was reached on the night of the play when we all filed into the theatre, at other times the long playroom.

What boy or girl can think of that room without some memory of those nights of tense excitement? and I hope some may feel moved to take up the tale.

I cannot close without a reference to our dear old Head, who, by his all-seeing eye and power of instilling a sense of honour in us, and his wise ignoring of what was due to high spirits and not wilful wickedness, made such nights possible in our school life, and whose memory has kept faith and hope alive in many hearts sorely tried in later life by the storm and stress.

Yours faithfully,

STUFFIE.

[Your very interesting letter deserves more than the meagre information we can give about your school friends. But we hope that others will supplement this.

Like his grandfather, A. E. Bailey is said to have been Manager of the Agra Bank at Agra. We know definitely, however, that A. E. Morison is in medical practice at West Hartlepool, as also is his younger brother; that H. W. C. Jackson is a Real Estate Agent in British Columbia; and that Angus Wilson lately left Glasgow for Liverpool. Sad to relate, Alex. C. Moffat died, from the result of an accident, about 1896.—ED.]

THE TRIALS OF A NEW-CHAP.

In the year 1892 I had the misfortune and also fortune to be a new-chap, a title which, in the parlance of John Watsonians, signifies a new arrival at their Institution.

Go back with me, however, to the time I left my home in the country. My ideas of where I was going were very vague, mainly consisting in the expectation of being sent to some school where glimpses of ones relatives were few and far between. Thoughts of rigorous treatment, of countless tears and flagellations, of scenes too drastic to relate, forced themselves on my imaginative mind. On the subject of my future many sage remarks were made, and at the time of my departure to appear at the first entrance examination everyone expressed their regret that my hair, my beautiful long hair, would have to be cut short. For this purpose I travelled with my mother to the city and visited the barber preparatory to being examined. Short, however, as my hair might have been on this occasion, it was a veritable jungle compared with the shortness to which it was afterwards reduced.

As far as I can recollect, we now drove to the Orphan Hospital, a building which our cabman asserted to be John Watson's. We soon discovered the mistake, and on returning to the Hospital's gates, fell in with a lady who became unaccountably communicative. She informed us that John Watson's was just opposite, she herself was going there with her little boy Jack, and that Jack was a very clever boy. I was much impressed by the last remark, but in the days that followed suspected sarcasm.

Jack and I were led immediately afterwards through a gateway and up an avenue, where we surveyed the massive Institution, and in course of time were ushered by a maid-servant through the hall, into the spacious Chapel.

Here it is that new-chaps are examined, and here I found myself at last, very nervous and very envious of the wisdom and assurance of my companion. In the Chapel were many small boys with their mothers, who seemed to be conversing on the particular merits and demerits of their respective sons. The whole aspect was one of thorough investigation; indeed, I should have felt miserable had I not discovered that over near the windows was a table laden with sugary cookies, and hosts of sticky things. These eatables are my only explanation for forgetting everything else about this examination.

Next day I returned to the country for six weeks, at the expiration of which I should have to undergo a second examination. Too soon did these weeks pass. The second inspec-

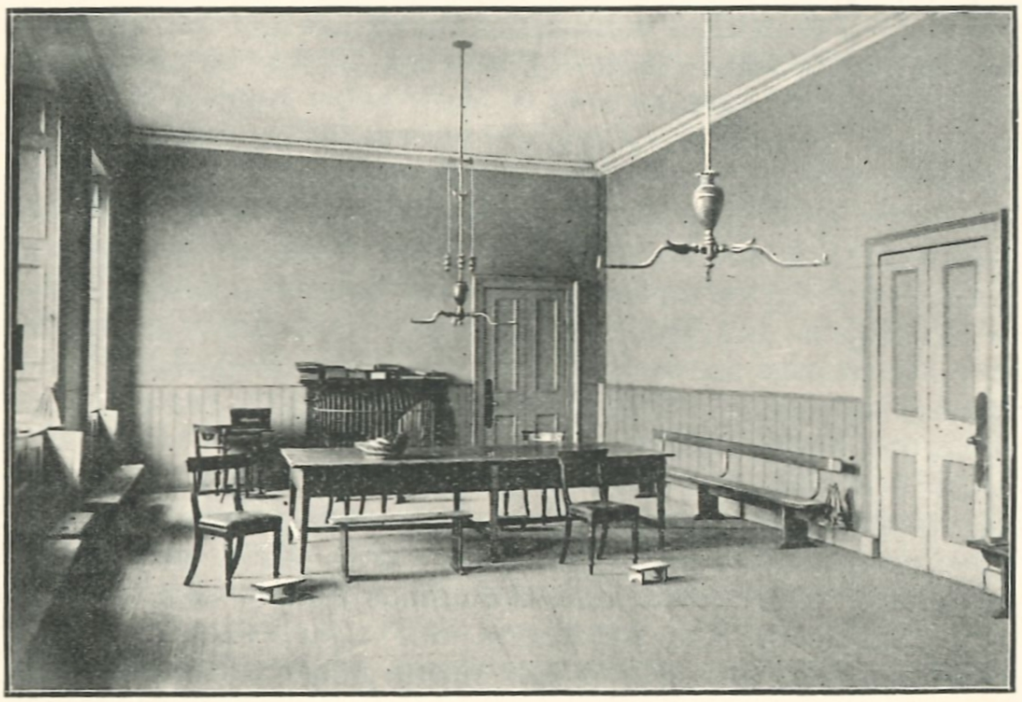
tion was, I believe, more severe than the first, and most of us were homesick at the thought of saying goodbye to our parents. The critical moment came at last and our mammas said farewell to their buds of promise. Thinking of it now, I must have been rather a nice little boy, judging from the numerous tokens of affection bestowed on me by many mothers besides my own. Miserable and dejected we followed Alice the nurse downstairs, where we were scrubbed prior to donning the school clothes. I remember gazing ruefully at my long trousers and wondering if they were really a change for the better. One fair-headed little boy, afterwards known as Canary, fought desperately to regain his knickers, but was overcome eventually and presented with a red handkerchief to dry his tears.

By this time the boys of the school were returning after their holidays, full of curiosity to inspect the new-chaps. We found ourselves closely catechised. Our family affairs were thoroughly overhauled, and the names of our sisters did not pass unnoticed. As we found out after, such names as Johanna, Effie and Mary-Jane were used very effectively. Mental notes were also made of the sweet-meats Nurse was keeping for us, and which went under the name of "shop." Duly satisfied on these points, our interrogators made us run races which, like the Pan-Hellenic games of old, had nothing more substantial than kudos for the prize.

At half past six the porter called "All up for supper." After supper we retired to the playroom where we were supplied with information, more or less useful, concerning the characters and physical abilities of the masters. Some of the boys were greatly excited because they had become Levites, a fact of which they speedily made us aware. One Levite informed me that he was my "big-chap," that I was his "wee-chap," and that I was to do what he told me. He then explained that Nurse had commissioned him to look after me till I could do so myself. While I was extending my vocabulary and taking observations, a bell summoned us to the Chapel for prayers. After prayers my big-chap showed me my dormitory, a room which he called the "Conval." He told me that if I talked after nine I would be "titted on" by the monitor. Even after Nurse cut short what *we* considered conversation, by announcing that it was after nine o'clock and we were to cease speaking, I could not understand what he meant, for I was not then acquainted with the phraseology of John Watson's, a school with a dialect of its own. Hardly had Nurse departed than I fell asleep. Thus passed my first day at school, a day of examination financially, physically, mentally, yea, even morally.

O. S. Rankin.

JOHN WATSON'S IN THE 30's.



From a Photograph.

THE GIRLS' SCHOOLROOM.

PART IV.

A most peaceful spot within the grounds of the Institution is the God's Acre which lies amidst the sheltering trees of the Cauldron. "It is just," writes Longfellow, "to call the burial-ground by that ancient Saxon phrase. It consecrates." Oh, the pity of it, that graves should be within the School grounds! As early as the first session the Directors required to set apart the spot, a girl having died; and during subsequent years deaths were not infrequent. Our thoughts, or rather prejudices, mostly cling to the idea that these early times were Spartan to a degree. True, the spirit of the age was rigorous, but brighter than is at first imagined. To cite an instance. How enlightened and advanced was the plan of the school Surgeon in giving the boys, convalescent under his care, sea-bathing. Humanity, too, sympathised warmly when a scholar breathed his last. The long distance, then, of the School from the city did in no way deter the Directors from attending the funeral with the Minister, Masters and pupils. They were true "gentlemen of the old school."

The full-length portrait of the Treasurer in the Chapel is an eloquent witness of the genial type of man who first ruled the destinies of the school. Of such, in particular, was the

Headmaster, Mr Marshall. He ruled by scientific methods. As an instance, we read that he placed before the Directors a plan in a tabular form of the educational system at the school, and they readily gave a grant to add further to the instruction. With this he obtained mathematical instruments and the large globe which to-day stands in the Headmaster's room. At this time the Deputy Keeper himself remarked of Mr Marshall that it would be difficult to find his equal in these points of character, zeal, ability and good temper. The Directors, indeed, thought so highly of his services that, in April 1835, they presented him with the sum of one hundred guineas as a mark of their approbation. They considered this not too rich a reward, his salary being somewhat on the scale of the village preacher in "The Deserted Village." The parallel is truer when the incomes of the assistant teachers are thought of. They were "passing rich with forty pounds a year." We learn this when Mr William Hamilton resigned in May 1835. His successor was Mr Patrick Wilson, formerly an assistant in Newington Academy. He left in September 1838 to become English Master at Leith High School. For the next seven years the Master of the Second Section was Mr Robert Richardson.

On his fourteenth birthday, it will be remembered, Peter M'Omish became Master of the Second Section. What a responsibility to rest on such young shoulders, but with what enthusiasm and whole-hearted effort it was met! So marked was his success that the Directors in August 1835 appointed another boy, David Scruton Thomson, an under-teacher also. This confidence was well repaid. These boy teachers were diligent both in and out of the class hours, and they were encouraged by being given a separate room for their night studies. The Directors' interest was so stirred at these endeavours at self-education that they formed a Committee to look into their powers of granting the pupils, when they left, bursaries to obtain further education of a higher order.

This era was a fruitful one for the ministry. Many a schoolmaster afterwards filled the pulpits of the land, and Peter M'Omish directed his studies towards this end by attending the Humanity classes at Edinburgh University. Of another nature, however, were D. S. Thomson's studies. They were probably of foreign languages, for on leaving the school in the autumn of 1837 he eventually went to Leghorn, where the Treasurer heard that he was doing remarkably well.

Evidence of the kindly watchful eye of the Treasurer over M'Omish's progress also is before us. In the winter of 1837 it came to his ears that the post of Usher to the Moffat

Academy was vacant. Having advised M'Omish to apply for this, the Treasurer and the Directors gave him a recommendation, which helped to win the day for him! Mr M'Omish would carry away very kindly feelings towards the school, especially as he was presented with ten guineas as a mark of the Directors' opinion of his services. On following up his after-career, an old boy has kindly ascertained for us that Mr M'Omish spent two sessions only at Moffat Academy, leaving to prepare for the Church.

In appointing a new Master to the Third Section, we notice how different was the method adopted seventy years ago from that of to-day. The candidate, Mr Edward Robertson, had to attend in person in the Third Section, and before a small group of the Directors and the Headmaster he examined the children. The result, we learn, was "highly gratifying." He occupied the post for two years, then leaving to attend college to become a clergyman.

It is worthy of record that a girl-pupil, named Helen Ogilvie, was in the spring of 1836 temporarily placed on the school-staff. This arose through an illness of Mrs Molleson making it needful that Miss Auld, the assistant matron, should have assistance, which the girl-pupil gave for about six months.

From this example of trustworthiness we now come to one of broadmindedness. In 1839 Mr Marshall had in the first Section a girl-scholar, Mary Glover, who was so remarkably clever that at the age of twelve she had mastered the school curriculum. Her mother asked for her removal, and, on Mr Marshall's ready recommendatian, the Directors agreed to this, granting also a bursary.

It is interesting to note that Mr Marshall was an early pioneer of the present-day custom of holding the School Inspection on a separate day from that of the Prizegiving on the Vacation Day. Indeed, he was allowed to try this in 1838. But "the old order" survived other twenty years.

Still, this experiment illustrates the harmony between the Directors and the staff in the "reign" of Mr Marshall and Mrs Molleson. We have noted the esteem in which the former was held. For Mrs Molleson it was no less; as a proof we find that in January 1839 the Directors presented her with the sum of fifty guineas.

But probably the chief factor in that early and critical period of the Institution's existence was that grand figure at the helm, the Treasurer, Mr Vans Hathorn. We shall devote our next article to a sketch of his life.

D. M. Thomson.

THE INSTITUTION GHOST.

A flood of tender memories breaks over me to-night, as I pace the chapel floor, for this is the anniversary of the day * upon which I was summoned within the veil, and my feelings are deeply solemn, pensive and sad. But I must not linger here to dwell upon them. It is now the very witching hour of night, and I have much to do before the dawn.

Once a-year, on this particular night, my spirit makes a pilgrimage. During the still watches, whilst the whole building is silent, and everyone slumbers, I visit, first, the quick and afterwards the dead. At my bidding the side door of the chapel opens noiselessly. I pass out into the long, dimly-lit, corridor, and flit up the staircase that leads to the dormitories of the boys. As I do so, I fall to thinking of the generations of lads who slept in these rooms, recalling once more their bright happy faces, their merry laughter and innocent pranks. Some, indeed, have now, alas, to silence gone, but many still gallantly fight the battle of life in the world outside. Pondering o'er the past, upon which I find it so sweet to dwell, there appear, once more, before me the faithful servants who ministered to the boys. Two stand out clearest in my vision to-night. One is John Liddell, school porter for more than a quarter of a century. The other is old Jenny, laundrymaid here for generations. How regularly these old servants attended prayers in the Chapel! Sometimes as I looked down at them from my seat above the fireplace I thought they would never be found missing from their appointed places. But time spares none who are mortal.

One night, in the boys' playroom, Liddell, just able to move about, was suddenly stricken down with severe illness. He died a few days later in his lodge by the entrance gate. My spirit was present at his funeral service. It was my shadowy form that followed the long procession of boys in their quaint black cloaks, as they filed down the avenue that cold wintry day. And with them I stood in the Dean cemetery paying to the old porter the last tribute of respect.

Now let me summon Jenny back again for a little from the land of the leal. There comes the figure of the dear old soul, stepping briskly along the passage, her kindly, wrinkled, grandmotherly face picturesquely set off in her white starched cap. She is going the round of the dormitories, for this is one of the nights when she acts as nurse. She warns the boys that nine o'clock has struck, that talking must cease. They shout their heartiest, loudest, good-night. She gently remonstrates with them, but I hear her chuckle softly to her-

* 8th October 1839.

self as she trots away back to the nurse's room, greatly delighted with the affectionate regard that exists between her and the boys. Jenny, like Liddell, died at her post, and one day was taken hence and laid to rest beside her own kith and kin. These were indeed good and faithful servants, leaving behind them, what the greatest in the land cannot excel, the record of a race well run and of work well done.

Musing thus, I pass in turn through the rooms where the boys, blissfully unconscious of any ghost hovering near, lie sleeping soundly. Bending over each bed I bless every one of the little fellows. Ah, there is the dux of the school tossing a little restlessly on his pillow. He is a clever, ambitious boy, intending to do great things when he becomes a man. God grant that he may be spared long to serve his King and country in that far off land where his destiny awaits him. It is given to me to foretell the future of all my charges, but for the present the lips of the old Treasurer must be sealed. But, here is a lad whom I like to watch. He is the favourite of the whole Institution. The little boys, indeed, fairly worship him, for is he not Captain of the School XV. and of the XI. as well. Lessons never worry him; somehow he manages to scramble through them. Sometimes he upsets the gravity of both masters and pupils with a roguish answer or witty remark, and while in school his eyes often turn towards the playing fields where his athletic triumphs are won. Now he is dreaming of taking a brilliant try or it may be a grand hit to the boundary. A smile plays for a little over his features, and I know his thoughts have carried him off to the holidays and to his doting mother who is wearying to see her son again. Well, the world hath need of strong, sturdy, good-hearted lads like this one. May John Watson's long send out many such! That is the sincere prayer of Vans Hathorn.

Continuing now my pilgrimage I enter the sick room of the school. One or two patients are here, fortunately with but slight complaints. Indeed the young rogues have been actually enjoying themselves, for only yesterday they fought a glorious pillow fight in the absence of the nurse, and vied with each other in acrobatic performances of the somersault order. It is a point of honour with them never to take their doses of medicine, so, behind the nurse's back, the rascals smuggle them away in a manner which would delight the heart of the young author of "Running the Contraband." Well, these convalescents will soon re-join their chums in school, and I leave them in the good hands of the skilful doctor and the kindly nurse.

Closing the door behind me, I now descend the flight of stairs, long since disused, that communicates with the boys'

playground, and pass out into the open air. 'Tis a fitting night for a ghost to walk. The sky is cloudy. The moon is obscured. As I glide through the door into the Cauldron I hear the eerie hoot of an owl moping in the ruins of the mill. In the surrounding gloom the trees take on fantastic shapes, and the wind sighs and moans amongst their branches. Bushes stand out suddenly like grim, silent sentinels. Withered leaves lie deep around. Now and then some are blown along the path, making a sound like whispering, as if consulting amongst themselves, and wondering why the apparition of the Treasurer comes hither to-night. Slowly, reverently, I pursue my way. At a turn of the path I pause for a moment. There, just before me, lies the little enclosure, that forms the most hallowed spot within the precincts of John Watson's, the graveyard of the school. Solemnly I approach the gate. Stepping softly across the grass, I halt beside the stone whereon is written the death-roll of the children, of those who, dying within the Institution's walls, were laid to rest within its bounds. I knew every one of these little ones well. In life I watched and guarded them, in death I cherish and keep their memory green. No sight moved me more, when I was on earth, than the sight of a dead child, "so young, so beautiful, so fair to look upon." A feeling of sweet sadness possesses me, communing here beside the dead, and my spirit is tempted much to linger where the children lie sleeping their last sleep.

But the changing light in the eastern sky warns me that dawn is at hand, and that it is time for me to return to my place in the Chapel, there to record the work of the coming day. Well, my pilgrimage now is ended, and reluctantly I turn away. But before leaving this "God's acre," I should like to write large upon the tablet and cut deep into the stone those words which have comforted sorrowing parents for well nigh two thousand years, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And now, as I wend my way back to my accustomed seat in the Chapel, I feel that it has indeed been good for me to visit these scenes yet once again. My spirit is strengthened and refreshed. Sinking back in my chair, I prepare to pen these lines, and as I turn over the leaves of my diary, a feeling of great contentment wells up within me, for am I not, in very truth, the guardian of John Watson's, and is not the history of the School given into my keeping?

VANS HATHORN'S GHOST.

THE GIRLS' PAGE.

The Members of the Girls' Association may be interested to hear that, while the idea of such has probably been in many minds before now, the idea itself was brought into reality in a small way once before—in the late 80's. The Club, as they called themselves, actually boasted (tell it not to Mr. Editor) a magazine of its own! It was a quarterly production, and topics treated in it were varied, even to that page so dear to womankind, "the latest fashions," and illustrated too!

We are reminded of this by noticing that the enterprising Editress of *The Leftite* figures in our first marriage announcement. Miss Dora List was formerly Nurse in the Royal Infirmary, afterwards spent five years in working the Tiberias Hospital, and finally was sent out in the late war, to the Concentration Camps. When peace was declared, she was chosen to take charge of the Government Orphanage at Pietersberg, where we presume she met her husband, Mr Mair.

Mrs Mair's younger sister is also happily settled in South Africa, being married to the son of a highly respected former Master of the Institution, Mr John McGuffie.

The girl pupils of the Institution actively interested themselves in helping the soldiers during the Boer War, by knitting Balaclava helmets. They also were contributors to the "Scotsman Shilling Fund," the money being raised at a performance of Cinderella in the girls' schoolroom.

The Editor has in another page drawn the attention of the Members to the cause which makes another Bazaar in aid of the "Dean" a necessity. Miss Murray would only remind all friends that even a shilling will be thankfully received towards the extinction of the church debt.

An account of the recent Jaunt is given in this number. Suffice it to say, all enjoyed themselves, and several friends expressed great regret at not being able to be present. One Member sent flowers in the Club Colours for the wear of the Committee! A happy idea.

Many an old girl will regret the disappearance of the weighing machine from the "blue gate," which itself they may now seek in vain!

There are enthusiastic hockey and cricket teams among the girls, of which more may be heard later on!

SCHOOL NOTES.

The health of the pupils has been, on the whole, good. A recent attack of measles affected only a few boys.

The Library has been enriched by a gift of books from George Mackintosh.

The Football results of last season are :—

2nd Daniel Stewart's, ...	39	points,	*v.*	J.W.I.,	0	points.
Duddingston, ...	5	,,	*v.*	,,	3	,,
3rd Royal High School, ...	11	,,	*v.*	,,	0	,,
Newfield, Loretto, ...	0	,,	*v.*	,,	0	,,
3rd Daniel Stewart's, ...	10	,,	*v.*	,,	11	,,
7th George Watson's, ...	3	,,	*v.*	,,	15	,,

The Cricket Matches :—

7th George Watson's (unfinished).							
2nd Daniel Stewart's, ...	47	runs,	*v.*	J.W.I.,	36	runs.
St. Andrew's C., ...	63	,,	*v.*	,,	84	,,
,, ...	26	,,	*v.*	,,	21	,,
2nd Daniel Stewart's	37	,,	*v.*	,,	63	,,

The Annual Inspection was made on 14th July by Mr F. R. Jamieson, H.M. Inspector of Schools.

This year the Vacation Day fell on Wednesday, 27th July. Proceedings began at 11 o'clock. The chair was occupied by R. R. Simpson, Esq., W.S., and among those who were present were several of the other directors, relatives of the boys and girls, and a good representation of former pupils. An enjoyable musical entertainment was given under the direction of Mr J. A. Moonie and Miss Walton. The following are the principal prizes then presented :—Dux of the School, Wm. Alister Alexander ; Dux of the Girls' side, Jamesina Lennox ; Dux of the Second Section, Alex. Linton ; of the Third, Charles Cuthbert ; and of the Fourth, Elizabeth Comrie ; Drawing, Wm. Alister Alexander and Lucy Cockburn ; Piano, Winnie Allen and Isobel Peddie ; and Needlework, etc., Isobel Peddie. The old boys' prize to Dux of the School, Wm. Alister Alexander ; and their prize to the best gymnast, James Campbell.

The boys leaving are W. A. Alexander, D. Christie, D. Brydie, E. Fisher, R. Marshall, T. Millar, W. Cuthbert, M. King, E. Macnab, A. Massie, H. Illingworth, A. Lindsay, S. Thomson, and P. Macdonald. The following girls also leave :—I. Lennox, A. Wright, Is. Peddie, M. Thomson, W. Allen, D. Drysdale and R. Sinclair.

CLUB TALK.

The one thing wanting at the Levite's Jaunt. A Jaunt song composed by a Levite!

Many Levites are looking forward to the next Winter Reunion and to the Kirking at the *evening* service on the following day!

Our ex-President's literary work, "Jacobite Gleanings," has met with much success. The complete edition is sold.

The boy is father of the man. A quarter of a century ago a boy created a record by having a seat in the First Section for five years! To-day the man created a record by being elected Worshipful Master of the Tullich-in-Mar Masonic Lodge within three months of his initiation! His name is the Rev. J. H. Burn.

Good wishes follow Dr John J. Boyd on his journey out to South Africa to take up the appointment of Medical Officer of Health at Pretoria.

At the last Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition we noticed a water-colour, titled "On the Northumbrian Coast," painted by J. Stuart Waterstone!

For his record-work at the "Farthest North" Isle of Great Britain, Dr T. Edmonston Saxby was in February last elected a Fellow of the Royal Meteorogical Society of London.

A true son of his father is Mr Frank Laubach, who taught the School Band until it was broken up in 1896. He, with his family, is now settled in Western Canada. Our feelings of regret were mixed with pleasure on reading in the newspapers of the honours paid to him by the Edinburgh Society of Musicians before he left town last April.

Triumphal March. From 2nd Suite in C Major—G. W. Crawford, was the first item of a programme recently played by the Band of the Black Watch in Princes Street Gardens.

William Muirhead was heartily congratulated on his lately being assumed a partner with Messrs Gray & Handyside, S.S.C., Edinburgh and Dalkeith.

Preliminary to becoming a Life Member, John A. Chapman sent by a recent Indian mail the gift to the Club of a guinea. Many thanks.

"What was your ambition at John Watson's?" might be a good subject for a Levite to take up for an article. A present ambition with some Levites is to become a Life Member of the Club!

Pleasant news comes that John Yair Lamb has been appointed Manager of the Bank of Allahabad at Jubbulpore—a quick promotion!

A surprise-visitor at our recent Match was Arthur W. Guthrie (a Levite of 1893), the wearer of the South Africa War Medal, with eight clasps!

A tale worth repeating is one heard recently from Donald J. Boyd. He related that George A. Jolly and another officer of the Indian Medical Service were quietly walking through a village near Sialkotee when suddenly the natives, turning out in force, began to stone and otherwise attack them to the danger of their lives. It was a desperate situation, but happily the doctors' spirited defence overcame all odds. It was the talk of India.

The third prize in Mercantile Law at Glasgow University last winter was awarded to Arthur A. Rennie. Congratulations.

In the ship's sports on the voyage to Cape Town, Martin M. Milne won the prize for the high jump. He cleared five feet on a rolling deck!

Gerald Turner, a Levite of 1899, is Captain of the Fettes College XI. He has made this season over 1000 runs! He is one of the best bats Fettes ever had. He is going into the Army, and after the holidays will go to Sandhurst.

It is like reading the pages of R. M. Ballantyne to peruse the letters of Fred Cuthbert. "A hurricane," "The ship nearly wrecked," and "Mutiny on board," are three chapters in the story of his second voyage on the SS. *Falls of Halladale.*

Is Canada attracting to its shores any of the younger Levites? If so, Donald Tate, whose address is given on the next page, has kindly offered to send information to anyone who may desire it.

Who taught the Dean Bridge?
Why, Canon Mills, of course.

"J. W. I." SHILLING FUND for the "DEAN."

After the enthusiasm shown by the Levites in the Kirking last December, we feel sure that they would wish the Dean Church to "owe no man anything" for its rebuilding before their next Kirking! The "Dean" itself is holding a Bazaar on 22nd and 23rd November next, in the Freemasons' Hall, George Street, at which it *must* raise £948, its debt, in order to obtain the voted grant of £1000 from the Baird Trust.

The Institution naturally intends to help; and it has been decided, in place of taking a stall there, to adopt the popular Shilling Fund method of collecting money. The Levites, of both sexes, are now one and all heartily invited to contribute a shilling or more to this Fund, which is in the charge of Miss MURRAY, at the Institution.

What Levite is there who will not covet a word of thanks from Miss Murray!

ALTERATIONS OF ADDRESSES OF CLUB MEMBERS.

Since 1st February 1904.

Life Member is marked thus *

Levite of	
1861	FORBES, J. MACBETH, J.P., 22 Morningside Place, Edinburgh.
1882	SAUNDERS, ALEXANDER G., 19 King Edward Road, Mosely, Birmingham.
1883	WATSON, WILLIAM, English Literary Society, Calle Cangallo 536, Buenos Aires.
1891	LAMB, JOHN YAIR, Manager, Bank of Allahabad, Jubbulpore.
1892	NAIRNE, CHARLES J., 5 George Crescent, Perth.
*1893	MACGREGOR, DONALD M., 72 Burghley Road, Highgate, London, N.W.
1893	ADAMSON, ROBERT B., c/o Hayward, 169 High Street, Sheerness-on-Sea.
1896	FEARNSIDE, PERCY H., Provident Life Office, 50 Regent Street, London, W.
1896	TATE, DONALD G., c/o Mr John Gordon, Kirkella P.O., Manitoba.
1898	NAISMITH, JOHN O., 1 Leamington Terrace, Edinburgh.

BIRTHS.

MITCHELL.—On 10th April 1904, at 36 Goring Road, Bowes Park, N., the wife of Frederick A. Mitchell, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

MAIR-LIST.—At Pietersberg, N. Transvaal, on 30th June 1904, George M. Mair, Transvaal Civil Service, to Dora, third daughter of the late Louis G. List, Edinburgh.

WATT-HODGE.—At 290 Renfrew Street, Glasgow, on 14th September 1903, by the Rev. Duncan M. Robertson, of Luss, Loch Lomond, Colin J. Watt, Accountant, London, to Katherine Mabel, youngest daughter of Alex. J. Hodge, late Supervisor, Inland Revenue.

THE LEVITE

Editor—D. M. THOMSON.

No. V. FEBRUARY 1905

THE LORD PROVOST'S MISTAKE.

One day, during my last year at John Watson's, I witnessed a charming little comedy. The chief actors were the late Sir George Harrison, then Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and an old chum of mine whom I shall call F. 12. The scene was laid in the first section. Sir George was paying us a visit of inspection. At that time the highest class of boys consisted of nine. I shone dimly as number eight. F. 12 was number nine, and caused me daily to break the tenth commandment, for I coveted his place exceedingly. You see, I disliked worry, I hated mental conflict. I desired only to sink placidly to the foot of my class, there to wait patiently until my school days were over. But F. 12 would not allow me to gratify this humble ambition. He persistently remained booby of our class, smiling pleasantly upon all around him, and actually feeling grateful for the exercise which the taking of many bad marks gave him.

In addition, however, to the absence of all mental anxiety, F. 12 enjoyed a strategical position by which he contrived to impose on the innocent stranger. The first class, as a rule, found sitting room in the first section at the upper desk nearest the fireplace. But during my last year we overflowed to the extent of one pupil into the lower desk near the door. F. 12 formed our overflow, sitting at the head of this lower desk, and thus, though really foot of the highest class, appeared to the outsider as top of the second. The rascal thoroughly enjoyed wearing his borrowed plumes.

On the day of Sir George's visit the dux of the school was duly presented. One or two boys near the top were also honoured. With a pitying glance the Chief Magistrate passed me by, on account, I suppose, of my intellectual infirmity, for he evidently thought I was foot of my class. But greatly to our surprise Sir George advanced to F. 12 and shook hands with him right heartily. What had F. 12 done to merit this distinction? Could he possibly be a personal friend of the Lord Provost's? If so, he had been strangely silent on the subject. Then it dawned on us what had happened. Sir George, assuming him to be dux of the second class, was congratulating our friend accordingly. F. 12, greatly elated, made no attempt at explanation. He blushed

becomingly and modestly. He demurely accepted Sir George's kindly congratulations, whilst the interview developed in a delightful way. The Chief Magistrate was all graciousness. F. 12, inspired by Sir George's presence, soared, in imagination, far above the prosaic surroundings of school life and felt as though all the bells in the kingdom were ringing in his ears: "Turn again, Turn again, F. 12, thrice Lord Mayor of London." But in the very moment of his triumph an unkindly fate overtook him. Mr Rowe's attention was called to the great honour bestowed on our class-fellow. Perceiving Sir George's mistake, he quickly explained how matters really stood. The Lord Provost enjoyed the joke immensely and laughed heartily, and F. 12 was removed from his pedestal.

I have often thought since of that interview between my chum and our City's Head. I understand F. 12 is now a very successful business man. Who can tell how much he may really owe to Sir George Harrison's words of kindly encouragement spoken more than twenty years ago? F. 2.

SCHOOL THEATRICALS.

E. 7 has given us some further information regarding the performance of "Ali-Baba and the Forty Thieves." He has actually found references to it in a packet of old letters written by him when in the School. From them it appears that the date of the performance was in March 1878, that Jackson was captain of the robber band, and that Bluebeard was performed at the same time.

E. 7's own reminiscences are all the more interesting because they are the youthful memories of a boy who was then in his first year at School. Of them he writes: "If I were up again at the old School I could point out the very spot in the playground where the 'gold' was gathered for the bags of treasure. I saw it gathered in the shape of gravel, without knowing what it was to become until the evening of the performance, when the donkey pranced so vigorously that a shower of stones fell on the wooden stage and revealed the contents of the bags of treasure and the meaning of the incident of which I had been a witness.

"Moffat I remember to have been the donkey, and Fred Park a prominent member of the robber band. Park is associated in my memory with one or other of two helmets, one of black leather, the other of brass. I do not think the robbers had more than three helmets in all, and perhaps there were only two. They were borrowed from a school-fellow, who is now one of the Vice-Presidents of the Club.

"The stampede of the donkey and the march of the robber band are the only parts of the play I can now recall. The robbers were not, I suppose, more than half-a-dozen in number, and to produce the impression of being forty they had to march round a column that stood on the right of the stage. Even to a small boy's intelligence it was apparent after a round or two that the same helmets and the same robbers were doing duty more than once."

SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT.

The Council, in presenting its Sixth Annual Report, desires to thank the members for the many practical proofs of their warm regard for the Club and the Institution during the past year.

The general good feeling has been such that the number of gatherings of the Club has this year been doubled. This is also due to the cordial co-operation of the Girls' Association. Hitherto the Club has held only a winter and summer meeting, whereas this year there have been introduced in addition the Kirking at the Dean Church in December, and the Jaunt in June last. It is much to be hoped that each and all of these meetings will become regular events in the Club year.

At the Fifth Annual Meeting the question of the conduct of *The Levite* passed under review, and the opinion of all was that it had been of distinct service in promoting the welfare of the Club. It was unanimously decided to continue its publication. The Council would add that the success of the Magazine is wholly dependent upon individual effort, and accordingly would impress upon each Levite the necessity of giving his or her loyal support to the Editor in his work.

During the past School Session the Club, with Mr Langhorne's approval, presented two prizes for competition among the present boy pupils, and on the last Vacation Day the Club's prize of a silver medal to the Dux of the School was awarded to W. Alister Alexander, and the prize of a watch to the best gymnast was gained by James Campbell. An interesting feature in the proceedings was that the presentation was made by the Club President, the Rev. D. G. Hamilton, perhaps the first occasion on which a Levite has spoken at such a meeting. He warmly congratulated the prize-winners in the name of the Club, testified to the great interest of the old boys in their present-day successors, and urged those who were leaving to maintain their interest in and affection for their old School. The Council feels sure

that it will be carrying out the wishes of the members in continuing to present these prizes. It is worthy of record that there are indications of individual members also desiring to present prizes in the near future.

The Club is ever gaining new strength to its membership, a noticeable feature this year being the enrolment of five life members, two of whom were previously ordinary members. Fourteen new ordinary members have also been enrolled, but the Council regrets to record the death of one of these, Mr Arthur W. Guthrie, a Levite of 1893. The total membership is 144, inclusive of eight life members.

The Treasurer's Cash Abstract annexed is of a very satisfactory nature, several items showing generous gifts to the Club from several of the members.

The Council desires to express its thanks to Mr Langhorne and Miss Murray for their continued kindness to the Club.—By order of the Council,

D. M. THOMSON,
Secretary and Treasurer.

24th November 1904.

TREASURER'S CASH ABSTRACT.

CHARGE.

To Balance from last year				£23	9 5
To Subscriptions—					
1 at 2/6 for 1902	£0	2	6		
4 at 2/6 for 1903	0	10	0		
97 at 2/6 for 1904	12	2	6		
2, various, for 1904	0	8	0		
6 at 2/6 for 1905	0	15	0		
3 at 42/ for life	6	6	0		
New Members.					
2 at 2/6 for 1904	0	5	0		
12 at 2/6 for 1905	1	10	0		
2 at 42/ for life	4	4	0		
				26	3 0
To Donations from Honorary and Life Members				2	1 0
To *The Levite*—					
Advertisements				5	15 0
Sale of copies				4	10 0
To Bank Interest				0	4 7
To Unpaid Subscriptions—					
13 for 1904				1	12 6
				£63	15 6

DISCHARGE.

By Stationery A/c.	£1	8	6		
By Printing A/c.	1	10	6		
By Postages ...	4	6	6		
By *The Levite*—					
Third Number	6	0	0		
Fourth Number	6	2	6		
By Club Prizes ...	2	0	0		
By Incidentals ...	1	7	2		
				£22	15 2
By Arrears of Subscriptions at this date—13 at 2/6				1	12 6
By Balance on hand				39	7 10
				£63	15 6

EDINBURGH, *2nd December* 1904.—I have examined the Books and Accounts of THE JOHN WATSON CLUB, and certify that the foregoing Abstract is correct. HENRY ROBERTSON, S.S.C.

SIXTH ANNUAL REUNION.

Whenever a Levite meets a Levite he finds himself in congenial company. Especially is this so when the place of meeting is under the roof of the old School as on the Christmas Eve of 1904. That Reunion was greatly enjoyed by over seventy Levites; and it will be memorable to at least two old boys who met again for the first time for twenty years! On this occasion we missed the presence of Mr and Mrs Rowe and Mr Langhorne, but we were happy to have Mr Dickson as our guest. To welcome him were the following old boys:—

J. Macbeth Forbes, Ken. Donaldson, Dr W. V. Sinclair, G. W. Crawford, Professor W. B. Stevenson, C. S. Brown, J. Henderson, W. Muirhead, Rev. D. G. Hamilton, W. G. Middleton, C. J. Nairne, J. B. Stewart, R. M. Henderson, D. M. Thomson, J. Ross, C. M'Neil, D. Sanderson, C. G. C. Meister, J. N. R. Macqueen, J. O. Naismith, A. A. Rennie, T. A. Thornton, G. W. C. Laidlaw, R. Archibald, A. J. Roger, W. D. Coghill, M. T. Archibald, G. Jolly, D. T. Brunton, R. Mearns, J. R. Davidson, D. F. Laing, A. E. Barckley, and W. Cuthbert.

At five o'clock the Members seated themselves in the Master's room to take part in the Business Meeting. The Minutes of the fifth Annual Meeting having been read and approved, the Secretary also read the Council's report for the past year. On the motion of the Chairman, the Rev. Mr Hamilton, this was unanimously adopted. The Chairman further moved that the sum of five guineas be voted to the Secretary as an honorarium. He said that the intention was not to form a precedent, still less to offer the Secretary any payment for his services—such a sum quite failing, in his opinion, to represent the amount of labour expended—but simply to mark the Club's high appreciation of his enthusiasm and devotion. The motion was seconded by Mr Muirhead, Vice-President, and passed unanimously and cordially. It was further resolved that the special expression of the thanks of the Club to the Secretary should be recorded by the Chairman in the Magazine. Mr Thomson expressed his sincere thanks. There was some discussion as to separating the offices of Secretary and Treasurer and Editor, but on Mr Thomson testifying his willingness to retain all the offices, he was unanimously reappointed.

Professor Stevenson drew attention to the marked increase of funds owing to several old boys recently becoming life members, and he moved that this class of subscription be in future entered as a separate or Reserve Fund. He left the details to be settled by the Council. This was unanimously agreed to, as was also his further motion

that ten guineas be transferred from the present funds during 1904-1905 to this new fund. The Office-Bearers for the ensuing year were then elected. Their names are given on page 95. It was cordially decided upon to again offer to present on the next Vacation Day, two prizes, value £1 each, to the Dux boy and to the best gymnast in the School. The Chairman was thereafter accorded a hearty vote of thanks, which was also extended to the Office-Bearers.

The members then adjourned downstairs to the boys' dining room, where an excellent dinner was served. In due time the toast list was reached. After the customary honours of the loyal toast, Mr Kenneth Donaldson of Johannesburg, whose very presence there emphasised the ramifications of the Club movement, proposed "The Club," coupled with the Levites all over the world. He spoke as became a truly interested member, and reminded us that the Club stands for more to old boys abroad than those at home reckon. In his reply, Mr Charles M'Neil quite hit the mark when he spoke of the "vital activity" of the Club—a phrase which was loudly cheered. "The Institution" allows of the unearthing of ancient and modern history, and Mr C. S. Brown, in proposing the toast, did some good "spade-work!" Would that we had space for much excellent copy concerning the purposelike obtuseness of a former class-mate, the deadly torpedo of an inventive engineer, the famous fight with "Teddie," and the sleep-walking scene of the Chairman, worthy of Lady Macbeth, in which figured the beautifully embroidered carpet-slippers of an old Master! In humorous vein Mr Dickson replied, touching upon school life from a Master's standpoint. We extract this "plum" from his speech. He told that one Latin-day he asked a boy to translate *Caesar cum militibus profectus est*, and the original answer was "Caesar went and joined the militia!" The toasts ended with Mr Muirhead's proposing the health of his old friend, our popular Chairman, and Mr Hamilton's response.

At the old familiar call of "fall in" we proceeded to the girls' schoolroom to be kindly received by Miss Murray and many girl friends of our school-days. They had themselves just come from an interesting meeting of their Association. The programme of the "At Home" opened with the attractive singing of Miss Ella Hunter, and later a song by Miss Alice Hadden was also well sung. At another interval Mr D. Sanderson recited with great effect the "Frenchman's Toast of the Ladies." The dance was a crowning success. The floor was good, the music lovely, and the old boys did their duty well. At the end, in right hearty manner did we sing "Auld Lang Syne," and vociferate our thanks to our hostess.

SECOND KIRKING.

If the Levites from far and near had had their wishes gratified, every seat in the school gallery in the Dean Church would have been occupied on Christmas night of 1904. As it was, there was a good attendance. This second Kirking was as unique as the first, for on the invitation of the Rev. Mr Williamson, an old boy, the Rev. Mr Hamilton, St Serf's Church, occupied the Dean pulpit. As appropriate to the season, a cantata, "The Holy Child," was rendered by the choir. Of most interest to us was the sermon. The text was Revelation xxi. 12, the central idea of which was that since the heavenly Jerusalem, which lieth four-square, has gates on every side, there are ways of entry for all creeds and sects. All were glad they had been privileged to listen to such a broad-minded discourse.

J.W.I. WORDS, NAMES AND PHRASES.

First Article.

The words and expressions referred to are those in use when the writer was a pupil at John Watson's, from 1877 to 1883. There are probably mistakes and certainly many omissions in the recollections of school-days which have become so remote. Perhaps the acknowledgment of this may secure the reader's pardon and the favour of his kind corrections. Some help has already been received from old schoolfellows. Pupils of earlier and of later generations are reminded that the language of a school, however conservative it may be, inevitably changes with the lapse of time. Doubtless the editor will welcome notes regarding the usages of other periods. This article records chiefly the language of the "boys' end"; that of the girls' was not exactly the same.

The words selected for record are such as the readers of *The Levite* presumably for the most part no longer use. They are arranged in a number of distinctive groups.

Group I.—This group consists of ordinary English words with a specialised school meaning, such as *barter, beak, cache, dip, feast, *flame, house, knocker, preparation, pumps, scatter, scheme, serve, and server.

Of these preparation, and possibly feast and scatter, may be reckoned schoolboy words not peculiar to J. W. "Preparation" was the hour set apart in the evening for the preparation of lessons (7 to 8 o'clock). The name was often contracted into "prep." A feast may be defined as the consumption of

dainties on a considerable scale at uncanonical hours, *i.e.*, at hours not set apart by the authorities as meal-times. A "scatter" was the scattering of sweets which the boys scrambled for. It was the usual accompaniment of a visit from a former pupil.

At J. W. the "House" was used to denote all the boys except the "Levites." The House and the Levites were often matched against one another in the school games. The "knocker" was a small black hammer or wooden mallet which was rapped on the table before grace at meal-times. The "beak" was the lodge-keeper or school porter. His nickname was due to his prominent nose, which he was accustomed to blow in a very trumpet-like fashion. "Flame" was the girls' word for blush. No doubt its use originated in such a phrase as "her face was flaming." "Pumps" was the boys' word for slippers. I do not know if it has ever been in general use outside the school in this sense. Properly it means dress shoes. To "scheme" meant to evade, especially some task, as in the sentence, "he schemed preparation." It was also used in the sense of outwitting, with some person as the object, as in the phrase, "scheme past" a person or thing. "Dip" supplies a good example of the application of a word to express a peculiarly J. W. habit. When a boy had jam sent him from home, his half-past ten "piece" had a hollow cut in the centre which was filled with jam. From this, if he was so disposed, he allowed his friends to have a "dip." Many were the applications made to him for the privilege. The words "serve" and "server" deserve a fuller explanation. At breakfast and dinner four boys from the "big table" acted for a week at a time as waiters. Each had a side of the two tables in the room to attend to. Their duty was to take the plates to the porter who served the food from the upper end of the big table. This duty was called serving, and the boys were called servers. The verb serve and the noun service are of course standard English words. But server is unfamiliar. Wright † gives only one example of its use. In Yorkshire, he says, it is used of the waitresses who hand round refreshments at funerals !

"Cache" is vaguely remembered by the author of these notes. It was a word employed in connection with some school game. "Barter," in the late eighties and early nineties, was the word for bargain or make an exchange. Was not "trade" used in 1877-83 ?

Four words may be added as an appendix to this first group—monitor, number, taper, and waggon. They had each a special application which it is interesting to recall. There

† References to Wright, Jamieson, and Murray are references to the well-known dictionaries by these authors.

were five monitors, one in charge of each bedroom, chosen from the Levites of the year. There was also a "drill-room monitor," regarding whose duties the writer has no recollection. Every child had a "number," consisting of a letter and a figure, *e.g.* F. 4. The only tapers with which we were acquainted, were rolled up in a coil and used by the school porter. Old John Liddell himself called his taper a "bougie" (see below). The waggon was the dust-cart, which was dragged once a week to the "kiddron" and emptied over the bank. It was a privilege to assist at such a great event.

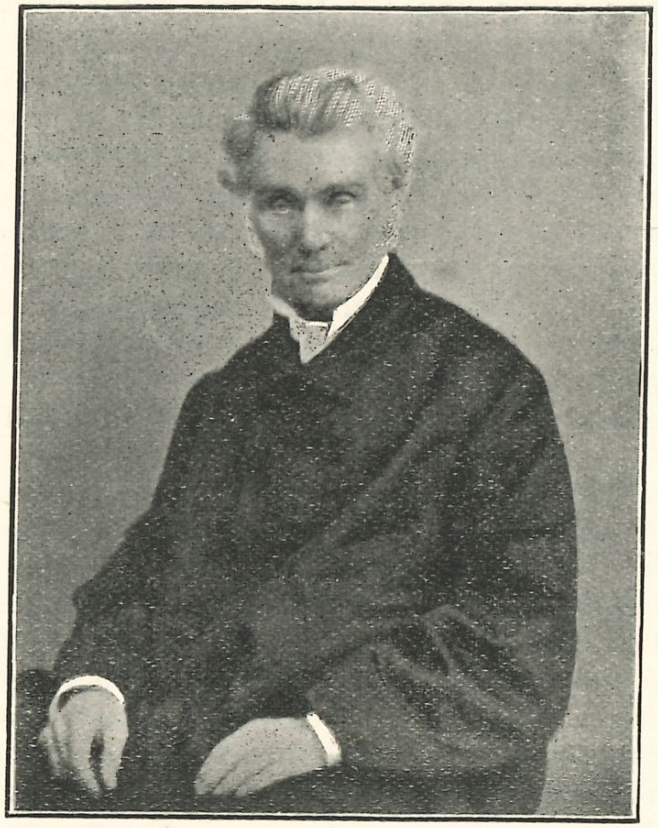
GROUP II.—A few obsolete or uncommon words, such as *bougie, *disher, jaunt, quakes, and tucker may be taken together as a second group. Duffer, which is used colloquially, and worm and wormer, which are difficult to classify, may be added to the list.

"Bougie" is a French word for taper, occasionally employed in English literature. The dictionaries do not give it amongst the Scotch words which have a French origin. It would be interesting to know how the old porter came to use it. "Disher" was the girls' word for server. It may be an interesting survival of an old word, or perhaps merely a J. W. coinage. Murray quotes one solitary instance of its use, date 1598, and asks if it is obsolete. "Jaunt" is nearly obsolete in literature, although common in dialect. At John Watson's "the jaunt" was the annual excursion to Habbie's Howe. Jaunt was also used as a verb. From two to four boys formed a partnership to "jaunt" together. They combined to purchase dainties for the occasion, and climbed the hills round Habbie's Howe in company. "Quakes" was used as an exclamation in the sense of "danger ahead." "Quakes for So-and-so" meant that some school authority was on the move. "Tucker," in the sense of frilling for the neck, was in regular use at J. W.'s amongst the girls. "Duffer," in the period 1877-83, did not mean a stupid fellow, but simply a boy, as in the call, "Look here, you duffers." "Buffers," which has the same meaning in dialect, and even in colloquial English, was occasionally used. The J. W. use of duffer is not given in the dictionaries; it may have arisen partly under the influence of buffer. Except in a few phrases where "chap" was used, duffer (or buffer) was the invariable word for boy or fellow. This article could not end with more characteristic J. W. words than "worm" and "wormer." "To worm" meant to be studious, to read a great deal or work hard at one's lessons. Obviously it has been derived from the ordinary expression book-worm. A "wormer" was a boy who wormed.

WM. B. STEVENSON.

* Words which the writer himself does not remember.

THE FIRST HEAD MASTER.



From a Photograph.

THE REV. CHARLES MARSHALL.

Glancing over the back numbers of *The Levite* the reader cannot fail to notice the unanimous expressions of satisfaction with which old pupils speak of the retrospect of their years spent in John Watson's. This is gratifying, but not surprising, and I too, as, it may be, one of the few living survivors of an earlier day, desire also to add my testimony. That Institution still holds a lively place in my memory and a warm place in my heart. The impressions, if not just so vivid, are certainly more tender than on the day I left it. Its every apartment, its playground, and beautiful surroundings are to me invested with a certain sacredness, and feeling of proprietorship, a pleasure not unmixed with sadness, which I think every old Levite understands well.

I entered the Institution in September 1840. How time flies!—That is nigh sixty-five years ago. I was one of sixteen new boy entrants, and my first recollection is the kindly face and cheery voice of the Head Master, Charles Marshall. The first two or three mornings he took a number or all of us new arrivals a walk before breakfast a little way by the Ferry

Road or Ravelston, in company with his two dogs Nep and Hardy. The former was a handsome Newfoundland, the latter a little shaggy terrier. His conversation was very homely and fatherly, trying to amuse and to draw us out, and all this trouble was taken, evidently, with a view to cure us of home sickness, and accustom us to our new surroundings. It was a trait of thoughtful kindness which I, for one, never forgot, and which I like to recall as a tribute to my old Head Master, who, 22 years ago, went to his heavenly rest.

I was under Mr Marshall's rule only one session. Being then a very small junior, I never knew him as my own teacher, but have still a distinct remembrance of his earnest way of speaking to us at our evening prayers in the chapel.

It is easy to see in Charles Marshall a man of great natural force of character, and also of decided love for literature. Born at Paisley in 1795, he had a lively recollection of the poet Tannahill as a frequent visitor in his father's house. He came to John Watson's in 1828 at the age of thirty-three. Before this he had taken a literary course at the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, and for some time previous to this had supported himself by the labour of his hands. After coming to John Watson's he became acquainted with several eminent in literature, and especially with his distinguished townsman, Professor J. Wilson—Christopher North—and occasionally contributed a paper to *Blackwood*—of which Wilson was then Editor. He also was asked to conduct a Perthshire newspaper, the acceptance of which would have necessitated his leaving John Watson's. But acting on the advice of a leading Director, and keeping in view the ministry as his final object, he declined the offer. The Directors have recorded their opinion that "he seemed to display a peculiar felicity in making himself acquainted with the general character of the children, while he had acquired their perfect confidence." In testimony of their approbation a present of one hundred guineas was on two different occasions added to his salary. He also had leave along with his duties at the same time to prosecute his theological studies at the University.

He was licensed in 1840, and received in April 1841 a call to the North Parish Church, *quoad sacra*, Dunfermline. He agreed to remain in John Watson's till after the Examination in July, and was ordained on the 16th July of the same year. I still remember hearing him on that vacation day saying to a lady in the midst of his last hand-shakings "how sorry he felt at leaving the children after thirteen years with them."

J. M'CARTER.

(*To be continued.*)

THE INSTITUTION GHOST.

One summer day, eighty years ago, the foundation-stone of John Watson's was, with all due solemnity, well and truly laid. Ever since, I, Vans Hathorn, have, both in the flesh and in the spirit, taken a profound interest in the fortunes of the School, and now, just as the bells of the city are ringing in the new year of nineteen hundred and five, I go up to the very housetop of the Institution to meditate awhile and view the scene that lies around me.

Ah! what changes have passed over the land since I, as a mere mortal, last trod the earth. I find it hard to recognise the old landmarks again, and to believe that I am indeed looking down upon the estates of Dean and Ravelston. Twinkling lights on every side tell me how the city, stretching forth her mighty arms, long since took the policy of John Watson's into her embrace, and, passing on, swiftly surrounded the old School with numberless dwellings of mankind. But amidst all the change one thing remains and comforts me much. Faithful to its course runs on the historic Water of Leith. It, at any rate, convinces me that the Institution stands exactly where it did.

The opening hour of a new year is a solemn one for all thoughtful men. 'Tis like the passing of another milestone on the journey of life. Well, even ghosts have their milestones to pass, and this hour to me is a deeply interesting and impressive one. Looking out across the Scottish capital, my mind is carried away back to thoughts of long ago, and I become greatly engrossed thinking of the Edinburgh that I knew at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries. I fancy I alone am keeping guard over the School to-night, when all of a sudden I am startled out of my reverie by a strange, weird, and wonderful sight. If it be possible for a ghost to feel afraid, then I experience that feeling now, for a long procession of silent men, like Trappist monks, comes suddenly into view. Two by two they come, up the steps, on to the roof beside me, ranging themselves noiselessly around the platform upon which I stand. Truly it is a weird and uncanny sight. Here, at dead of night, on the threshold of a new year, on a lonely housetop, with only the shining stars as witnesses, are gathered the departed spirits of all those who, whilst still in life, controlled the destinies and enhanced the prosperity of John Watson's Institution. Every one in this silent crowd is a ghost like myself. Every ghost was a lawyer like myself, every lawyer was a Director like myself. At the head stands the shade of John Watson himself! Immediately behind him, like hench-

men, stand his trustees, Andrew Fletcher of Milton and John Mackenzie of Delvin. Behind them in turn appear the Directors of the School who first held office, while the rest, according to seniority, are gathered in the rear. Again and again I turn to gaze upon this wondrous crowd. What a marvellous group of shades of the past! Here, in one great company, are the spirits of men who in their day wielded great influence and power in the very city upon which they now gaze out. Not a word is uttered, but I know that each one, like myself, has come up hither, as if brought together by some common summons, to muse and meditate. Here are men who took an active part in what the older amongst us naturally believe were Edinburgh's best and greatest days. You must forgive the old Treasurer if he tells you his own time was the best. We lawyers produced some giants in those far-off days, giants whose names are household words. Did we not number amongst us Sir Walter Scott and Christopher North? Their busts, indeed, now occupy places of honour in the Institution's hall, and every pupil knows their features well. Some of us knew these great men intimately. Many a time have we seen and conversed with the author of "Waverley," and I need but little effort to recall the face and figure of that wonderful man, as I so often saw him, passing down to his house in Castle Street.

Then I turn to look at the mansion of Craigcrook, where Lord Jeffrey lived and gathered around him such a brilliant circle of literary friends. He, too, was of our profession, and his kindly hospitality we often enjoyed, meeting in his house many of the celebrities of the day. Can any Lord of Session nowadays bring together such brilliant companies under his roof? Vans Hathorn takes leave to doubt it! But my recollections carry me off, before anyone can answer, to Bonally, where the clever, witty Lord Cockburn flourished in his house by the Pentland Hills. Ah! what delightful reading an account of the days and nights we spent there in the home of that genial judge would make. This, however, is not the time and place to tell the story.

Now, I know not how long my thoughts would have continued to carry me away like this, but just in the very midst of them the clock suddenly rang out the hour of one, and, as if by magic, the great company of apparitions around me suddenly disappeared. With them went my delightful reminiscences, and I slowly returned to the Chapel, wondering as I went whether I had not after all been by myself alone upon the housetop. But whether or no, I hasten to record the seeming events of this exciting night, and to add another historic page to my diary of the School.

VAN HATHORN'S GHOST.

A VACATION DAY IN THE 90's.

With what pleasure we all look forward to the Vacation Day, which is ushered in with rolls for breakfast instead of "fine posh-posh." But excitement has taken away our appetites, and we are willing "to go halves" with "endies," and how to dispose of "noseys" nobody knows.

We bigger girls are glad we have our ordinary morning work of dusting or bedmaking to do, and spend as much time as we can over it. In the "high rooms" particularly the "neighbours" enjoy a good game of hide-and-seek, or pillows may be seen flying through the open swing door, or down the short stairs after a retreating figure. Report says that Nurse once got the benefit of one of these missiles; however, I can't vouch for the truth of this. Alas! according to the proverbially short life of good things, some one hearing the noise comes along presently, and catching us hurries us downstairs. Then we assemble in groups in the playground, and discuss our "snoods" and "tuckers." The lucky girls who are to receive prizes practise the art of transforming the regular schoolgirl bob into a Court bow such as would delight the heart of Mr Atkinson himself.

After what seems an interminable morning, we are told to go in to dress. Arrived at a certain stage in our toilet our ribbons and bows are given us. Hairdressing, like charity, begins at home, and after doing our own we can turn our attention first to our "little girls," and then elsewhere. Everyone's toilet completed, we are marshalled up to the music-room, where we undergo a rigid inspection, and the prize-winners are put through the form of receiving their prizes. Some fortunate girl near the window keeps her less-favoured sisters posted up as to the visitors arriving.

Finally we are taken to the Chapel, when we immediately begin scanning the strange faces in search of our friends. After the usual musical programme is given and the prizes distributed, we have drill in the park. The old master, Sergeant Donnelly, lets us know how we are doing by holding up his thumb for "well," and little finger for "badly." I think he had a weak side for the "lassies," as he used to make surreptitious signs to us that we did better than the boys, which of course greatly delighted us. The strawberries and cream next call for attention, and while enjoying them we make wild promises of writing even to the girls we "haven't been friends with" during the term. When these are finished it only remains for us to hurry along to the "wardrobe," don our hats and jackets, and bid farewell to one and all.

C. I.

TO THE GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

JOHN WATSON'S INSTITUTION.

DEAR FRIENDS,

The Editor once more reminds us of the Girls' News Column in *The Levite*, and the difficulty presents itself what is there to tell.

Life in the Institution goes on very much as of olden days, except that the actors on the stage are all changed. We advance with the times too, but the changes required to do so have been few. To the old staff two additions may be here mentioned, that of Miss Beakbane, gymnastic mistress, and, more recently, that of Miss Crerar, who has come to help among other things to put the games' side of the girls' department on more up-to-date lines.

The Association grows, and everywhere the members express the pleasure it has given to renew old friendships. *The Levite*, too, is welcomed by all, especially in far-off lands, where it brings, when it tells of the Jaunt, "a whiff of the Pentlands air and a longing to be present at the next one." Christmas brought round the usual "At Home," where were gathered a goodly number of old friends, who spent an enjoyable evening. But we had business even then to attend to first. At our Annual Meeting Miss Gellatly reported that our numbers were 105 (now 124!), and that what might have been a deficit had been changed into a balance in hand of £1, 15s., through a donation from an old boy, H. Scott Riddell, Esq., of Greytown, Natal, which we gratefully acknowledge. While on this topic, we would recognise the kindness of Lady Logan in offering to help with our initial expenses, but as these were already met, it was resolved to acknowledge her kind offer, and to express the hope that the Association might be allowed to avail itself of the offer later on when any useful undertaking is in hand. It was decided also that until the Association was firmly established the fifth rule be inoperative. We would repeat here a suggestion which was made at the meeting, with a view of increasing our membership, and heartily received. It was that each member should try to add at least one new member to our roll before our next annual gathering. The meeting was then brought to a close, and we all adjourned to the schoolroom to meet the gentlemen.

With all kind wishes to the members from

Yours sincerely,

E. MURRAY,

President.

CLUB TALK.

17th January—Many happy returns of his birthday to Mr Rowe.

Mr Ken. Donaldson of Johannesburg, recollecting the pleasures in past days of keeping a garden at the top of the boy's playground, has hit upon a delightful way of encouraging the present pupils to follow this hobby. He offers to present a handsome annual prize for the best kept garden, to be awarded every Vacation Day. It is offered this current session for competition among the girls. The boys do not at present have gardens.

The Dean Church and the Rev. Mr Williamson are to be congratulated on the recent Bazaar which brought in its train the grant from the Baird Trust. In the Parish Magazine for last month a tribute is paid to the warm interest taken in the "Dean" by the Directors of the Institution, and, "among other pleasing incidents in connection with the Bazaar in 1901, there was none that was more gratifying to the Minister than that the staff and pupils, past and present, organised a 'John Watson's Stall,' which was most successful." For the recent Bazaar Miss Murray received many contributions of work as well as over £4 collected through the Shilling Fund.

In the above Magazine we learn that the Rev. Mr Williamson was baptized by the grandfather of our President.

An interesting article which appeared last July in the "Annals of Scottish Natural History," from the pen of Dr T. Edmonston Saxby, shows him to be an enthusiastic observer of bird life.

A correspondent asks, on how many occasions pantomimes were performed at John Watson's, and whether at one time they were an annual event.

A marriage, says *The Scotsman*, has been arranged to take place shortly in India between Donald James Boyd, I.C.S., and Laura Caroline Hope, of 7 Drayton Gardens, London, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Louis and Mrs Hope.

A Levite writes: "Why don't we get up a Summer Camp in connection with the Club?" Who all vote that we do?

A fine athlete at John Watson's, Arthur W. Richardson is now Captain of the National Bank of India Football Team—all Scots—at present at the top of the table of the London Bank's League. Last summer he was semi-finalist in the Bank's Tennis Championship. He wields the willow also.

Of the several Levites who fought for their country in the Boer War, the only known "casualty" is that of Arthur Guthrie. "A morning star" at drill at school, he became well built and over the ordinary stature. But three years' active service dating from the battles of Belmont, Gras Pan and Magersfontein, had its effect upon his constitution, and he came back to this country an invalid to die. It was all very sad.

George A. Jolly is coming home on furlough, from India, in March.

Stanley Nairne is now studying at Maarberg University in Germany. Among his successes at his old college is numbered the silver cup of St. Andrew's University Gymnastic Club, of which he was the President.

A. G. Treasurer writes—"One Saturday last season I was playing in a rugby match for Norwood against Leytonstone. During the game a man collared me out of the scrum, and I had not the ball. I turned round and who should I see but Hutty Boe! It was quite like old times again."

In the Royal Navy Donald A. Peart is making a promising career. He is already assistant paymaster on board H.M. battleship Cornwallis with the Channel Fleet.

The trend of M. T. Archibald's gifts is shown by his winning prizes in Mathematics, Greek Prose and Translation at Glasgow University during 1904. The Colville Cup of the Hamilton Golf Club also bears his name.

An interesting sidelight on Mr Chamberlain's Colonial policy is the increased value now placed on the stamps of the British Colonies. Indeed, many of the best philatelists collect them only. Imagine then how welcome were twenty packets of South African stamps sent by Mr Ken. Donaldson to the Editor, to be distributed among old and present pupils. Many thanks are due to him and to Messrs W. Watson, R. H. Gibson and M. M. Milne for sending stamps also.

Portfolio Cases for *The Levite* are now obtainable. Full particulars are given in the present "Notice to our Readers."

SCHOOL NOTES.

The Session began on Tuesday, 20th September 1904. There are this year fifty boys and forty-one girls.

The general health of the boys has been superbly good. An attack of chicken-pox in November was frustrated; a few small girls being the only victims.

The dentist's operations are now facilitated by the use of a dental chair.

The Captain of the Football Club is Charles M'Intosh. His XV. had one severe defeat from St. Ronans, losing by 22 points; but it beat George Watson's 7th by 8 to 3 points. These have been the only matches so far.

The Hallowe'en exeat was from Saturday, 29th October, to 10 A.M. on the following Tuesday.

Thanks to the kindness of the Directors in providing a Christmas Treat, an exhibition of "interesting, instructing, and amusing Pictures" was given on the evening of December 20th by Lizars' Bioscope. Sir Charles Logan, D.K.S., was present with Lady Logan. Other Directors there were Messrs R. R. Simpson, W.S.; James Bruce, W.S.; and John Rutherfurd, W.S., together with the Treasurer, Mr Hugh Patten, W.S. The Exhibition was also favoured by the presence of the Misses Rutherfurd, Miss Simpson, Mrs G. Mackay, Colonel M'Hardy, C.B.; Rev. James Williamson, Mr R. T. Skinner (of Donaldson's), Mr D. M. Thomson, and others. At the close Sir Charles Logan made a few appropriate remarks.

The Christmas holidays lasted from December 22nd to January 10th.

A change in the staff was caused by the departure of Mr J. Bell, who had devoted his best energies to the service of the Institution as an Assistant Master for three years. His place has been filled by Mr W. H. Anderton (St. Bees and Durham).

In the temporary absence of Mr Owston, the Second Section has been taken by Mr W. Mitchell (George Heriot's and Edinburgh).

Mrs Lennox, of Dollar, the mother of three old pupils, has very kindly presented to the Institution a bark mat sent from the Fiji Islands.

Several boys were made happy by gifts of foreign stamps from old pupils. There are at least a dozen collectors at the Institution.

THE JOHN WATSON CLUB.

1904-1905.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

Honorary President—Sir CHARLES B. LOGAN, D.K.S.

President—The Rev. DAVID G. HAMILTON, M.A.

Vice-Presidents—{ GERALD W. CRAWFORD, A.M.I.Mech.E.
CHARLES S. BROWN.

Secretary and Treasurer—DAVID M. THOMSON.

Members of Council—WILLIAM MUIRHEAD; CHARLES M'NEIL, M.A.; JOHN O. NAISMITH; JAMES ROSS; and THOMAS A. THORNTON.

Ex-officio Members of Council—The Local Secretaries.

ALTERATIONS OF ADDRESSES OF CLUB MEMBERS.

Since 1st August 1904.

Levite of	*Life Member* *
1875	JENKINS, JOHN G., 1 Stanley Street, Portobello.
1884	BOYD, Dr JOHN J., Health Department, Municipal Offices, Pretoria.
1884	WILSON, ARCHIBALD, A.M.I.E.E., 9 Wardie Avenue, Edinburgh.
1885	DOUGLAS, ARCHIBALD, 9 Rochester Terrace, Edinburgh.
1887	SYME, JOHN STUART, 5 Murrayfield Place, Edinburgh.
*1893	MACGREGOR, DONALD M., S.S. *Aska*, Bois Bros, Colombo, Ceylon.
1893	RICHARDSON, ARTHUR W., National Bank of India Ltd., 17 Bishopsgate St. Within, London, E.C.
1893	GRANT, HENRY, K., c/o M'Geachan, 7 Gillespie Crescent, Edinburgh.
1893	ANDERSON, JOHN F., M.A., View Bank, Fife-Keith, Banffshire.
1894	ROSS, JAMES, 245 Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh.
1895	JOLLY, JOHN, 121 Strada It. Torri, Sliema, Malta.
1896	ROSS, DANIEL S., 245 Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh.
1896	TATE, DONALD GEORGE, Elkhorn P.O., Manitoba, Canada.
1896	BOE, JAS. H. STEELE, National Bank of India Ltd., 17 Bishopsgate St. Within, London, E.C.
1899	BROWN, JAMES G., 53 Union Avenue, Jamaica, New York.
1899	MACLEAN, DONALD, Box No. 331, Bloemfontein, O.R.C.
1899	RANKIN, OLIVER S., 41 Mardale Crescent, Edinburgh.
1901	ANDERSON, ROBERT B., c/o Scott, 1 Victoria Buildings, Aberdeen.
1903	BARCKLEY, ARTHUR E., 12 Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh.
1903	APEDAILE, LEO B., 2 Hope Park Square, Edinburgh.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF NEW CLUB MEMBERS.

Admitted since 1st February 1904.

Life, formerly Ordinary Member†. Life Member **

Levite of	
1847	M'CARTER, Rev. JOHN, 22 Gillespie Crescent, Edinburgh.
1861	STOCKS, ROBERT, The Homestead, Hutton, Essex.
1871	FINLAYSON, Lieut-Col. ROBERT A., Kimberley.
*†1883	STEVENSON, Professor WM. B., M.A., B.D., Gwylfa, Bala.
*†1886	BOYD, Professor DAVID R., Ph. D.Sc., Redlands, Portswood Road, Southampton.
*†1890	STEWART, ALEX. A., 4 Summerside Place, Bonnington, Edinburgh.
*1890	CHAPMAN, JOHN A., 11 Pretoria Street, Calcutta.
1890	LAMB, GEORGE, Bank of Africa, Durban.
1893	GUTHRIE, ARTHUR W., since deceased.
*†1894	M'NEIL, Dr ROBERT P., Boksburg, Transvaal.
1895	CALDER, RONALD, P.O. Box No. 59, Heilbron.
1897	MEISTER, C. GUSTAVE C., 12 Archibald Place, Edinburgh.
1900	PANTON, BEN, Union Bank of Scotland, Ltd., Banff.
1904	FISHER, ERNEST J., 17 Hatton Place, Edinburgh.
1904	CUTHBERT, WILLIAM, 3 Marchmont Street, Edinburgh.
1904	ALEXANDER, W. ALISTER, 40 India Street, Edinburgh.
1904	MARSHALL, REGINALD R., Sabroan Villa, Dollar.
1904	BRYDIE, DOUGLAS S., Newhall, Kilmacolm.
1904	MILLER, THOMAS, Seabeach House, Aberdour.
1904	MACNAB, EDWARD, 24 Newhouse, Stirling.

BIRTH.

STIRLING.—At Erskine United Free Church Manse, Kilwinning, on 28th January 1904, the wife of Rev. George Stirling (nèe Margaret H. Graham), a son.

MARRIAGES.

DOUGLAS-MARK.—At Maitland Hotel, Edinburgh, on 6th September 1904, by the Rev. W. R. Black, M.A., of St. David's, Archibald Douglas, son of the late James Torry Douglas, Searcher of Public Records, to Jeannie, second daughter of George Mark, 12 Perth Street, Edinburgh.

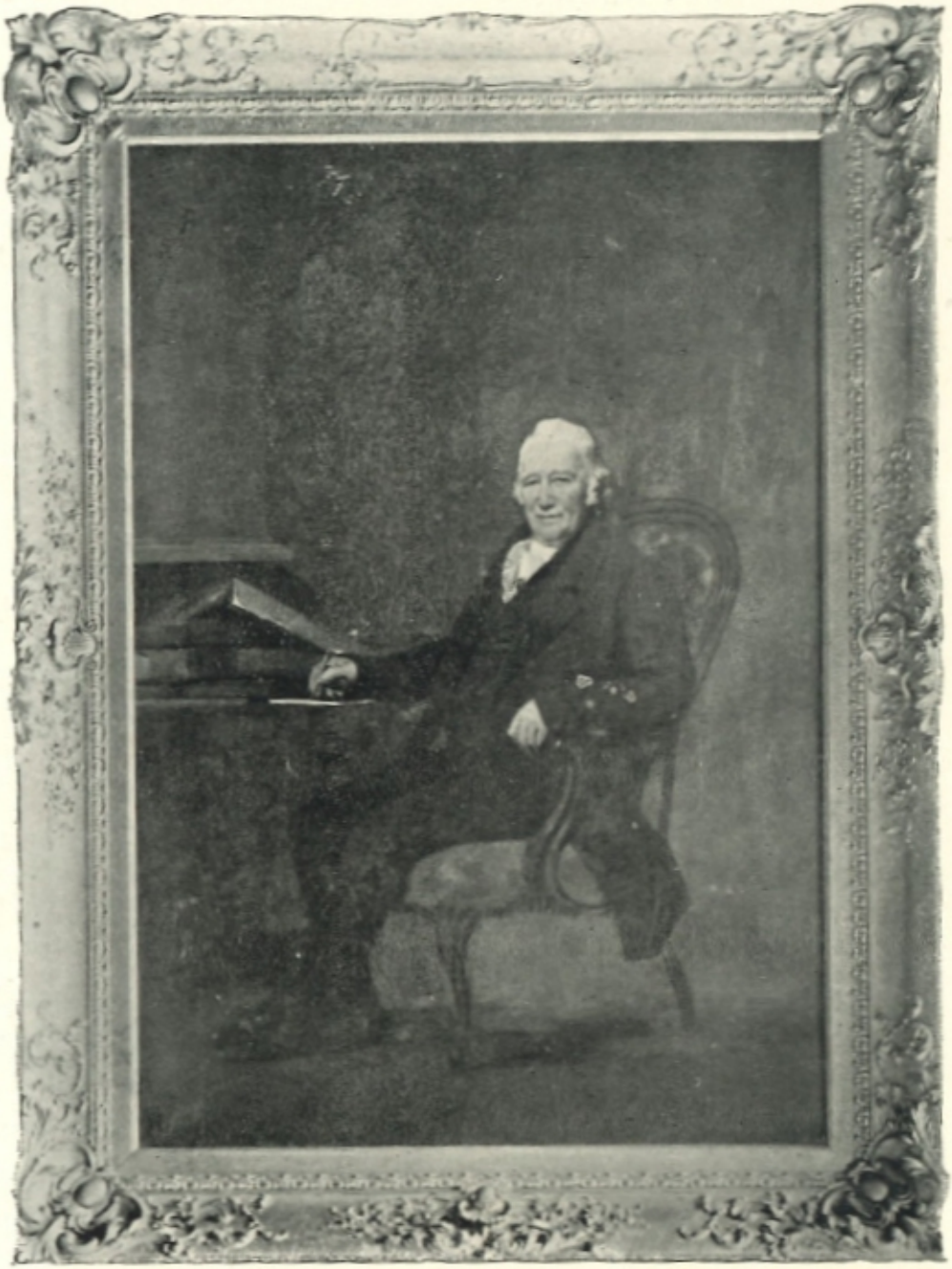
FEARNSIDE-SCALES.—At All Saints, Isleworth, on 1st September 1904, by the Rev. Geo. White, Percy H. Fearnside, son of the late Frederick Fearnside of Bradford, to Nellie B. Scales, daughter of William Scales of Isleworth.

TAYLOR-LANG.—At the East Church, Stirling, on 18th January 1905, by the Very Rev. Principal Lang, D.D., LL.D. (uncle of the bride), and Rev. T. Rankin Rutherford, M.A., Dunkeld, James Anderson Taylor, M.B., C.M. (Edin.), Dunkeld, to Anna Margaret Cunliff, youngest daughter of the Rev. James P. Lang, minister of the First Charge, Stirling.

DEATHS.

GUTHRIE.—At Edinburgh, on 22nd November 1904, Arthur Wellesley, third son of the late James Young Guthrie, S.S.C.

M'KINLAY.—At 43 Leamington Terrace, Edinburgh, on 26th October, 1904, Peter M'Kinlay, M.A , late Principal, Church of Scotland Training College, Edinburgh, and former teacher of the Institution, in his 71st year.



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VANS HATHORN,

Treasurer 1821-1839.

master mind and moving spirit of the John Watson's Trust. First of all, he turned his attention to the question of finance. Here he was in his element. With his ripe experience and by his skill and sagacity, he was able, within four years after assuming office, to increase the funds from a comparatively small sum to over £112,000. And having provided the ways and means the Treasurer took care that the money was spent wisely and well.

An examination of the Minutes of the Trust shews how carefully Mr Hathorn went into the many questions and details which were necessarily involved in constructing and setting in motion the machinery of a great educational endowment. To begin with, the very site of the school gave much anxiety, yet no one can visit the Institution at the present day without admiring the wisdom and foresight of those early Directors who chose such an appropriate place upon which to erect that handsome building which the Commissioners to the Signet in 1812 expressly desired "should correspond with the magnificence of the city."

But Mr Hathorn was not, it seems, altogether pleased with the architect's design for the School. He contended that the building was too low, and desired that it should be heightened by the addition of another storey. His advice, however, was not adopted. It is of interest, though, to record this fact, especially if by doing so some Levites, who have joined the architectural profession, are induced to tell us whether the Treasurer was right or wrong in his criticism of Mr Burns' plans.

It is easy to imagine how delighted Mr Hathorn would be as he saw John Watson's endowment begin to take practical shape. The laying of the foundation stone in 1825 and the opening of the School in 1828 were occasions which must have filled his heart with joy. At the time of the latter event he had reached the age of 75, yet it was actually given to him to witness eleven full years of the active life of the School. And during that period he was ever ready to promote the Institution's interests in every way in his power. He spared himself in neither time nor trouble. The official records of the School contain many instances, not only of his wise administration but of acts of personal kindness and thoughtfulness shewn to the masters, the pupils and the domestic staff. It is impossible, indeed, to read these without being impressed with the generous heart and kindly nature of the old Treasurer. Over and over again the Directors specially award their cordial and best thanks to him for his zealous attention to the affairs of the Institution. At the annual meeting on 18th January 1836 a very cordial

THE LEVITE

Editor—D. M. THOMSON.

No. VI. AUGUST 1905

VANS HATHORN, TREASURER.

Every Levite must remember well the portrait of the old Treasurer which hangs in the place of honour in the Chapel of John Watson's. The picture, indeed, is closely associated with our earliest and latest recollections of the school. The kindly face of Vans Hathorn, looking down in quiet dignity from above the fireplace, seemed to welcome and comfort us upon our first arrival at the Institution, and, when our time to leave came round we felt, in parting from the picture, as though we bade goodbye to an old friend whose blessing we were carrying away with us out into the world. Truly, it may be said of the Treasurer that his spirit still dwells in the school he loved so well, and it is but fitting that some account of his life, and an appreciation of his work, should appear in these pages.

Vans Hathorn was the second son of Hugh Hathorn of Castlerigg in Wigtownshire, and was born in 1753. Like many more of the younger sons of the landed gentry, he was bred to the profession of the law. At that time the lawyers' offices in Edinburgh were situated in what is now known as the old town—indeed, there was then no new town—and were mostly within a short distance of the Parliament House. Mr Hathorn served his apprenticeship in the office of Thomas Tod, W.S., and at the age of 28 was admitted a Writer to the Signet. He was enrolled on 3rd July 1781, and for the long period of 58 years he practised his profession, living latterly at 107 Princes Street, in a house which disappeared to make room for the Scottish Conservative Club.

In 1814 Mr Hathorn married Jane, eldest daughter of Sir John Dalrymple Hay of Park Place, Baronet. She bore him one son and two daughters. His son, who became a Captain in the Indian Army, lost his life at the hands of the mutineers at Bareilly, near Delhi.

Seven years after his marriage Mr Hathorn was appointed Factor to John Watson's Trust. At the time of his appointment he had reached the age of 68, a period of life when most men shrink from undertaking fresh work and responsibility. But the new Factor entered upon his duties with an ardent enthusiasm, which would have been praiseworthy in a man half his age. From the day he took up office, until the day he died, Vans Hathorn was undoubtedly the

vote of thanks was passed to Mr Hathorn, then a venerable old man of 83, for his long, able and conscientious services, and this vote, the Minute tells us, was carried by acclamation. Every Director at the meeting must have felt it a privilege to be present and to join in cheering the grand old man.

A year later, at a meeting on 9th December 1837, the Directors, "impressed with feelings of deep gratitude to Mr Hathorn," asked him to sit to an eminent artist for a full length portrait, to be hung up in a conspicuous situation in the Institution. Sir John Watson Gordon, *P.*R.S.A., was the artist selected for the work, and the portrait was hung in the Chapel previous to the Examination in July 1838. The honour thus paid to the Treasurer must have been peculiarly gratifying to him, for John Watson's had become very dear to him, especially in the closing years of his life.

In little more than a year after the presentation of his portrait Mr Hathorn passed to his rest, at the age of 86, full of years and full of honour. He died at his house in Princes Street on the morning of 8th October 1839. On that day a special meeting of the Directors was summoned, at which the Deputy Keeper of the Signet paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of the late Treasurer, and the funeral took place at two o'clock on 12th October, attended by the Directors, the Masters and the boys.

So closed the career of the most outstanding personality in connection with John Watson's Endowment. For nearly 60 years he had carried on business as a lawyer in the city of Edinburgh, earning the high respect and esteem of all who knew him. During twenty-six of these years he had devoted himself to furthering the interests of the Watson Trust. It is chiefly owing to his administrative genius and wise initiative that the school can boast of such a long and prosperous career, and many generations of Levites must ever feel that they owe a debt of deep gratitude to the memory of Vans Hathorn.

C. S. B.

THE OLD BOYS' CRICKET MATCH.

The first Friday in July has for the last six years marked the date of the annual cricket match between the Old Boys and the School Team, and it may be interesting to recall the results of these matches. But first we record some details of the match played on 7th July last. On that day the weather was perfect, and the wicket a batsman's, as was soon perceived ere the old boys had batted long. But this happy state of affairs was sadly altered when the school captain introduced a new bowler, who captured seven wickets for 23 runs. When the School XI. batted the innings was noted for the number of catches taken, the post of our fielder at point being no sinecure. The match, which had its exciting moments, was won by the old boys.

Club XI.	
L. Apedaile, *c* Simpson, *b* Robertson	5
W. Cuthbert, *c* Simpson, *b* Robertson	11
W. A. Alexander, *b* Peddie	0
H. C. M'Ewen, *lbw* Peddie	0
E. J. Fisher, *b* Peddie	18
W. D. Coghill, *Captain, played on* Peddie	22
F. Laing, *b* Peddie	0
J. K. Dunlop, *b* Peddie	0
G. G. Jolly, *c* and *b* Burnet	2
W. Muirhead, *not out*	8
H. K. Grant, *b* Peddie	0
Byes 2, Wide Balls 1	3
Total	69

School Team.	
F. Illingworth, *c* M'Ewen, *b* Coghill	2
J. D. Prentice, *c* M'Ewen, *b* Fisher	0
F. A. Burnet, *b* Fisher	1
D. M'Intosh, *Captain*, *c* Alexander, *b* Fisher	3
J. Robertson, *b* Fisher	4
J. T. Campbell, *c* M'Ewen, *b* Fisher	15
T. Peddie, *c* M'Ewen, *b* Coghill	0
G. Simpson, *b* Coghill	2
L. Pattullo, *c* Grant, *b* Coghill	2
W. Crawford, *not out*	1
J. Thomson, *c* Jolly, *b* Fisher	0
Byes 9, No Ball 1	10
Total	40

Regarding the previous matches, it will be remembered that the first, in 1900, differed from the others, in that it was played by mixed sides of old and present pupils, that captained by Mr Langhorne, with a score of 29, defeating Mr A. A. Stewart's team by 9 runs. The succeeding matches resulted as follows :—

1901	Club XI.	20 runs.		J.W.I.	48 runs for 4 wickets.
1902	,,	60 ,,	for 5 wickets.	,,	16 ,,
1903	,,	45 ,,		,,	55 ,,
1904	,,	63 ,,		,,	21 ,, for 4 wickets.
1905	,,	69 ,,		,,	40 ,,

As the match in 1904 ended in a draw, the sides at present stand level, with two wins to the credit of each.

THE LEVITES' JAUNT.

"Don't let us talk about the weather," said Dr Johnson. Neither would we, but we have to explain the mystery how, although about thirty Levites visited their old haunts at Habbie's Howe on Saturday, 17th June last, they scarcely distinguished a feature of the landscape or of the hills! This seeming blindness was caused by a thick curtain of mist which had that morning enveloped both the city and the Pentlands, and, there being seldom a breath of wind all day, completely clouded us into a little world by ourselves. The weather conditions had lessened our numbers, but the following old girls and boys took part in the Jaunt.

Miss J. Adam, Miss A. W. Allen, Miss M. Borders, Miss R. E. Drysdale, Miss A. M. W. Duffus, Miss W. L. Gellatly, Miss I. T. M. Hunter, Miss A. Jenkins, Miss E. I. Jolly, Miss A. M. Macfarlane, Miss H. A. Macfarlane, Miss A. F. M'Rae, Miss I. M. Nimmo, and Miss C. M. Sinclair.

Messrs G. W. Crawford, H. S. Riddell, W. G. Middleton, C. J. Nairne, J. B. Stewart, D. M. Thomson, H. K. Grant, J. Ross, D. G. Sanderson, C. G. C. Meister, G. W. C. Laidlaw, G. G. Jolly, J. R. Davidson, D. F. Laing, and W. Cuthbert.

While assembled at the Mound, our party agreed that if the clerk of the weather became more irresponsible by the time Hillend was reached, we would then decide whether to drive for some shelter at Penicuik or brave all at Loganlee. Meanwhile we were all being favoured with buttonholes of flowers of the Club colours, kindly presented by Miss Kilgour of London; and having bade farewell to three Levites who had come to see us off, we started on our way.

When our "parting of the ways" was reached we had become so acclimatised to existing conditions, and a Mark Tapleyism had so infected all, that with no hesitation on our part Habbie's Howe claimed us for its own! But not, however, without some opposition from the trees, for the canvas roof of our coach was often caught by their branches, and many were the tears they shed upon us in the wrench of parting. While passing Glencorse reservoir we espied ahead on the road a vehicle, in which we conjectured that the lady driving was Miss Flora M'Rae. This proved to be correct, and greetings being exchanged, onward we went until the old camp was reached, which again we were to find occupied by children's picnics, but this time on the point of departing, so we decided to camp there. Ere long the fire was alight, the cloth spread, seats ranged around, and the party seated to tea. Then came the aftermath—the washing of dishes with much impromptu ceremony.

It was with regret three of our party had now to return homewards. All accompanied them part of their way across the hills to Balerno station. Presently we passed our camping ground of last year, then scaled the rocks by the Waterfall and made a detour of the hill. While returning, a slight breeze made itself felt along the valley and there opened to our rapt gaze a curved sweep of blue sky topping the varied coloured hues of Scaldlaw—a view it was of matchless beauty. This was but a peep of "what it might have been" all day, and we felt "temsed." But this feeling soon passed in the enjoyment of the games indulged in until the growing darkness reminded us of the passage of time. While the horses were being yoked, the cup that cheers was handed round, and our drive home began. The journey was pleasantly beguiled by songs rendered under the leadership of a select male-voice choir, and at length the city was reached, when the company dispersed, all well pleased with their jaunt.

ROUND THE WORLD.

"I wish the Vacation Day would come when I can get clear of all those poenas and two pages of Cicero." This was my wish about June 1893. At the present moment I don't think I would mind being back at the old school. However, when you leave school it suddenly dawns upon you that you will have to do some kind of work, and it is of no use choosing, as one did at school, by starting on the buttons of your coat, from the top for preference, "a soldier, sailor, tinkler, tailor, &c." No, that sort of thing you find doesn't work properly. Well, I thought to myself, I wouldn't mind being a lawyer. So I decided on being a lawyer there and then. On remarking this to my landlady, she said, "Aye, ye'll mak' a fine lawyer; ye ken, ye've just got the sort o' nose that a' they lawyer bodies hiv, but ye ken they're awfu' leears them lawyers." I thought, this is all right; my name is not George Washington, and I've the proper nose.

The 10th of August saw me sitting on a stool about the size of myself, in the office of a noted firm of solicitors in Edinburgh, busily backing up and booking letters, indexing letter-books, &c., and thinking how important I was, when one day the apprentice above me suggested that I should be christened, and straightway three or four clerks got hold of me and ran me under the shower-bath in the bathroom. Of course you can imagine I swore vengeance, and at lunch time I patronised a fruit store for oranges and tomatoes.

Armed with these I made my way back to the office, and was censured for being ten minutes late. To this I replied with a fusilade of half-a-dozen tomatoes, reserving my oranges for close quarters. This conduct took the place by storm, and I had soon a number of the clerks coming for me, one shielding his head with the cash ledger, another with a blotting-pad; eventually, having run one man into the fireplace with some damage to his person, and having used up all my oranges, I succumbed to numbers—and, strange to say, I had peace for the rest of my office career.

After struggling along for about eighteen months, I discovered I was getting a little tired of the life, and the princely salary one gets does not allow you to say to your tailor, "Make my waistcoat two inches more round the waist, please."

I thought I would go to sea.

After preliminary arrangements with a Glasgow firm, I was duly bound apprentice for four years, and had orders to join the good ship *Craigmore*. The form of speech "good ship" is really out of place, at least as far as the *Craigmore* shortly proved herself to be. I went down to Leith and provided myself with what I thought was the necessary outfit for a sailor. Next day saw me at Port Glasgow station. "Carry your bag, sir!" This is what I was greeted with by a porter there. "All right," I said, "take it to the *Craigmore*." I followed this individual to the ship, and on tendering him a shilling in payment, he said, "Say, sir, captains allus gives me 'arf-a-crown." "But I am not the captain," I said. "Aint yer?" said he, "I thought you was by your jaunty air." Of course, this wrung another eighteenpence out of me. On getting on board I asked for the mate, and was ushered in front of an old sea-dog with grizzled beard, chewing the proverbial quid of tobacco. "Well, youngster, where do you come from, eh?" "Edinburgh," I said. "Auld Reekie, you mean." "Ye-ye-yes," I falteringly replied. "Them's your quarters," he said, pointing to a house amidships. On taking my chest and bag in, I found eight bunks, a broken looking-glass, a wash-hand stand, piles of tools, and lumps of iron, etc. This state of affairs clearly showed that the room had been made use of as a workshop by the shipyard people. It didn't come up to my ideal of a cabin by a long way. Next day five more apprentices turned up, all English chaps. I received them at the gangway. One said to me, "Do we have to climb those tall masts?" "Of course we have," I said; of course, *I* knew. After the weeping relatives left, we started to clear the wreckage in the half-deck, as our house was called, and began throwing

spanners, hammers, nuts, bolts, etc., out on deck. Immediately up came the shipwright and said, "Look 'e here, young fellers, I'll walk through you if you throw my tools about like that any more." "Oh!" we all chimed in, "We'll throw you out, too," and we did, it being a solemn compact in a half-deck to all stand by one another in trouble.

The *Craigmore* being ready for sea, and the usual number of elated sailors being aboard, we cast off moorings, bound for Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil. Two days out the crew mutinied! The reason was, the ship was under-manned. Captain V—— refused to put back, and we apprentices came in for all the work, after locking up all the sailors in the fo'castle, without food, to see if we could starve them into submission. They hung out for five days, during which time it came on to blow, and all the apprentices became sea-sick; and you never saw six more disreputable, green-eyed, miserable-looking objects. I myself did not care whether the *Craigmore* sank there and then, so awfully miserable one feels. The rest of the voyage was uneventful, and after thirty-four days we sighted the Sugar Loaf outside Rio. A tow-boat came alongside, and after bargaining to take us in, they consoled us with the fact that thousands were dying every day of yellow fever. We went inside and dropped anchor off the Gamboo Hospital, and started to discharge our cargo of "black diamonds" (the technical name, I believe, for coal). The apprentices had to take the captain ashore every day in the gig, a long pull of six miles. We used to go up to the market and buy oranges at a shilling per hundred, and sugar cane for the lifting of it. We all got a few letters from home, which we used to read every Sunday at sea and imagine we had just got them. This is what at sea they call "sailor's pleasure."

D. M. M.

(*To be continued.*)

J.W.I. WORDS, NAMES AND PHRASES.

Second Article.

Amongst the words which a former pupil of twenty years standing naturally thinks of as John Watson words a good proportion are dialectical. In Scotland they are called Scotch but of course many of them are living words in the dialects of other parts of the kingdom also. Some are so familiar that they require no special explanation. It may, however, be interesting to record that breeks, bonnet, cuddie, lassie and wee were current words in the school language of the period 1877-83. Trousers, cap and girl were never (or almost never?) used by the boys when speaking to one another.

Lassie was not used by the girls themselves. Cuddie was chiefly a term of abuse; possibly it was also used for horse. The writer does not remember whether small and little were in common use or not. Perhaps wee was chiefly employed in special phrases like "wee chap" and "wee table". A girl when spoken of by her name was invariably called "the lassie So and So;" the John Watson girls collectively were "the lassies." For "boys and girls" the phrase was "chaps and lassies." The use of the word bonnet is partly accounted for by the fact that the caps then worn were "Balmoral bonnets."

Chaps or cheps, jink, keelie, skeelie, speel, sprug and soorook form a group of less familiar dialect words. They are current especially in Scotland and in the north of England. With them may be taken barley, which is distinctively a children's word. Jink meant to dodge in playing a game; keelie, meaning a cad, was used as a term of abuse and also to denote the roughs of the town, particularly those of the Water of Leith village; skeelie was a slate pencil, speel to climb, and sprug a sparrow. Speel and sprug may have been used along with climb and sparrow and not exclusively.

Skeelie is supposed to be a form of the word scaly and is said to have the meanings blue slate and blue slate-pencil (Wright). Soorook (or soorock) has the same meaning as sorrel, a plant with acid leaves. Both names are derived from the adjective sour; perhaps ock and el are diminutive terminations, but soorock may be a contraction from sour-dock.

The original meaning of the word keelie is obscure. On the Tyne a keel is a coal-boat and a keeley is one of the crew. But there are other meanings of keel which may account for the use of the derivative keelie. Barley is widely used throughout the country, at least as far south as Worcestershire. It means a truce. It is a modification of the word parley and that if not the same as the French *parlez*, is at least derived from the verb *parler* (English *parle*) to speak. Chaps is a particularly interesting word. It is an exclamation meaning "I claim," used in sentences like "chaps this seat" and "chaps me next." It is really the third singular present tense of an old English verb chap which meant trade or buy (compare chapman and Cheapside). But the frequent use of chaps as an exclamation has led to its becoming a verb itself. "I chaps this" was a J.W. expression and the past tense chapsed (=chapst) was also used.

Bake, bap, cogie, craw, kail, parlie and the verb pooch (pouch) may be taken together as a third group of dialect words. At J.W. they were used in a very limited way, with

a particular application in each case. Bake, which means a biscuit, was only applied to the biscuits given on the vacation day instead of the half-past ten "piece;" bap was the name of the roll which was a feature at breakfast on the vacation day and on the day of the break-up for the Christmas holidays; the cogie was the zinc basin from which the porter ladled out porridge in the mornings; the craw was the porter himself; kail was the broth which was part of the dinner on Mondays and Fridays; parlie was a particular kind of ginger biscuit which the boys used to purchase, and pooch was a verb used of "pocketing," *e.g.* bread from the supper table!

Of these words it may be noted that cogie in Forfarshire may mean (humorously) the stomach; it is really a diminutive of côg, a vessel for holding milk, broth, etc. The nickname craw in the writer's time was thought to have the same origin as beak (but see *The Levite*, No. 2). Kail properly means cabbage or greens, but was not used in this way at J.W. Parlie is supposed to be the same as "Parliament cake," but the origin of that name is obscure.

The group of words which follows consists of a number which may be reckoned dialect words, although they appear to have escaped the dictionaries. They are beef, boodle, duff, plainers, smool, tammys, temse (tempse), tic and tit.

Beef was the boys' word for blush. The adjective beefing and the noun beefer, one who blushes, were also common. With this word may be compared beefing, beefin or biffin, a kind of red apple, so called from its colour (Murray). Boodle was the ordinary word for marble. It is evidently a form of bool, which is the same as bowl, and is used for "marble" both in England and Scotland. Regarding duff, the writer is informed that it meant "nonsense," and was used very much in the sense of the colloquial "rot" or "stuff." "What a duff" meant "what a sell," and was often accompanied by a peculiar gesture. Perhaps the word may be connected with dowf, one meaning of which is stupid, applied both to persons and to reasons (Wright). Duff is given as an Orkney spelling of that word. The pavement which formed a small part of the playground was called the plainers. It may be compared with the expression plainstanes, which is widely used in Scotland for pavement. Smool at J.W. had the sense of coax or wheedle. A smooler was one who tried to get something by coaxing and wheedling. According to Jamieson smool means secure by underhand means or filch (in Ettrick and Forfar). Wright refers to this and asks if the word is obsolete. Jamieson gives also the phrase "smule in wi'" = use wheedling or cajoling means with. Tammys was the invariable school word for tawse. It is phonetically possible

that it is the same word (tammys = tawys = tawse) but the supposition conflicts with the usual derivations of the word. Temse (tempse?) was specially frequent in such a phrase as "Aren't you temsed?" = don't you envy me? Temsing meant appetising or tantalising. To temse anyone was to tantalise them. Perhaps the word is connected with tempt. Wright only gives a noun = sieve and a verb = sift. Tic (tick) was used in the phrase "a wee tic mair" = a small quantity more (see next article). It is not given in this sense by Wright. The application to quantity may come from an earlier application to time, as in the phrase "wait a tic" (*i.e.* a tic of the clock). Tic = tig, in the sense of "touch lightly," may also be compared. At J.W. "a wee tit mair" was sometimes substituted for "a wee tic mair" (t and k are apt to interchange). Perhaps tit in the sense of a small child is a related word. Tit was one of the most common of J.W. words. As a noun it meant tale-bearer and as a verb to tell tales. Wright mentions titter as a Banffshire word for gossip, and the phrase "tell tits," used in Somersetshire for "to tell tales." The word tit commonly means a small child or person or thing (*cf.* tomtit). Hence, perhaps, the sense tale-bearer. Does the J.W. meaning occur in the rhyme

"Tell tale tit, your tongue shall be slit,
And every little dog (?) shall have a little bit.

WM. B. STEVENSON.

THE FIRST HEAD MASTER.

(*Continued.*)

Charles Marshall was a man of forceful character, genial and original, a worker all through, one who greatly loved little children, and was greatly loved by them in return. We all reciprocated his regrets, as when he told the lady on his leave-taking day how sorry he was to part from the children after thirteen years with them. Among his methods of discipline an instance is told of how he mastered an unruly temper. One of the boys had brought on himself an unusual amount of flogging, in which he took a certain foolish pride, every time when called up holding out his hand for the palmies which he made as if he did not feel, and took with the endurance of a Spartan. Once the master had his plan laid, and when the boy stretched out his hand defiantly the master, slipping his own hand behind into the coat pocket, the usual receptacle of the tawse, dropped into

the open palm nothing heavier than a good poke of sweeties. The boy, it is said, was astonished, ashamed (which of the onlookers could help joining in the laugh?) burst into tears, and never again gave any trouble. A notable example of the power of loving-kindness.

Mr Marshall's term at John Watson's was nearly synchronous with that great religious upheaval, which tore the historic Church of Scotland in two, and has made its consequences felt all over the world. As an earnest observer, and to some extent an actor in these events, Mr Marshall had necessarily his preferences, and when the crisis came in the Disruption of 1843 his choice was with the Free Church. In 1849 a decision of the House of Lords, which allocated the property of all *quoad sacra* churches to the Establishment, compelled him to vacate his church. Mainly through his own exertions the present New North Church in Bridge Street, Dunfermline, was built in 1850, and was opened by the Rev. Dr Begg of Edinburgh. There he continued to minister till 1866, when failing health led him to retire.

Though this latter period of Mr Marshall's life carries us quite away from John Watson's, our notice might end here, but some mention of it will, we are sure, not be unwelcome to readers of *The Levite*, and will help us the better to understand his success there. He is before us as a most impressive and interesting preacher, gifted with a powerful and finely toned voice. A Christian gentleman himself in every sense of the term, and generous to an extreme, he despised everything that was selfish and mean, and would speak of it only in terms of withering scorn. Punctual to a moment in all the business of life, everything was arranged according to the clock, and everything had its own place. This was one reason why he was never in a hurry, and was always in time.

He was a shrewd observer of men and manners, and knew well how to speak with effect. One thing to be specially noted is that he was thorough master of the Scottish dialect and could use it with fine and telling effect both in speech and in writing, also a vein of good-humoured drollery gave an added zest to his words. In a time of religious revival a young woman mentioned to him that she had received a spiritual change, and propounded the vexed question, whether it be permissible for a Christian to dance. "That depends" was his reply. "Now tell me, Jeanie, what are you thinking about while you are dancing?" "Nae ill, Sir, nae ill." "Then aye dance, Jeanie." To a maker of heather-brooms, who asked advice after his conversion, he replied, "Just go on making heather brooms, and make them better than you used to do."

Mr Marshall was always busy with his pen, generally writing a portion of something every day. His "Lays and Lectures" are well known and greatly prized by all who know them. They evidence the deep interest which he took in the temporal affairs of men, and they show that he thoroughly understood the everyday life of those for whom they were specially written (the working class in mills, factories, etc.) and that his heart throbbed in sympathy with their joys and sorrows. Dealing in them with the themes of daily life, he never forgets to mingle with these the leading truths of God's Word. They have passed through four editions, if not more. The Messrs Coats of Paisley did to all their servants and work-people the service of presenting them with copies of those "Lays and Lectures."

We have not been able, even after some trouble, to lay our hands on this volume. Some years ago we possessed some booklets which he wrote, specially addressed to factory hands. We have also heard of some very racy verses of his in the Scottish dialect entitled

"Licht frae the smiddy
O' Sanders Dinwiddy."

We have not been able to get hold of these sparks from the anvil of the honest blacksmith; but I suppose this also appears among the "Lays and Lectures."

Mr Marshall spent his last sixteen years in retirement in Edinburgh. He continued to work up to the day of his death. There were found in his desk, and newly from his pen, little pieces of verse bearing on his approaching end. He knew that his death was not far off, and he was prepared to meet it. When he was carried in from the street, where he had been thrown down by a passing phaeton, he said that they had laid him down to die, and so it proved. His death occurred on 16th June 1882, fourteen days after he had reached the venerable age of eighty-seven. His body rests in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh, as does also that of his widow, who survived him, and in a spot selected by himself. A plain stone with a simple inscription in fulfilment of his own wish marks the spot. None knew better than he did that not native talents, nor accomplishments, nor labours, but trust in Jesus Christ, will secure acceptance with God and eternal life in heaven.

My own memory of him remains green and fresh, when he accompanied the John Watson children on our jaunt to Bonally, now sixty four-summers ago.

It is promised that the next number of *The Levite* will contain a biographical notice of the second Head Master.

J. M'Carter.

REFLECTIONS OF A LEVITE.

Of first impressions of early days at John Watson's the majority of us Levites have doubtless but faint recollections, if we except the natural yearnings towards home and its comforts, which assailed the newcomer and which our fellows were not slow contemptuously to christen "homesickness."

Most poignant among my memories of that eventful period yet linger the tall stories recited by older boys, even Levites, of the awful dental inquisitions, steam-canes and cold baths of infinite depth, to all of which tales we greenhorns lent an unwilling but all too credulous ear.

I have seen a diary kept by a Levite of my time and generation, the 90's, which chronicles many commonplace but none the less typical events in our school life. The epoch-marking events of a single week read thus:—"*Monday*—Hairdresser came: Played football in the park in the afternoon. *Wednesday*—We got singing as usual: I had twenty lines to write for talking. *Thursday*—We got brown dumpling and syrup for dinner. I got a second tun! *Monday*—Thirty lines for speaking at supper, also translation of Cæsar for putting on my shoes before breakfast."

Monday always was a day of reckoning for the erring youth. Not all the strenuous exercise of the Saturday preceding could suppress our turbulent spirits on Sunday nor enable the wayward to keep in observance the strict rules in force for that day, so well sketched by a contributor to *The Levite*.

Ah, those Saturdays; how we did enjoy that day of days. The solemn walk to Rest-and-be-thankful; how well we remember every step of the way; the serving out, on our return, to the wealthy few their weekly dole of sweets, "List" I think we called it; the afternoon spent in rambling with a kindred spirit in paying a fifty-times repeated visit to the Castle and the Mound, or in eagerly watching a football match and (law breakers that we were) in stolen visits to sweetie shops, the cheapest of the cheap; the breathless haste of our return ere 4.30 in the afternoon; and in the evening the eager reception of news, chiefly athletic, from the incomers. These are but a few incidents of our strenuous Saturday. How tired we were at night, and many a nodding head in chapel accompanied the singing of our favourite old hymn,

A thousand ages in Thy sight
  Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
  Before the rising sun.

I remember even now the envy with which we aliens regarded the advantages enjoyed by the "locals" who could "go out" every week-end, and how we longed to emulate that "Monday" so regularly and triumphantly answered by them at roll-call on Saturday mornings. Our only consolation was the distant prospect of "Shop" on Tuesday, eagerly anticipated by us all. I could go on further in the same strain, but consideration for the Editor restrains me.

And now when we revisit our former haunts by the Kidron, the Shrub and the Plainers, and find them always the same, we feel a lingering regret for our school-days that are gone, and wish that we could be boys and girls again, spending the pleasant years at the old place.

B 6.

AN APPRECIATION.

BOKSBURG, TRANSVAAL,
25th January 1905.

To the Editor of *The Levite.*

A word of thanks, sir. It was under the glorious light of a South African moon, as I lay on my back in a hammock, that my duty to you became clear. A dead calm possessed the evening, the stars were dim in that mellowing, mastering moonshine, over the high tops of the pines and gums came the distant thunder of the stamps on the gold mines, from the lake rose the croaking of innumerable frogs, more near crickets filled the night with their glad song, and instead of content there was born in me of all this perfection of beauty a sense of a great regret. I turned me then to *The Levite*, and as the vision of the old school and the thought of the old names, aye, and the old faces too, brought me a crowd of glad memories, a great happiness filled the void of that unexplained regret. I would, therefore, have you know, sir, that to one "old boy" your paper comes as a messenger of cheer and good courage, and I would hazard the assertion that to many more than this one has your paper brought like comfort and encouragement. Many, I know, would fain lighten your burden, but know not how. If the sure knowledge of appreciation and gratitude on our part may serve—you may reckon on that in the fullest measure. That success should mean a reward so intangible we regret, and yet, perhaps, it is the highest return, and most befitting services so ably, so generously, and so ungrudgingly rendered.

I am, Sir, etc.,

BIG M'N——.

TO THE GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

JOHN WATSON'S INSTITUTION.

DEAR FRIENDS,

The time of *The Levite* is round once more and along with it the Editor's call for news for the Girls' Page. Happily three items present themselves at once which we feel sure will interest all.

The girls gave in their school-room on 11th April a performance of "The Sleeping Beauty," and from contribution of the teachers, the boys and a few outside friends, who formed the audience, were enabled to hand over £2 to the Edinburgh Children's Holiday Fund. As regards the caste of the play, the King and the Queen were represented by Anna Speirs and Lucy Cockburn, the Prince and the Sleeping Beauty by Annie Leslie and Maud Mackintosh, while the Good and Bad Fairies were Jessie Robertson, Josephine Mackintosh, Edith Ferrie and Ruth Millar.

The prize offered by Mr Kenneth Donaldson to the owner of the best-kept garden proved a great pleasure to more than the recipients, for all, from the eldest to the youngest, delighted to watch the progress of their tiny plots. The prize fell to a garden shared by Ruth Millar and Josephine Mackintosh, who were respectively made the happy possessors of (1) a set of Jane Austen's works, and (2) Douglas' "Life of Wauchope" and Long's "Beasts of the Field." The donor desires us to "please give my warm congratulations to the winners and equally warm consolation to the other twelve."

The third item concerns a proposal of more immediate interest to the members of the Association. A Tennis Club is in process of being formed, which all former pupils are invited to join. The idea originated with the Old Boys, who are kindly undertaking all the business in connection therewith, and giving the ladies not all the benefit we hope, but at least their share. A meeting in furtherance of the scheme will shortly be held, and we understand its date will be announced in these pages.

It only remains to be said that the School is at present deserted, and we hope all the youngsters are enjoying to the full their welcome holiday.

Yours, with kindest regards,

E. MURRAY,
President.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Of six Football Fixtures last season three only came off—one was won, one drawn, and one lost.

In May the Directors kindly sent all the children to the Naval and Military Tournament.

Empire Day was duly observed: and the annual Picnic to Loganlee (June 29th) was blessed with a fine day.

Cricket honours have been halved, 4 matches being won:—

St Andrew's C.C., ...	56 runs,	*v.* J.W.I.,	18 and 43 runs.
Musselburgh Gr. School,	34 and 11 ,,	,,	67 runs.
6th Royal High School, ...	39 ,,	,,	87 ,,
2nd Daniel Stewart's	25 ,,	,,	84 ,,
Bruntsfield	88 ,,	,,	95 ,,
Old Boys	69 ,,	,,	40 ,,
2nd Daniel Stewart's	77 ,,	,,	51 ,,
Newfield, Loretto	96 ,,	,,	25 ,,

Mr Jamieson inspected the School on 19th July.

The Vacation Day was held on Wednesday, 26th July. At the Exhibition the chair was occupied by George M. Paul, Esq., D.K.S., and among those present were several Directors, the relatives of the children, and former pupils. A programme of music and songs, with two solos, was well rendered under the direction of Mr J. A. Moonie and Miss Walton. The chief Prize-winners of the year are:—John Robertson, Dux of School; Lucy Cockburn, Dux of Girls; L. Durno, Sect. II.; Ian Brown, Sect. III.; Ian Macnaughton, Sect. IV.; Drawing—Lucy Cockburn and P. Alexander; Singing—D. Collins and Josephine Mackintosh. The Old Boys' Prizes fell to J. Robertson, Medal for Dux of School; J. T. Campbell, for Gymnastics; Ruth Millar and Josephine Mackintosh (jointly) for Gardening; and T. Peddie and Anna Speirs (equal) for Essay Work.

The following will leave this year:—J. Robertson, T. Peddie, J. Campbell, J. Prentice, C. M'Intosh, W. Crawford, F. Illingworth, Lucy Cockburn, Anna Speirs, Margaret Christie, Maud Mackintosh, Alice Macewen, Annie Stevenson, Annie Leslie and Violet Sutter. D. M'Phee left in April.

CLUB TALK.

The pleasure is no longer given us of visiting Mr Rowe in town. He now resides at 9 Castle Terrace, Berwick.

A link with the earliest days of the School is severed in the death of Mr John B. Stephenson, a Levite of 1842. Was he not the chemist to the Institution in the 80's?

Long may the Rev. J. Williamson of the "Dean" enjoy the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, conferred upon him last April by Glasgow University, his *alma mater*. His congregation and assistants marked the occasion with handsome gifts, and at the presentation ceremony he delighted the audience, when reviewing his ministry, by paying an eloquent tribute to Mr Rowe for his valuable services as Session Clerk for over thirty years.

The title-page of a delightful book lies open upon the Editor's desk and reads "CHILDREN'S ANSWERS, Shrewd, Witty, Nonsensical and Pathetic; collected by John Henry Burn, B.D., F.R.S.E.," St Saviour's, Ballater. "Original" might also be added to the title as exemplified by the following answer (taken from its pages) of a boy to the teacher's query, "To whom was Canaan first promised?" "Shair's death, miss, I canna min' his name, bit it wis Sarah's man." The first edition was sold out within a few months after publication, but we understand that a reprint is about to be issued at the popular price of one shilling, net.

At the recent royal ceremony at Aldershot of unveiling the memorial to the officers and men of the Royal Army Medical Corps who fell in the South African War, Mr Weir Schultz, the architect (a Levite of 1873), had the honour of being presented to the King.

Musicians in the circle of the old girls and boys are cordially invited to join the St Cecilia Orchestral Society by its Conductor, G. W. Crawford, 21 Windsor Street, Edinburgh. Rehearsals take place in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evenings at 8 p.m., but full particulars as to music, etc., will be gladly given by our Vice-President.

"Efficiency; and its Application to a Colonial Life" was the subject of the Essay set the pupils recently, for which a prize was presented by the Foreign Club Members. Papers were written by pupils in the first, second and third sections, which shows there was some keenness. The prize was shared by a boy and girl.

His contemporaries will be interested to hear that George Lamb was recently appointed Manager of the Bank of Africa, Umzinto, Natal.

Charles M'Neil was heartily congratulated recently on graduating (as) M.B.Ch.B. with first-class honours. He also obtained the Wightman prize in Clinical Medicine. During his last session at college he was senior President of the Dumfries and Galloway Literary Society.

To the list of Stanley Nairne's successes at St Andrews has now to be added the Research Scholarship in History.

On the day before our second Jaunt a Levite discovered to his, and others, regret that the well known name of "Wightman" no longer appears above the shop in the High Street where we used to go for List on Saturdays in the 90's. The name now there is that of a gentleman from sunny Italy.

Donald M'Lean still keeps up his Rugby form. The club he plays for has held the Orange River Colony Cup for three years.

W. D. Coghill and Gordon G. Jolly have both passed the Second Professional Examination in Medicine. Congratulations.

The syllabus of the King William's Town Fortnightly Society contains the interesting information that James E. Stevenson is the secretary of this literary society, and that he read on 26th July a paper on "The Cloister and the Hearth, as a Picture of the Middle Ages."

Last April William Cuthbert won the first prize in the 75 yards open handicap race at the George Watson's Swimming Club Gala.

Douglas S. Brydie was highly successful this session at Cliftonbank, St Andrews, winning four prizes for class work and a silver cup for gymnastics.

Athletic movements have from time to time stirred the club circle, but the followers of rugby and cricket have been unable to have their desire meantime. Tennis is now *en tapis* and the chief difficulty in the other schemes, that of a ground, having been met, all will no doubt go merrily. It has already been decided to form a tennis section at a meeting held on 30th June last, which, by the bye, was the sixth anniversary of the formation of the Old Boys' Club. A good augury.

AN F.P. LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

On 30th June the Club Members decided to form a Tennis Club among the old boys and girls, a committee being appointed to draft rules and gather data for the subscription. A general meeting of the club will be held at 63 Cockburn Street (corner of Arcade) on Friday, 13th October, at 8 p.m. It is hoped that all interested will make an effort to attend, as the committee's report will then be given. Will prospective members kindly intimate their names meantime to Mr GORDON JOLLY, 6 Admiral Terrace, Secretary and Treasurer *pro tem.*

ALTERATIONS OF ADDRESSES OF CLUB MEMBERS.

Since 1st February 1905.

Levite of	*Life Member* *
1880	WATERSTONE, J. STUART, 32 Sanderson Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
1882	SAUNDERS, ALEX. G., 3 King Edward Road, Mosely, Birmingham.
1887	MIDDLETON, WILLIAM G., 9 Elgin Terrace, Edinburgh.
1887	SYME, JOHN STUART, 8 Grosvenor Terrace, York.
1890	LAMB, GEORGE, Manager, Bank of Africa, Umzinto, Natal.
1893	GRANT, HENRY K., c/o Brown, 7 Bruntsfield Avenue, Edinburgh.
1893	ADAMSON, ROBERT B., c/o Barton, 27 St Jude's Place, Bradford.
*1898	GIBSON, ROBERT H., Messrs Huttenbach, Liebert & Co., Penang.
1900	BRUNTON, DAVID TODD, c/o Armour, 17 Oswald Street, Whiteinch.
1901	MENARD, LOUIS, 1 Lower Gilmore Place, Edinburgh.
1904	MACNAB, EDWARD, 34 Newhouse, Stirling.

BIRTHS.

COX.—At 6 Evelyn Terrace, Brighton, on 7th June 1905, the wife of Edward E. Cox (née M. Winifred Mackie), of a son.

DONALDSON.—At Johannesburg, on 21st April 1905, the wife of Colonel James Donaldson, D.S.O., of a son.

DOUGLAS.—At 9 Rochester Terrace, Edinburgh, on 15th July 1905, the wife of Archibald Douglas, of a daughter.

FORROW.—At 36 Dyson Road, Leytonstone, on 31st May 1905, the wife of Sydney A. Forrow (née Agnes M. Moir), of a son.

MAIR.—At Pietersburg, Transvaal, on 19th May 1905, the wife of G. H. Morphett Mair, H.M.C.S. (née Dora List), of a son.

VOST.—At Stanley Place, Alva, on 25th July 1905, the wife of Dr Anthony Vost, of a son.

DEATH.

STEPHENSON.—At 9 Woodburn Terrace, Edinburgh, on 25th July 1905, in his 78th year, John Bertram Stephenson, elder surviving son of the late Joseph Stephenson, Surgeon, Duns.

THE LEVITE

Editor—D. M. THOMSON.

No. VII. FEBRUARY 1906

THE EDITORSHIP.

DEAR FELLOW LEVITES,

With this Number we retire from the Editorship. Time and not inclination is our master, so we have no option. Our term of office will ever remain to us a pleasant retrospect; we have but to remember the kindly guidance of our senior Club officials; the support oft repeated of our contributors and of the School's spectral G.O.M. (!); and the value which our readers everywhere have been good enough to place upon the services of *The Levite* to the Club. In cordially thanking you, we cannot wish better than that these experiences, eloquent of a freemasonry wherever the name of Levite is borne throughout the world, may be that of our successor, Mr C. Gustave C. Meister, a Levite of 1897. We now bid you farewell.

Yours sincerely,

THE EDITOR.

A CURE FOR BLACK MAGIC.

This story relates how a certain youth, who shall be nameless, but whom, for our own purpose and to prevent any possibility of recognition, we shall call Beefy-fiddy-shee-shee, was cured of the pernicious habit of mesmerism. As we have not heard that the lad aforesaid has again indulged his early propensities, or has distinguished himself in this particular line in later life, we conclude that the cure has proved to be permanent, as indeed it well deserved to be.

Many years ago, then, in a certain Institution, there existed a boy of a vivid and morbid imagination, on whose dark and brooding mind black magic, witchcraft, and the teachings of Mesmer had obtained the strongest kind of hold. It was commonly reported that in the silence of the night he held communion with the spirit world, and that on one occasion a boy, awakening from sleep, beheld him sitting in the middle of the Wee Room, while lurid blue flames played around him, rising and falling with the motion of his extended hands. Strange mutterings and incantations came from his

lips—the oft-repeated Beefy-fiddy-shee-shee, from which he afterwards derived his nickname, being easily distinguishable. Needless to say, the boy who beheld these things fell at once into convulsions, and had to be dosed with Gregory's Mixture out of a cod-liver-oil glass. "Tit" and other endearing epithets were applied to him, and in the morning Mossy's services were called into requisition.* The next time this boy was seized with convulsions he did not say anything about it.

An air of brooding mystery came in time to hang over the school. Boys repeated to each other with bated breath the mystic words, and strange shrieks and groans were heard in the corridors at night. Contrary to all precedent, morning and evening chapel were welcomed by the boys as being the only place where they were secure from evil influences.

Amidst these signs and portents the mesmerist plied his dark and mysterious trade, seducing small and ignorant victims by bribes and sweets from his weekly "list," which were commonly reported to turn into dust and ashes in the mouths of the eaters. They also emitted blue sparks, to which fact we can ourselves testify. The methods of the magician were these. The subjects to be experimented on were placed for a time before a fire, on which they were told to concentrate their gaze. Having been reduced by this means to a condition of somnolency, they were led by the mesmerist to a dark corner and laid upon a bench, the head pointing to the east. Amidst a breathless hush the operator proceeded to make mystic passes before the eyes of the victim, and to trace cabalistic signs upon his forehead, muttering the while his uncanny incantations. Presently he ceased, and bending forwards, proceeded to interrogate the subject as to the strange sights which he was now permitted to gaze upon. Where are you? What do you see? What are you doing? The replies in weird blood-curdling accents were listened to in breathless silence by the awestruck beholders. Presently the subject was awakened to testify to the mysterious powers of the mesmerist.

Thus it went on, and awe and dread spread abroad through the school, till one day a boy volunteered himself as a subject for the mesmeric experiment. He was a large muscular lad, the centre-forward of the football team, and had hitherto expressed incredulity as to the powers possessed by the magician. His conversion, following upon a long period of abstracted thought on his part, was eagerly welcomed by those at whom he had been used to scoff. Having undergone the fiery ordeal he was led to the now famous corner, and placed upon the bench.

* To complete his recovery.

"Where are you?"—"I am at Raeburn Place." "What do you see?"—"I see a great crowd of people, and in the middle of them an International Match is going on. I see the English forwards charging with fury upon the devoted back. I see the ball flying over the goal posts. All around me are the supporters of the English. They cheer and press upon me."——Silence for a space ——. Then the voice of the mesmerist: "What are you doing?"—"Fighting!!!" One blow upon the waistcoat where the midriff reaches the chest wall, and the mesmerist is lying on his back, while shriek upon shriek rend the evening silence. One moment he lies, then rushes forth into the darkness and is seen no more—till bedtime—while the smell of brimstone greets the nostrils of the bystanders.

Groans and shrieks are heard no more in that Institution. Blue flames are but a legend of the past, and the only sounds which break the silence of the night are the footsteps of the "Bricklayer" as he paces the deserted corridors.

G. A. J.

J.W.I. THEATRICALS.

A letter from an old friend who was, I think, B 1 when I was C 1, and the recent article on this subject in *The Levite*, have set me meditating over that performance of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." Perhaps the topic is of more than ordinary interest to me, as I am the only Levite, so far as I can learn, who ever became a real, live actor; and I find myself wondering where the different mummers of that day are now, and what they are doing.

The bright, particular star of "Ali Baba" was George Ramage, who not only painted the scenery very cleverly (painted it on the library floor too!) but also donned skirts, played Morgiana, and sang charmingly *inter alia*, "She may go-o, she may go-o, she may go to Hong-Ko-ong for me!" I can remember Mr Rowe's reproving him for hesitating over some answer in school a few days later, saying: "Taat! boy! you remembered everything easily enough in the 'Forty Thieves' the other night!" Ramage in those days was full of the dramatic. It was his delight to lure me into the dark washroom o' winter nights and recite Hamlet's interview with his father's spirit to me with blood-curd'ing effect; and I shall never forget how my very soul bathed in perfect bliss when he allowed me to pipe up with Hamlet's few lines in the scene; nor how, on one occasion when, in my eagerness, I remarked, "Alas! poor ghost!" a trifle

ahead of time, he growled "Not yet, ye fool!" and resumed the uneven alto of his way.

On my last visit to Edinburgh in 1889 or 1890, Mr Rowe told me that Ramage had become a naturalist (not a dramatic one) and was, I think, in South America; and I recalled then how he used to dissect and stuff mice, bats and other fearful wild fowl. Perhaps coming events were casting their shadows even then.

Then there were Duncan Abel, who played Ali Baba; "Sandy" Moffat, who played—I forget what; J. S. Waterstone, who reminded me by letter recently (needlessly, for I remember it well) how in playing Cassim Baba he filled in an unexpected gap in the proceedings by comical attempts to pack everything in sight, including a large table, in a small sack he carried. The brothers Park were in it, and I think Jackson and Claude Balfour. The rest I have forgotten, save that I played Ganem, Ali Baba's son, and that we were very proud of a pun we placed on the programme: "Ganem, Ali's son," and then my name. Those were the palmy days of the pun. I even remember to this day two lines of that Pantomime—it had just been done at the old Theatre Royal—:

"But oh! I do declare it makes me sad
To see the Ross Fountain going to the bad."

I am some 4000 miles from the Ross Fountain as I write this, but I know of few things that would give me greater pleasure than to see it again, and, incidentally, after many years hard work as an actor, to revisit the scenes of our early dramatic triumphs in the long playroom.

GEORGE ALISON, C 1, 1875-81.

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

The Council, in presenting its Seventh Annual Report to the Members, has the pleasure to report further progress during the past year towards fulfilling the objects of the Club.

Much pleasure was derived from the four meetings which were held by the Club this year, and to this may in a measure be attributed the ready response which the Club circle made in the summer to the movement to set on foot an athletic section. Cricket was at first the form of sport decided upon, but circumstances were against this meantime, and lawn tennis was taken up with better promise of success. The latter sport has the additional attractiveness of including the members of the Girls' Association within its scope. A report

of the Committee of the Lawn Tennis Club, laid before the Council, records that the Tennis Club was formed on 13th October 1905, and the following Office-Bearers were elected :—*President*, Dr W. Vernor Sinclair ; *Secretary and Treasurer*, Gordon G. Jolly ; *Committee*, Miss Ethel M. Watson and Miss Alice Duffus, Charles S. Brown and George W. C. Laidlaw. The Membership is to be restricted to the Members of the Old Boys' Club and Girls' Association, and already thirty names of those willing to join have been handed in to the Secretary. The Council warmly approves of the action which the Tennis Club has taken, and urges upon the Members in general to give the scheme their hearty support.

The Council further gives its cordial approval to the publication of *The Levite*, and expresses its conviction that this feeling is reciprocated by all whom the Magazine reaches.

In view of the recent retiral of Sir Charles B. Logan from the offices of Deputy Keeper of the Signet and also of Honorary President of the Club, the Council tendered to him its sincere thanks for his interest in our movement, and he has kindly allowed his name to be added to our Honorary Membership.

The new Deputy Keeper, George M. Paul, Esq., has been elected the Honorary President of the Club, which office he has been pleased to accept.

The Council has also to report that Mr H. K. Grant has resigned the Local Secretaryship for the North of Scotland on his removal to Edinburgh, and expresses its thanks for his services.

It is gratifying to note that the Membership of the Club is still increasing, seven new Members having joined during the year, while two ordinary Members have transferred to Life Membership. The total Membership is 150, inclusive of ten Life Members.

In submitting the Treasurer's Cash Abstract, the Council draws the attention of the Members to the Reserve Fund, which was instituted at the Sixth Annual Meeting and created by the withdrawal of £10, 10s. from the ordinary funds. It is hoped that the Club may, through this channel, give even more practical proof than hitherto of its interest in the School, and, as the fund is to be built up by Life Members' subscriptions and special donations, the Council commends this matter to the Members.

As indicated in the sixth Report, the individual Members, in addition to the Club, are adding to the Prize List of the Institution. On the Vacation Day in July last the following prizes were presented on behalf of the old boys :—The Club's

silver medal to John Robertson, dux of the school; the prize to the best gymnast awarded for the second time to James T. Campbell; the foreign members' prize for the best essay on Colonial Life to Thomas Peddie and Anna Speirs (equal); and Mr Donaldson's prize for gardening shared by Ruth Millar and Josephine Mackintosh.

The Council again records its appreciation of the kindness shown by Mr Langhorne and Miss Murray to the Club.

By order of the Council,

D. M. THOMSON,
Secretary and Treasurer.

1st December 1905.

TREASURER'S CASH ABSTRACT.

RESERVE FUND.

To sum transferred from Current Account	£10	10	0	By Balance on hand	£14 14 0
To Life Subscriptions (2) ...	4	4	0		
	£14	14	0		£14 14 0

ORDINARY REVENUE.

To Balance from last year				£39	7	10	By Stationery A/c.	£1 17 9
To Subscriptions—							By Printing A/c.	0 16 6
13 at 2/6 for 1904	£1	12	6				By Postages ...	4 6 6
98 at 2/6 for 1905	12	5	0				By Honorarium to Secretary ...	5 5 0
2 at 3/- for 1905	0	6	0				By *The Levite*—	
7 at 2/6 for 1906	0	17	6				Fifth Number	6 0 0
New Members.							Sixth Number	6 15 9
2 at 2/6 for 1905	0	5	0				By Four Prizes ...	4 1 0
5 at 2/6 for 1906	0	12	6				By Incidentals ...	2 10 0
Honorary Member.								£31 12 6
1 at 20/- ...	1	0	0				By sum transferred to Reserve Fund...	10 10 0
				16	18	6	By Arrears of Subscriptions at this date—15 at 2/6	1 17 6
To Two Prizes...				2	1	0		
To *The Levite*—							By Balance in Current Account	24 2 5
Advertisements				3	0	0		
Sale of copies				4	12	6		
To Bank Interest				0	5	1		
To Unpaid Subscriptions—								
15 for 1905				1	17	6		
				£68	2	5		£68 2 5

EDINBURGH, *4th December* 1905.—I have examined the Books and Accounts of THE JOHN WATSON CLUB, and certify that the foregoing Abstract is correct.
HENRY ROBERTSON, S.S.C.

SEVENTH ANNUAL REUNION.

The scenes at John Watson's where the Levites led the simple life in their early days were revisited by them on Saturday, 23rd December last. Mr and Mrs Rowe were too far distant to come, but Mr Langhorne favoured us with his company, as also the Rev. Dr and Mrs Williamson, and Mr and Mrs Dickson. The old boys present were :—

G. W. Crawford, Professor Stevenson, C. S. Brown, W. Muirhead, Rev. D. G. Hamilton, J. Vost, W. G. Middleton, A. A. Stewart, D. M. Thomson, H. K. Grant, G. A. Jolly, J. Ross, D. S. Ross, Dr C. M'Neil, S. Nairne, C. G. C. Meister, J. N. R. MacQueen, R. H. Gibson, J. O. Naismith, G. W. C. Laidlaw, A. J. Roger, G. G. Jolly, J. R. Davidson, D. F. Laing and R. Mearns.

At five o'clock the old boys, of whom twenty-five were present, held their business meeting in the Master's Room under the chairmanship of the President. They gave their approval to the Minutes of the Sixth Annual Meeting and to the Council's Report for the year, adding to the latter the recommendation that the relations of the Tennis Club to the parent Club be further considered by the Council. The office-bearers for the ensuing year were then elected, but, as will be noticed from "Club Talk," several changes have occurred since then. The amended list is printed on page 135. It was cordially agreed that the Club again offer two prizes to the Institution, and a vote of thanks was accorded to the Foreign Members and Mr Ken. Donaldson for their offer of two prizes. The thanks of the meeting to the office-bearers and to the chairman terminated the proceedings.

The old boys now adjourned to the dining room where an excellent repast was partaken. On all sides queries were made about old friends now in all quarters of the world. But after the loyal toast had been duly honoured, South Africa was writ large over the rest of the speeches. Professor Stevenson in proposing "The Club" set the ball rolling by recounting how an old boy had recently gained a good public appointment in the Transvaal through the influence of another Levite. In his reply Mr Stanley Nairne satisfactorily (!) accounted for his brother's absence at the dinner, by remarking that his marriage had taken place two days before. "The School," as proposed by Mr C. S. Brown, was a series of portraits of his contemporaries, whose originalities were good-humouredly hit off. There was, for instance, the boy who alone out of fifty-four others parted his hair down the centre. There was another boy, now in South Africa, who always spoke in a husky whisper in the class room—especially on such an occasion as when Mr Dickson drew on the black-

board for his benefit a figure from Euclid *upside down*—but who displayed wonderful lung power in the playground. The toast was coupled with the name of Mr Dickson, who effectively replied. Mr Muirhead fulfilled the pleasant duty of proposing the health of the chairman, and the Rev. Mr Hamilton replied.

Upstairs we now wended our way to the At Home, and in greeting our hostess, Miss Murray, and her guests, the members of the Girls' Association, we rose collectively to the occasion! This occasioned a merriment before which formality was short lived, and the dance which followed was as enjoyable as ever. It was with hearty good wishes to our hostess that the evening eventually broke up.

THIRD KIRKING.

Our winter reunions would not now be complete if we did not attend, as we did last Christmas eve, at the Dean Church. The Rev. Dr Williamson, from the pulpit, saw a large assembly of the old pupils in the School Gallery, and his thoughts towards us found expression in a kindly reference in the service to our welfare. The service was mostly choral, the choir rendering Christmas Carols, and the Doctor gave, in place of a sermon, an interesting account of the word "carol" in all its meanings down the centuries.

ROUND THE WORLD.

(*Continued.*)

One day in Rio de Janeiro I happened to stroll away from the landing stage, and walked through a merchant's office to gain the road when I found myself locked in by one of those automatic gates, and soon a nigger espied me and began "bombarding" me, as Alf Shanks used to express it, with a stick. On my retaliating, he retreated to an office surrounded by glass windows. I got him inside this place, when some of the other fellows hearing the noise came in and stopped the fun. I don't reckon I am square with that nigger yet!

We lay two months in Rio before we got orders to proceed in ballast to Newcastle, New South Wales. About a week out from Rio we caught a few sharks, small things about seventeen or eighteen feet long, quite tame, I assure you! They only bit a 4/10 inch plank in two, which we used to ram down their throats, and broke sundry iron stanchions with their tails before Chips, the carpenter, could deal them

their death blow. He watched his opportunity and cut the backbone at the tail,—that finished them almost at once.

We had reached the Cape, when bad weather set in. I think of those days when you would hear the mate sing out, perhaps at one o'clock in the morning, "All hands on deck," you would crawl out of your snug bunk, get into wet shiney clothes, wet oilskins and wet seaboots. Getting out on deck, the first greeting you would receive would be a sea of about twenty tons of water over the top of you. Naturally you would hold on and wait for a minute, and when your chance came, you would make your way aft, where you would most likely hear some of the sailors singing a shanty clewing up a topsail. You would stand there, too, pulling for all you are worth with the green seas tumbling about you. Next, the order "Belay" would ring out and all hands would make a scramble for the rigging to lay aloft and make it fast. Its a nice sensation being up aloft about 150 feet above the deck, and the ship rolling about 20 degrees on each side, to say nothing of the water running down your neck. The romance of it all wears off and you say to yourself, "I might be at home now in a comfortable bed." Everybody *says* it will be his last voyage to sea, but, strange to say, they still go.

Six weeks of this and we hove in sight of Tasmania, where we raced with another ship, the *Celtic Monarch*, into Newcastle. We arrived twenty minutes ahead.

Well, in Newcastle, N.S.W., we loaded 3500 tons of coal for San Francisco, where we proceeded with seven or eight other vessels, amongst which was the ship *The Republic*, which blew up two hundred miles outside Frisco, the coal having caught fire by spontaneous combustion. All hands were saved by another ship, named the *Hollingwood*. When a week inside Frisco harbour, the *Blairmore*, a sister ship to the *Craigmore*, capsized or turned turtle, and there were drowned the mate, five men, and one apprentice. A large subscription was raised in Frisco for their widows.

We all paid a visit to the underground city in Frisco, where there are some sights you can only see in such a place. Men and women were lying drugged with opium and morphia, who had been the victims of some robbery. The keepers of these dens are mostly all Chinese. One has to be very careful and to have a couple of guides, or the next thing you know of is that you are added to the list. We also went up to Chinatown, where we lost ourselves somewhere around "Chaoutivaheaulioau Street," I think it was called. I wouldn't be quite sure about the last two syllables, but it is something like that. We asked several bland Chinamen

"the wayee shipee," but the answer always was "Donte knowee wayee shipee." We wandered around till about three o'clock in the morning, and suddenly struck a street which one of our number recognised, but it turned out to be an illusion. We however managed to fetch up somehow on board to start work in the morning at six o'clock.

We used to get a great number of intellectual jobs, such as chipping iron rust, cleaning brasswork, cleaning poultry out, &c. I reckon I am qualified as a farmer now. The ideal sea life of walking up and down the decks with a telescope and sweeping the horizon for any passing craft is a thing you only read about. I wish I could get hold of the man who wrote that nice little ballad, "A Life on the Ocean Wave." I think a trip across to Aberdour and back would be the extent of his sea knowledge. A good trip round the Horn would put him so that he wouldn't be able to look salt water in the face again.

We loaded a cargo of grain and got orders to proceed to Falmouth. Needless to say we were all delighted to get home again. We had rather a rough time round the Horn, where we were hove to for three days. The seas about the Horn run to the height of seventy to eighty feet and about three or four hundred feet between each sea. Many a good ship gets overpowered with the quantity of water she ships and founders with all hands.

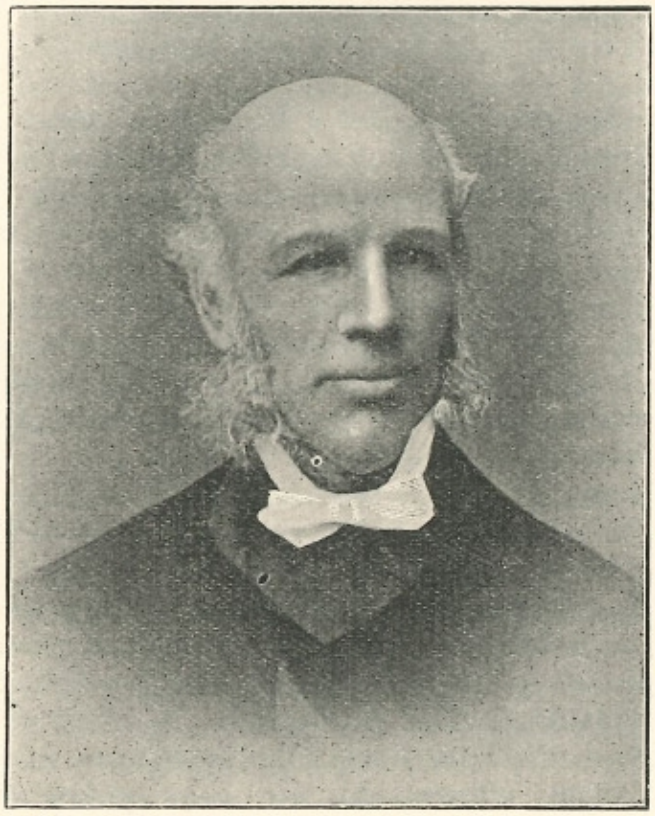
After seventy days we sighted the Western Islands, and in eight more days we were anchored in Falmouth.

Some decent food was our one, only and first thought when we landed, and no wonder, when one remembers that we had been at sea for two and a half months. We straightway purchased eight tins of sardines, half-a-dozen loaves, one Dutch cheese, and four tins of condensed milk, one German sausage as big as a boa constrictor, two ducks as large as door-mats and as tough, and some entrees I can't now remember. We did ample justice to this royal fare; and when we added the condensed milk to our tea that night, our memory brought up reminiscences of the old dun cow in the yard at home. One fellow couldn't get away with the things quick enough, and went in for, what he called, double-deckers, such as sausage, sardines and anchovy sauce all mixed up. I always thought that chap had a heart like a lion to tackle that lot, but there is no saying what an apprentice will and can do after a two years' trip at sea.

We had orders to go to Dublin to discharge, where we all got a month's leave. This ended my first voyage.

D. M. M.

THE SECOND HEAD MASTER.



From a Photograph.

THE REV. JOHN FORBES, LL.D.

When the school was resumed after the midsummer holidays in 1841, we missed the genial Head Master, Charles Marshall. His place was filled by another, the Rev. John Forbes, LL.D., whom all of us soon learned to love and to admire. My own heart warms to that dignified and kindly countenance, which brings vividly before me a thousand memories of one to whom I never felt in the relation of pupil to a master so much as of child to a father. The influence of Dr. Forbes alike on the pupils, the under teachers, and on the entire personnel of the Institution was most marked. On this matter I speak strongly, as I feel. The event of John Watson's securing the services of such a man was a singularly happy one. A polished gentleman, a kind disciplinarian, an accomplished scholar, he was also eminently a man of humble walk with God, and was the interested friend and helper of every one under his care.

Personally, I can say that of men I have known during my life, and to whom I am indebted for influence on my character, Dr Forbes holds a place all his own. It was my privilege to know him during six years at John Watson's,

and thereafter for a longer period as friend and adviser during my college course. To his Bible lessons, while his pupil, I owe more for whatever insight I have into the Word of God, than to all that theological seminaries subsequently did for me.

My first remembrance of Dr Forbes is connected with a marked improvement in the moral condition of the school. Whether it was that the mere change of rule had an unsettling effect or from whatever cause I know not, but certainly there was something in the earliest years I remember which called for improvement. Sharp measures were needed. Nor did Dr Forbes fail here as a disciplinarian. His hand soon began to tell; and as a set of unruly lads became thinned out or subdued, the school became an immensely more enjoyable home.

John Watson's enjoyed the services of Dr Forbes during the very prime of his life. He came at the age of thirty-nine, having been born in the old Manse of Boharn in 1802, his father having become minister of that charge in 1800. He was first educated by his father, Dr Patrick Forbes, and went to Marischal College, Aberdeen, at the age of thirteen, in the year of Waterloo. He graduated in 1819, and studied divinity at Marischal and King's Colleges, and was licensed in 1823. He was afterwards for four years engaged as classical master in a school at Blackheath, London. It is interesting here to speak of his association with the brilliant and eccentric John Stuart Blackie. Forbes was the senior of Blackie by seven years. They met at Marischal College, and both having completed their divinity studies, tho' I doubt whether Blackie ever took licence, it was arranged that they should spend two years in Germany together, Forbes' younger brother Francis forming a third member of the party. The three young Scotsmen travelled from Aberdeen to Edinburgh by coach, sailed from Leith to Hamburg, and thence made their way to Göttingen. There they spent six months, Blackie eagerly mastering the German language. The session at Göttingen passed, the young Scotsmen agreed to begin their holidays with a walking tour in the Hertz Mountains. Before they had proceeded far the Forbeses voted for going off to Leipzig Fair. Blackie resolved on seeing more of the mountains. The trio now divided. The Forbeses returned for another term to Göttingen, and Blackie for six months to Berlin. There he listened to several able professors, and from Neander he received a greater boon than any course of lectures. This was an introductory letter to the "Baron Van Bunsen," who was then acting as Prussian Ambassador at the Papal Court. At Rome he

delivered the letter, and the result was a lengthened friendship, which had such happy effects on Blackie's career, that readers of *The Levite* will here pardon a quotation.

Recalling those days Blackie expresses a sentiment which describes most happily my own memory of Forbes, and the quotation is perhaps the more permissible, having personally known them both, Forbes and Blackie, and having the pleasantest sense of the inspiration and stimulus due to both, though the men were in many ways so very different. It is speaking of Van Bunsen that Blackie says :—

"Familiar intercourse with a noble, well-rounded, and highly cultured man is the greatest piece of good fortune that can happen to a young man in his entrance on life. This good fortune was mine ; and I advise all young men to pray for no higher blessing than the reverential and loving fellowship with such a man, to whom he may look up to daily, and grow by his gracious influence, as the flower looks up to the sun, and grows with the brightness of the summer."

Forbes returned for another year to Göttingen, and had an interview with Goethe at Weimar, as Blackie formed the friendship of Van Bunsen. He also stayed some time in Italy and Paris, and, returning to Aberdeen, opened an Academy, first at Sunnybank, and then at Chanonry House. Subsequently he travelled with a young gentleman, visiting Greece, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, Turkey and other countries. These were some of his antecedents to coming to John Watson's.

He frequently entertained us boys with narratives of his sight-seeings and adventures ; his ride to the battlefield of Marathon, his ascent of Mount Lebanon, his being caught in a hail storm in the Bosphorus, or in the swollen wadies of Palestine, are among the things I can still remember. He demonstrated the idolatry of the ancient Egyptians by showing us a mummied cat from one of the tombs, and which a little girl in the school would have appropriated for a plaything. He loved to unbend, and on fitting occasions we looked for his comic song, "The Cork Leg."

Dr Forbes kept up during life his University studies to an extent altogether exceptional among ministers as a class. During his last winter or two at John Watson's he also acted as interim professor of Hebrew in the Edinburgh University.

From the playground we boys used to watch, during these happy days, the goodly structure of Donaldson's Hospital rising on the other side of the Water of Leith, not knowing it was soon to appropriate our honoured Head Master. But so it proved. In 1850 he was appointed the first House Governor there. On his leaving the Institution

the Directors acknowledged his long and valued services with a presentation of a piece of plate.

In 1879 he was appointed by the Crown to be Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Aberdeen, a position which he held for seventeen years. He was the author of several works of learning and research. In the preface of what I suppose is his last, published in 1890, he expresses the deepest and most sincere gratitude for health and strength granted "at the advanced age of eighty-seven to complete at length my commentary on Isaiah's Last Prophecy." He died in his ninety-seventh year on the 30th January 1899. He enjoyed excellent health till within a few days of his death, and retained his faculties unimpaired to the end.

J. M'CARTER.

A MOTOR PROBLEM.

The following problem, from *The Pall Mall Gazette*, is so easily solved that the boys of the "big table" at school will wish its kind were to be found in their algebras! The problem is to be viewed from the standpoint of a mathematician who is exercised in mind over the probabilities and contingencies of a tour in a motor car. It is as follows:—

Let m be the driver of a motor car, working with velocity v; if a sufficiently high value be given to v it will ultimately reach pc. In most cases v will then $= o$. For low values of v, pc may be neglected; but if v be large it will generally be necessary to square pc, after which it will again assume a positive value.

By a well-known elementary theorem $pc + lsd = (pc)^2$, but the quadrature may be sometimes effected by substituting x^3 $(= x\,x\,x)$ for lsd. This is preferable if lsd is small with regard to m. If lsd be made sufficiently large pc will vanish.

Now, if jp be constituted for pc (which may happen if the difference between m and pc be large) the solution of the problem is more difficult, because no value of lsd can be found to effect the quadrature of jp, for, as is well known, $(jp)^2$ is an impossible quantity. The quantity jp is often irrational and may result in a totally arbitrary value being assigned to v, differing largely from the real value. The equation can only be solved by the use of *logs*, but they must be used with care.

TO THE GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

JOHN WATSON'S INSTITUTION.

DEAR FRIENDS,

Again we have the pleasure of indulging in a chat with you as we enter upon the third year of the Association's existence.

Judging from the interest taken in the business meeting held before the "At Home" on 23rd December last, I think we may safely conclude that the Association is to flourish. Miss Gellatly reported the Membership to be 125, while we had a balance on hand of £4, 2s. 6d., after deducting our expenses for the year of £6, 9s. 7d. from our income of £10, 12s. 1d. Two new Members of Council were elected, and we take this opportunity in the name of the Council of thanking the retiring Members, Mrs Elliot Roddick and Miss Stewart for their willing services. Of the business discussed, two motions related to "Joint interests between the Boys' Club and the Association" and "How best to be helpful as an Association." More on the latter subject will soon be heard from Misses Peters and Bruce, who were appointed by the Meeting to ascertain the opinion of the Members.

Attention was also drawn of Members, especially "stay-at-home" ones, to a very enjoyable Reading Union, suitable to all ages and tastes, particulars of which are enclosed with the Magazine.

When our friends of the Club read all this, they will better understand how "for one passing moment" the Members almost forgot (?) the more important engagement to follow.

The business did at length come to an end, and the remainder of the evening was given up as usual to pleasant intercourse with old friends and comrades, who gathered in goodly numbers. If, however, another motion be adopted, namely, that "Hostesses be invited for next year's guests," we should see still more of our country members present in future gatherings. Trusting this may prove to be the case.

With kindest regards to all.

I am, Yours sincerely,

E. MURRAY,
President.

CLUB TALK.

Who will write the words for a school song? We have already received offers to compose the music.

G. W. Crawford was honoured recently by being elected a member of the Society of British Composers. He is the conductor of two Orchestras, Principal Lecturer on Mechanical Engineering at Leith Technical College, and Vice-President of three Associations as well as of the Club. A busy man!

Notwithstanding many "irons in the fire" Mr Crawford has been most ungrudging with his time and services in promoting the welfare of the Club since its genesis, but he at last finds it necessary to resign the Vice-Presidentship.

The Council on 26th January last appointed William Muirhead a Member of Council, to the Vice-Presidentship vacated by Mr Crawford.

The new Editor, C. Gustave C. Meister, succeeds Mr Muirhead as a Member of Council.

The retiral at the end of last session of Mr John Robson, the "father" of the staff of George Watson's College, has its interest to John Watsonians. He was a teacher at the Institution for four years to 1866, and four years later, when George Watson's was converted into a day school, he became associated with Dr Ogilvie first as a teacher of Modern Languages, and then as a Classical Master.

While sitting on the slope of Arthur's Seat at the Royal Review on 18th September last we reckoned up the number of Levites present that day on parade. By the Grand Stand there was Captain Vernor Sinclair, R.A.M.C. Militia, as medical officer in charge of No. 1 Dressing Station; while on our right, on Whinny Knowe, Bombardier J. O. Naismith and Corporal G. G. Jolly were serving the guns of No. 2 (University) Battery, 1st E.C.R.G.A. (Vols.) in the royal salutes. In the march past there were Trooper J. N. R. MacQueen in the Lothians and Berwickshire Imperial Yeomanry, and Trooper A. A. Rennie in the 1st Dumbarton Rifle Volunteers (Mounted Company), Corporal G. W. C. Laidlaw and Corporal T. A. Thornton in the 9th V.B. (Highlanders) Royal Scots, Private D. S. Burnet in the 7th V.B. (Haddington) Royal Scots, and Private J. MacLean in the 1st V.B. Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.

Hearty congratulations to Donald J. Boyd on his appointment as District Judge of Hoshianpur.

A recent visitor at the School was Donald M. MacGregor, who acted as a war correspondent for an American paper in the Russo-Japanese War.

James Ross, Ronald Mearns and William Cuthbert are all members of the Watsonian Cross Country Club.

At the recent Reunion Dr Charles M'Neil made the interesting discovery that Dr Oliver Smith, the other resident physician with him in Sir Thomas Fraser's Ward in the Royal Infirmary, was an old boy who left the Institution when only about ten years old! Gordon G. Jolly is "clerk" in the same ward!

The pleasant connection between Douglas G. Sanderson and J. N. R. MacQueen in amateur theatricals, dating from their "long-playroom days," was only recently broken by the former's departure to Bombay. They were members of the Windsor Dramatic Club, of which Sanderson was the originator.

Last season George Mackintosh and James MacLean both played for the Inverness Cricket Club. Mackintosh had the best bowling average (5.01) in the team.

Last autumn Harry C. M'Ewen went out to Burmah, where William J. Peters recently followed him.

Leonard W. Henry of Fettes College has been elected to an open classical scholarship of £80 a year at Brasenose College, Oxford.

George Mackintosh writes :—"One Saturday in December last I took a walk up to Duthie Park, Aberdeen, to watch a rugby match, and hearing the onlookers speak of a "Massie," I looked about and recognised Ian! He played a good game."

W. Alister Alexander may be seen drilling in the ranks of George Watson's College Cadet Corps, formed this winter.

A meeting which Thomas Peddie and Douglas S. Brydie anticipate next summer is a cricket fixture between their present schools, Perth Academy and Cliftonbank School, St. Andrews.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The Session began on September 21st with a roll of fifty-two boys and forty-two girls.

One poor little fellow, David Steele, died at the Institution after an illness of four days' length. It was his first session, and he was only nine and a half years of age.

Mr W. H. Anderton resigned his post as a Teacher at the Institution, having better prospects elsewhere.

His place has been taken by Mr E. A. Miller.

The School Fifteen are—J. Thomson ; F. Burnet (captain), S. Collins, J. Crawford, G. Simpson ; C. Cuthbert, P. Alexander ; L. Durno, D. Collins, H. M'Donald, A. Linton, L. Pattullo, D. Morison, J. Rodger and H. Welch.

The Football results to hand are :

3rd High School, 53 pts. *v.* J.W.I., 0 pts., at Corstorphine.
3rd Daniel Stewart's, 8 pts. *v.* J.W.I., 9 pts., at Inverleith.
(M'Donald, 1 try ; Burnet, 1 try, 1 penalty.)
3rd George Heriot's, 5 pts. *v.* J.W.I., 7 pts., at home.
(Burnet, 1 try, 1 dropped goal.)
2nd Daniel Stewart's, 42 pts. *v.* J.W.I., 0 pts., at Inverleith.
Do. do., 19 pts. *v.* J.W.I., 0 pts., at home.

There was the usual exeat for Hallowe'en.

The Directors were kind enough to secure the services of Mr Letta, conjuror and ventriloquist, for a Christmas treat on December 20th. The Deputy Keeper and Mrs Paul were present ; as also Sir Colin Macrae, Mr Rutherfurd, Mr James Bruce and Miss Bruce, and Mr and Mrs Hugh Patten. Other interests of the Institution were represented by Dr and Mrs Williamson, Miss Dunsmure, Mr J. de D. Kunz and Mr J. I. Noble. The performance was very successful. A small share of the credit belongs to Graeme Gilray for taking the usually thankless part of "one of the audience."

After the Christmas holidays School recommenced on January 9th.

Several boys were again remembered by old pupils with further gifts of foreign stamps.

THE JOHN WATSON CLUB.

1905-1906.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

Honorary President—GEORGE M. PAUL, D.K.S.

President—The Rev. DAVID G. HAMILTON, M.A.

Vice-Presidents—CHARLES S. BROWN and WILLIAM MUIRHEAD.

Secretary and Treasurer—DAVID M. THOMSON.

Members of Council—Dr CHARLES M'NEIL, JOHN O. NAISMITH, JAMES ROSS, GORDON G. JOLLY and C. GUSTAVE C. MEISTER.

Ex-officio Members of Council—THE LOCAL SECRETARIES.

Honorary Members—Sir CHARLES B. LOGAN, W.S., HEW H. CRICHTON, W.S., HUGH PATTEN, W.S., GEORGE ROWE, B.A., and JOHN LANGHORNE, M.A.

ALTERATIONS OF ADDRESSES OF CLUB MEMBERS

Since 1st August 1905.

Levite of		
		Life Member *
1871	FINLAYSON,	Lieut.-Col. ROBERT A., 4 Adelaide Mansions, Brighton.
1881	TURNER,	ARCH. B., Tombain, by Aviemore, N.B.
*1881	ALISON,	GEORGE, 173 Lexington Street, East Boston, Mass.
1882	MUIRHEAD,	JAMES, 67 Devonshire Road, Palmer's Green, London, N.
1883	SAXBY,	HORACE D., South African Constabulary, Pokwani, *via* Belfast, Transvaal.
1886	VOST,	JAMES, B.Sc., Messrs Richardsons, Westgarth & Co. Ltd., Engineers, Middlesborough.
1891	NAIRNE,	CHARLES J., 34 Richmondhill Place, Aberdeen.
1894	ANDERSON,	JOHN F., M.A., 156 Mid Street, Keith.
1896	SANDERSON,	DOUGLAS G., Messrs Cutler, Palmer & Co., 15 Elphinstone Circle, Bombay.
1896	BOE,	JAS. H. STEELE, London and River Plate Bank Ltd., Buenos Aires.
1897	MACKINTOSH,	GEORGE, c/o Ord, 29 Caledonian Place, Aberdeen.
*1898	GIBSON,	R. HALLIDAY, Argyll House, Dollar.
1900	ST CLAIR,	SYDNEY F., 26 Rankeillor Street, Edinburgh.
1901	SMART,	BASIL, c/o Mrs Hunter, Mintona, Manitoba.
1901	ANDERSON,	ROBERT B., The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Wiarton, Ontario.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF NEW CLUB MEMBERS

Admitted since 1st February 1905.

Life, formerly Ordinary Member†*

*†1881 ALISON, GEORGE, 173 Lexington Street, East Boston, Mass.
1905 ROBERTSON, JOHN, Brandon Lodge, Hamilton.
1905 PEDDIE, THOMAS, Gilloch Hall, Bridge of Earn.
1905 CAMPBELL, JAMES T., 6 Melgund Terrace, Edinburgh.
1905 PRENTICE, JAMES D., Braeside, Jedburgh.
1905 MACKINTOSH,' CHARLES D., 1 Kerrsland Terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow, W.
1905 CRAWFORD, WILLIAM, 81 Morningside Drive, Edinburgh.

BIRTHS.

BALFOUR—At Foo Chow, China, on 12th October 1905, the wife of C. H. M. Balfour, Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, of a daughter.

BOYD—At Pretoria, on 7th January 1906, the wife of Dr J. J. Boyd, M.O.H. Pretoria, of a daughter.

SCOTT RIDDELL—At Edinburgh, on 9th September 1905, the wife of Henry Scott Riddell, of the Natal Bank Limited, of a son.

STIRLING—At Erskine United Free Manse, Kilwinning, on 30th October 1905, the wife of Rev. George Stirling (née Margaret H. Graham) of a daughter.

TAYLOR—At Tay Terrace, Dunkeld, on 30th October 1905, the wife of J. A. Taylor, M.B., C.M. Edin., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

BOYD-HOPE—At Lahore Cathedral, Punjaub, on 22nd November 1905, Donald James Boyd, Indian Civil Service, to Laura Caroline Hope, of 7 Drayton Gardens, London, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Louis and Mrs Hope.

MUIRHEAD-HADDEN—At Alexandra Hotel, Glasgow, on 14th September 1905, by the Rev. W. H. Rankine, B.D., Titwood Parish, Archibald C. Muirhead, to Margaret Watson, third daughter of the late William Hadden, Writer, Haddington.

NAIRNE-M'KERROW—At Station Hotel, Perth, on 21st December 1905, by the Rev. J. D. Carruthers, M.A., Chas. J. Nairne, Aberdeen, to Florence, daughter of Alexander M'Kerrow, Esq., Malta.

DEATH.

CHRYSTAL—At Ellore, India, on 18th January 1906, Walter F. Chrystal, second son of the late William Chrystal, Town-Clerk, Newburgh, Fife.

THE LEVITE

Editor—C. G. C. MEISTER.

No. VIII. AUGUST 1906

HOW TO DECLINE AN ADVERB.

I wonder how many old boys of the early nineties have pleasant recollections of the Latin hour in the Second Section, a delightful class which was held on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 11-1. Ah! these were festive days. The girls, safe at their sewing class, were not by to see the pleasantries which passed between a gentle master and his devoted pupils. Frequently the class was continued at 4.30, though sometimes on Fridays, we were requested to assemble again on the Saturday morning, especially if it were the Second Section Master's week on duty. The item generally left over for this impromptu class was the translation of a chapter of Caesar, and, curiously enough, this is the work I was never able to overtake at preparation. Of course, if one were lucky, there was little need to do so. The translation began at the top of the class, and it was not difficult for each boy to pick out the piece which would fall to his lot. He could then surreptitiously find out the meanings of the words and make a fair show when his turn came. Sometimes, too, the chapter was a short one, and the translation was soon exhausted, and then, starting afresh, a piece of revisal would fall to those near the tail end of the class, myself always included. I can well remember my relief when I had acquitted myself successfully, for the lot of the boy who stumbled over his Latin was not an enviable one. But I was to have a downfall.

One Saturday morning the boys of the Second Section were mustered in order that they might finish their Latin lesson of the previous day, I was very frightened, but trusted my luck would not desert me. I picked out my piece and began secretly to turn up the vocabulary. I soon knew most of the words, when, to my horror, on being asked a question which I could not answer, I was taken down a place and all my calculations were thrown out of joint. Almost immediately my turn came. I looked at the piece, but the words were quite unfamiliar, so I was silent. The Master said, "Look for the finite verb."—I found it.—He then said, "Look for its subject."—I found it.—He then said, "Look for its object."—I looked for it, but could not find it. Twice, each time in a more threatening tone, I was asked if I could not see a noun or pronoun in the accusative case, and at last

in sheer desperation I picked out the adverb, *jam*. There was a horrid pause. Some smiled, some turned pale on my account. "What is *jam?*" said our kind teacher. I neither knew nor cared, so I said, "A noun in the accusative case." "Decline it." "*Ja, Ja, Jam, Jae, Jae, Ja.*" Again there was a pause, and I could hear my heart beat. "X—," said the master at last, "I am sorry I punished you for not knowing your Latin. I had thought it was laziness, but I find now that it is stupidity, for which, of course, you are not responsible." The class, by this time grinning, was then dismissed.

And what were my feelings? Was I annihilated by the grave imputations on my mental capacity? Was I nervous at the thought of the ridicule and sneers which would be my lot downstairs? Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to confess that I was possessed with a delirious joy to have escaped whole-skinned from an apparently hopeless position.

PONDY.

EXTRACTS FROM A PROBATIONER'S DIARY.

Wednesday, Nov. 2.—Arrived at hospital this afternoon and was taken straight up to the matron's room. What a charming woman she is, tall and stately, with grey hair, kind eyes, and a soft voice. I wish I was as tall, but at least that pretty clean uniform is bound to make me look fresh and bright.

Thursday, Nov. 3.—What a frightful noise the night nurse made when she called me this morning at 5 30 a.m. I was wide awake, too, and quite ready to get up although it was pitch dark and very cold. Breakfast was rather bewildering: nurses to right of me; nurses to left of me; nurses all round me—but how they differed! Anyhow, I shall know the red-haired nurse again who wears her cap at right angles. I hadn't half finished breakfast when the nurse at the head of the table whom they call night sister got up to say grace, then everyone tramped off to their respective wards, each with a clean apron under her arm. I had reached my ward and was just going to look round, when an appallingly severe-looking nurse came up to me and said, "Just help Nurse J— make the beds on the left, clean the taps, and all brasses, scrub the bath, then sweep and dust the Lawrence and Edward wards." Before the last word was out of her mouth she was stripping a bed on the other side of the ward. Here was a day's work at which our housemaid

would have been insulted, and—"Come along, nurse, come along, what are you waiting for?" I heard Nurse J— calling. They make beds at the same rate as they take breakfast, and by the time we had reached the twelfth, I was breathless and speechless, and yet Nurse J— chatted away to the patients as she worked, a smile here, a pat there, and even where the greatest care was necessary she didn't seem much slower. Next I started on the brasses. Horrid things! They took ages to come bright and made me so hot. Then away to the bath-room; there I was rubbing away at the taps, when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and looking up, saw Matron and Sister. Matron said "Good morning, Nurse," but she looked unnaturally solemn, and Sister's expression was somewhat strained. I was just bending over the washing bowl once more, when I caught sight of myself in the glass. Oh! how dreadful I looked; hot face adorned with some black smears from the globe polish, cap beating a retreat, collar limp, hair escaping on all sides from my cap, and—but enough, I can't stand more in black and white.

Friday Nov. 4.—I was sent to a lecture to-day, but did not take as many notes as I expected. What a dear old Professor—but what words! I must go and buy a nurse's dictionary to-morrow. It strikes me I have a frightful lot to learn. Well I had better rub my poor feet with some methylated spirit, and then to sleep, for I find nights in hospital, to quote Omar, are but

"One moment in annihilation's waste,"

and then the voice of the night nurse proclaims

"The stars are setting,
Oh, make haste!"

Saturday, Nov. 5.—A fearful lot of dressings in the ward to-day. The stock of bandages ran out, and Sister told me to go to the out-patient theatre and ask the nurse there for some more, and "be quick about it." So off I went, but Nurse was not there. I opened every drawer I could see until I found some, and was back in no time. Half an hour later the out-patient staff came to our ward, and after speaking to Sister came and told me I had left five drawers open. She told me a lot of other things, too. Perhaps I was not meant for a nurse after all.

Sunday, Nov. 6.—I did expect a little respite to-day, but just as the chaplain was beginning service, one of the doctors telephoned to say that a case was coming in for immediate operation. So I was sent off for this and that, at everyone's beck and call, and finally Sister said I must go with her to the theatre as Nurse J— was off duty. I was rather pleased,

thinking I was really going to do some nursing at last, and I scrubbed my hands and arms quite merrily till they resembled raw meat juice.

So to the theatre we went, Sister telling me that all I had to do was to pick up swabs out of a glass jar with the forceps and hand them to the house surgeon.

First only the patient's breathing was heard, then stillness which was oppressive; no one spoke a word. Sister passed everything to the house surgeon without having to be asked. A few minutes later the surgeon took a small scalpel. There was a sharp quick sound. The surgeon's head grew misty; some one far away began to speak; the swab at the end of the forceps began to dance; then a voice in my ear said, "Go, go! get out quick!" I made for the door, got as far as the ward kitchen, and then—no more. When I sat up Sister was saying, "This will never do; pull yourself together, and when you feel better go and put hot bottles in the operation case's bed."

I felt ready to sob with vexation but the ward maid came over to me. "Never mind, Nurse," she said, "they often gits a turn that way at first; you'll git used to it, never fear. Why, I know one nurse as come out fairly 'owling the first time she went in." "You don't mean it," I said, and then added ruefully, "but she isn't here now." The ward maid bent down, and putting her hand to her mouth whispered, "Yes, she is. She's staff nurse in Wellington Ward." After that I felt I could go and fill those bottles.

April 2.—Can it be true I have been here six months to-day? I feel as if I had earned my holiday. I feel ten years older and wonder if I look it. Anyhow, I am sure the home folks will find me a wiser, if not a sadder maid.

BABY JANE.

THE JAUNT ROAD.

The ways of the world are innumerable, coming from nowhere, going nowhither, and ending ultimately where they began, yet in each and all of them what a mystery and charm! In fanciful mood, we imagine that to the old grey road, as well as to the hills, the streams, the woods, is its own haunting attendant spirit, ever present, but ever elusive, beckoning us on to the dim hills or the blue haze beyond the pine woods, but baffling us at

every turn. We catch rare glimpses of that melting form with her mystic and unfathomable eyes, now proud as she recalls the days when the pristine highway resounded boldly to the tramp of the Roman legions, now sad, as she in fancy hears again the road echoing, in hollow mockery, the scurrying rush from the stricken field, now tender, as she watches the nymphs and fawns vanish into the brake at our approach, now scornful, as she sees the futility of our modern bustle and hurry. Her's is not the winsome comeliness of her sisters, the Dryads and Naiads, but with her own subtle charms, she ever attracts us, for the Romance of the Wayside, the romance which wanderers feel, is as captivating as ever it was, and as we are all at heart wanderers and have all felt the "call of the open road," there is an excuse for this article.

It is our intention to recall to the memories of readers, rather than to go over in any detail, that old well-known road out of Edinburgh which stretches away to the south-west, past little hamlets and upland sheep farms, woods and hills and prattling burns. It is a road which yields to none other round our city in interest and attractivenesss. To the historian, antiquarian and naturalist alike, it is a mine of wealth, and the scenery is of surpassing beauty. At every point new vistas are opened up, hill-land and low-land, purple stretches of heather, silent valleys, clear lochs reflecting in their bosoms the green shoulders of hills and tufted pines, a symphony of colour and an epitome of landscape!

We Levites can well remember our early journeys out this road, and thus it is that it presents an added charm to us, calling up, as it does, the days when Jaunt was a word to conjure with. On our first journey, perhaps, perched on a high form in Nurse's cart, we were rather oblivious of our surroundings. We were sticky, but happy, wholly conscious of an unwonted extravagance of sweets. Later on, however, when promoted to the dignity of the "Beak's" cart, we took more interest in the countryside, for that worthy had many tales to tell of the places we were passing, and could well enliven the long and rather tedious journey out.

Leaving Morningside, which we can remember as little more than a village, the road takes a long sweep up towards Fairmilehead. We first pass on our right hand the policies of Comiston, an estate which takes its name from the "Camus Stone," a huge monolith which stood near the cross roads, marking some old march. It is now broken up and must not be confounded with the Battlestone or Kelstane, standing in a field a little to the right. This stands on the site of an old Roman town or camp. Indeed, the whole

district teems with vestiges of the Roman settlement, and a great battle is said to have taken place here between the Picts and the Romans, from which the former, badly routed, fled back to their rocky fastnesses in the Pict-land or Pentland.

Continuing on the main road, we pass near by the old Roman skew bridge crossing the Pow Burn. The high road, however, crosses Bow Bridge, where stands the old distillery of which Stevenson speaks. It was formerly an illicit still, the owner of which was a great friend of the gauger of the district. The latter in his rounds of inspection and enquiry was wont to give warning of his approach, so that the coast would be clear. He would sit down at Fairmilehead, and taking out his tin whistle, would play "Over the Hills and Far Away." As soon as this signal of his approach was heard by the old maltster, horses were quickly harnessed and the barrels conveyed round to the back of Caerketton and hidden. When the rumble of the wheels was heard to die away in the distance, the gauger would leisurely descend the hill, and with many a wink, but with an untroubled conscience, carefully examine the premises of his old crony.

How appositely this old song comes in here! After all, as someone has said, we are a gipsy race, and our true national bard is the Piper's son, who had one tune only, but that a choice good one. We in Edinburgh are indeed fortunate that we can, for a time, so easily allay the cravings of this "*Wanderlust.*" An hour's walk out of town, and all worry and care cast to the winds, we can again step out joyfully to the unheard music.

We are now at the foot of the hills. Immediately in front rises Caerketton with its steep screes, locally known as the Seven Sisters. On the right is Allermuir, slightly higher, on the side of which Stevenson used to sit and "make bad poetry." Further west lie Capelaw, with the woods of Dreghorn fringing its base, Bonally, with its old tower, and Torphin. There is some indefinable haunting charm among those Pentland Hills. One reason is, that no part of their entire length is crossed by road or railway. The shrill whistle of the engine does not scare the grouse or the whaup. But there is something more than this, and once to know these hills is to come under their mystic spell and love them always. Lord Cockburn, who well knew the hills and mountains of his native land, declared that there was none finer than Caerketton, from the top of which we have a view unexcelled in the three kingdoms for extensiveness and grandeur. Scott somewhere says, "I have never seen a finer range than the Pentlands, considering that they are neither rocky nor highly elevated." Stevenson's works are

full of tender reminiscences of them, and their secret glamour tinges all his writing. From the South Seas he wrote:

> "The Tropics vanish, and meseems that I
> From Halkerside, from topmost Allermuir,
> Or steep Caerketton, dreaming gaze again."

For half-a-mile after leaving Bow Bridge the road follows the track of the old Roman road and then at Hillend takes a long curved swing up the side of the Caerketton. On the one side the hill rises grey with bracken, on the other lies the valley of the Esk with its busy towns and mills, and then a broad plain stretching away to the Moorfoots. Soon we pass Boghall Farm (well remembered because of its peacock), and arrive at the beech avenues of Woodhouselee. This estate is of comparatively modern origin, and was built after the destruction of old Woodhouselee, a place renowned in Scottish history. It was from there that Regent Moray ruthlessly thrust out Lady Anne Bothwell and her child to die of exposure. Her ghost thereafter haunted the house and woods, and when the stones of the old building were removed to be used in the building of the new, Lady Anne's spirit clung to the domestic hearth, and still is said to walk and haunt the woods behind Woodhouselee. Near the avenue gates is the hamlet of Easter Howgate, where Dr John Brown, author of "Rab and his Friends," resided for some time. Rab and his master, however, did not live here, but at Howgate, a few miles to the south. Soon after leaving Easter Howgate we come to the Parish of Glencorse. On our left hand lies a thickly wooded district, almost English in its aspect, with its green twining lanes. In the middle stands the ivied ruin of old Glencorse Church, which is situated on the top of a small hill embowered by trees. But we must turn in at the wooded opening at Flotterstone Bridge and follow up the Glencorse Burn. Turnhouse rises bleak and bare before us, and in fancy we again see the cavalry sweeping along the skirts of the moor under the fierce Dalziel, and the stern, gaunt-faced men up on the heights preparing to sell their lives dearly for the Covenant's sake. In a belt of trees, far up on our left hand, stands the rude quaintly lettered stone in memory of those who fell:—

> "There they lie, thae dour auld men;
> There they sleep 'aneath the sod
> Whaur dark Carnethy gairds the dale,
> And plovers scream and curlews wail."

We come now to the Glencorse compensation pond, a lovely loch, lying placid and quiet, reflecting the many-hued hills, green, purple, and black, by which it is encircled.

Long ago the whole district belonged to the St. Clairs, and had a far different aspect. It was then a vast thickly-wooded deer forest. There was no loch where Glencorse now is, but a deep rocky ravine, at the foot of which stood the Chapel of St. Katherine, built by the St. Clairs. The ruins of the chapel, at low states of the water, are quite uncovered and offer a rich hunting ground for the antiquarian. At the end of the reservoir we come to Logan Tower, a hunting seat of the Stuart Kings when they lived at Holyrood.

Still keeping close to the burn we arrive at Loganlee, a remote and lonely loch, where no sound is heard save the bleating of the sheep, the "go back, go back" of the grouse, or the whaup plaintively crying for his lost soul, while the heron flaps lazily along the shore and the water-fowl croon by the shadows. At the right side of the road is the Howlets' Ha', an ancient ruin which was a chapel or monastery of the St. Clairs of prior date to the Chapel of St. Katherine.

And here we are at length back to the scene of our many jaunts in the past, and, it is to be hoped, of many reunions in the days to come. But it would be useless to try to recall with impotent words a place so indelibly printed in the minds and hearts of our readers. They know every inch of the ground, from the walls of the shepherd's cottage to where the Logan Burn falls tinkling down in a chain of cascades. The names of the hills which are ranged round in an amphitheatre are all familiar to them—Carnethy, Scald Law, the Kips, Black Hill. They can remember the daring climbs to Peggie's Pool and the still more daring escapades to Balerno; and over all was a June sky, clear, blue and tender.

O.

THE LEVITES' JAUNT.

Levites beware! The clerk of the weather is jealous of our good spirits, and has tried to quell them for a second time. Last year he warned us not to trust to his tender mercies, but this year he declared open warfare, and laid his plans with great craftiness. After a fortnight of perfect summer weather, Saturday the 16th of June opened with brilliant sunshine, which must have rejoiced the hearts of all who were looking forward to a jolly afternoon among the hills. The air was cool, and very refreshing after the heat of the preceding days. But alas! the coolness was caused by an east wind, which freshened and blew up dark clouds, so

that by 12 o'clock it was raining heavily, and one did not require much meteorological knowledge to predict a wet afternoon.

After last year's experience, the Council had decided to provisionally engage a hall, to which we might go in the event of the weather being bad, and Miss M. M'Rae had kindly engaged the hall connected with the Episcopal Church of St James the Less, at Penicuik. There was therefore no debate as to our destination before starting. The following Levites were undeterred by the weather from taking part in the jaunt :—

Miss J. Adam, Miss A. W. Allen, Miss A. S. Boe, Miss M. Borders, Miss D. Drysdale, Miss A. Duffus, Miss W. L. Gellatly, Mrs R. Grieve, Miss A. Jenkins, Miss E. I. Jolly, Miss C. Kissack, Miss J. Lennox, Miss M. Mackintosh, Miss M. M'Rae, Miss A. Nimmo, Miss I. M. Nimmo, Miss H. Symon, Miss I. Wright.

Messrs W. G. Middleton, D. M. Thomson, H. K. Grant, J. Ross, C. G. C. Meister, W. D. Coghill, G. G. Jolly, J. R. Davidson, A. E. Barckley, E. MacNab, J. T. Campbell, P. S. M'Donald.

We were also pleased to welcome Mr and Mrs Dickson, who have hitherto always been prevented by an engagement from attending. The Rev. Mr Hamilton kindly came to see us off, and special thanks are due to Miss Kilgour for again sending the buttonholes of the Club colours which are always so much appreciated.

Those who could not get into the four-in-hand coach were stowed comfortably away in a cab, and we were soon on the way to Penicuik, as gay as if the sun were shining. Of course, there was some lamenting when we arrived at Hillend and for the first time took the low road. Penicuik was reached shortly after 4 o'clock, and we were conducted to our destination by Miss M'Rae, who had arranged everything to suit our comfort. No time was lost in getting the tea ready, and we were soon seated in little groups eating and chatting in a way which shewed our contempt for the weather.

After tea there was no lack of amusement. The floor of the hall was found to be in a splendid condition for a hop, and notwithstanding the fact of our having no pumps, we enjoyed some very jolly dances and games. Several of the company also sang, and mention should be made of Mr James Ross's song, "I'm Tired," which was so much enjoyed that he was persuaded to repeat it later on. Miss Borders also gave us two amusing recitations. Special thanks are due to Miss Isa Nimmo, who presided at the piano during almost the whole evening. We were most fortunate in having among our company such an accomplished musician as Miss Nimmo,

who, unfortunately, by her kindness, excluded herself from the dances.

Shortly after 8 o'clock we had a second cup of tea, and Mr D. M. Thomson then proposed a vote of thanks to Miss Margaret M'Rae for the admirable arrangements she had made for our comfort. The proposal was received with much applause, and everyone joined in singing "For she's a jolly good fellow."

The time for our departure came very soon, but before leaving the hall we sang "Auld Lang Syne," and a hearty vote of thanks, proposed by Mr Dickson, was accorded to Mr D. M. Thomson for the trouble he had taken in making arrangements for the picnic, which had been such a success.

Outside the weather was still very wet, but the journey home, enlivened by favourite choruses, was accomplished in a very short space of time. It was with regret that we lost, at Morningside, the first from our ranks, which thinned rapidly as we progressed towards the centre of the town. Everyone seemed sorry that the time had passed so quickly, and we have at least shewn the clerk of the weather that his frowns may divert, but cannot check our enjoyment when we meet.

SCHOOL THEATRICALS.

The articles on the above which have appeared from time to time must have been read with pleasure by all. I must confess that my first feeling was one of jealousy, that we of the nineties should have been so much excelled by those of the seventies. Our costumes and properties were not nearly so ambitious, and I must fain admit that we produced our plays without even a book of words. Each actor was presumed to know the fairy tale which was being presented, and he was expected to sustain his part therein by some natural inspiration. The properties consisted of about half a dozen false faces, and as many false noses, one or two ladies' skirts and hats, a good few yards of muslin of different colours, and sundry football costumes. In addition, each player had his own tambourine and crackers. Of course there was rouge and burnt cork *ad lib* and one wig. The stalls consisted of a form placed on the coal bunker, on which sat the elite, *i.e.* the strongest, who applauded with commendable impartiality. We had no stage, no curtain, no footlights, and, I am afraid, little ingenuity. Anything which could not be easily represented was simply left to imagination, and a scene was promptly brought to an end whenever repartee began to flag.

I cannot definitely remember the context of any of our pantomimes, but the following little comedy was sometimes played between the Acts and was always much appreciated.

Enter two very stout actors, the football costumes in which they are attired being padded to the utmost of their capacity. These two, having declared their intention of fighting, stand at either end of the stage and make great preparations, discoursing as follows :—

First Footballer.—"Are ye ready?"

Second Footballer.—"No."

First Footballer.—"Well, I am."

A short pause, during which the preparations are renewed.

First Footballer.—"Are ye ready?"

Second Footballer.—"Yes."

First Footballer.—"Well, I'm not."

These pleasantries, although perhaps they do not strike us now as being very witty, are greeted with great roars of laughter and applause from the audience, and the two actors, imperfectly concealing their delight at the success they are achieving, continue in this strain, but without ever coming to blows, till those in the tiring room are ready to commence the new Act.

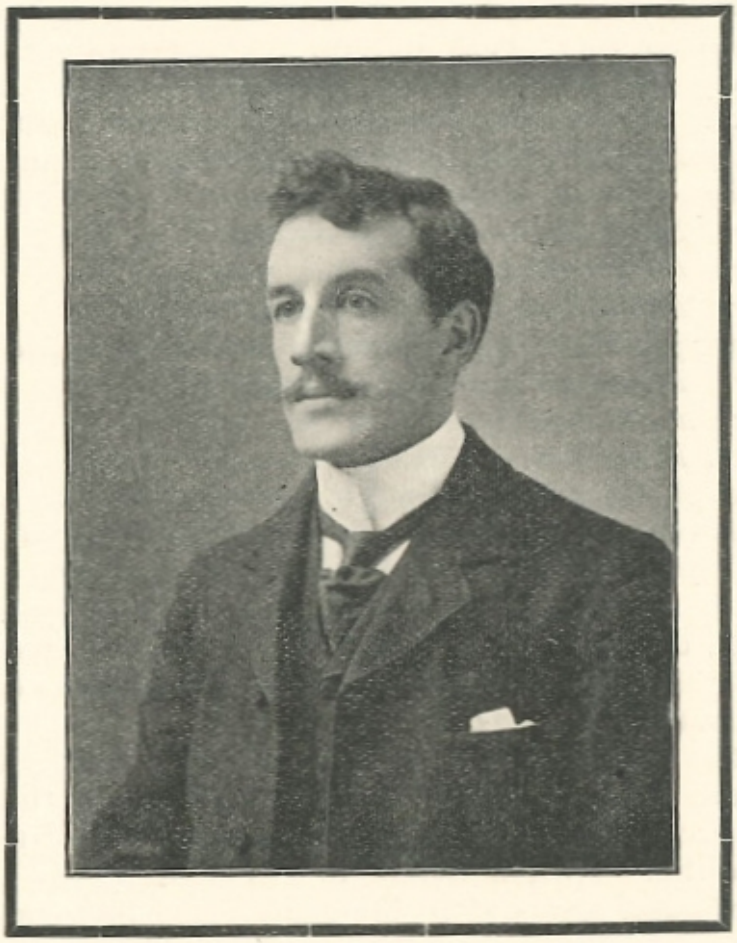
A little entr'acte of this kind, together with the songs which were sung, made up for the insipidness of the piece.

The proceedings always commenced with an opening chorus, either "Jingle Bells" or "The Camptown Races," which sounded splendid to the deafening accompaniment of tambourines and crackers; and each player was expected to contribute, at least, two solos during the evening, so that it more resembled a Variety Entertainment than anything else. I have known a bold spirit, on more than one occasion, when the Curby seemed to be nodding, venture on the latest song from the current pantomime. But such novelties were naturally not encouraged, and were even prohibited, and the Curby was always very suspicious whenever the laughter seemed more hearty than usual.

But at last it all came to an end. The long-suffering audience having grown tired of our plays, our chesnuts, and our Students' Songs, descended one night from the stalls with one fell swoop. False faces were trampled under foot, tambourines were smashed, and costumes reduced to rags. In fact, it was evident that we must monopolise the floor of the playroom no longer. And I may say it was always a mystery to me how they had borne with us so long, and listened so meekly to our boyish trebles rendering such songs as "Ye Banks and Braes" and "Annie Laurie."

A Retired Actor.

THE LATE Mr ARCH. B. TURNER.



From a Photograph by J. Patrick.

By the death on 7th April last of Mr Archibald B. Turner, the Club mourns the loss of one of its founders, and many of its members a loyal friend. It may be said that to him in great measure the Club owes its existence. While the idea of an old boys' gathering or club had long been thought of, notably, in the year 1863, when Mr J. Hunter Macgregor, a Levite of 1858, endeavoured, but without success, to revive the custom of holding an old boys' dinner on the Vacation Day, and again in the year 1897, at the time of the presentation to Mr Rowe, it was Mr Turner who performed for his fellow Levites the signal service of all.

At one time I hoped that he would himself be able to relate in these pages how the Club originated, but I have had the tale from his lips, and now record it. Let me, for a moment, seem to wander from the point and observe how many instances occur where two Levites are in the same business office. This was Mr Turner's experience. When he left John Watson's in 1881 he entered the service

of the Union Bank of Scotland. Three years later Mr William Watson entered the same service. The friendship of their early days was renewed and the link was never completely broken, though Mr Watson eventually left Edinburgh for a banking situation at Buenos Aires. In the spring of 1899 Mr Watson paid a visit to Edinburgh and called on his old chum to induce him to accompany him to the haunts of their school days. Nothing loath, Mr Turner set out with him, and the "good old days" naturally occupying the greater part of their conversation, the inspiration came to the one Levite, just as they passed through the lodge gates, to suggest to his companion, "Let us get up an old boy's club!" Captivated with the idea, they approached Mr Langhorne on the subject, and their reception gave them confidence in at once appealing to their contemporaries and others whose addresses were to be found in a list drawn up two years before by Professor Stevenson. Shortly after his return to Buenos Aires Mr Watson learnt the good news that the proposed club was an accomplished fact, Mr Turner having been appointed interim Secretary in April 1899. Two months later the Club was definitely formed, with Mr Turner in the post of Treasurer.

Well do I remember the ensuing winter when, as Secretary, I often spent evenings with Mr Turner over club work, and that finished, my host would delight to read a choice passage from a favourite book, entertain with song, having a naturally musical voice, or discuss an essay he had prepared for St. Matthew's Church Guild, of which he was a senior office-bearer. Time would pass unnoticed while the school days were lived over again in story, into which the strange phraseology of the Craw would often enter! At this time I had in my mind the idea of a Club Magazine, and one evening I discovered treasure trove in the shape of an article Mr Turner had penned about the Craw, and that character sketch became the first contribution to these pages.

Those delightful evenings were repeated in the following winter, but never again after that. In the summer of 1901 his health, which had allowed him to attend only one Club meeting—the first cricket match—compelled him to resign the Treasurership, greatly to the regret of his fellow office-bearers. Periods of illness now hampered him in his business career. The branch of the Bank of which he had charge had flourished under his guidance, but when the fruits of his labour were almost within his grasp, illness stepped in to rob him of deserved promotion. This illness gave his friends many anxious moments, and it seemed ominous when a message came from him that he desired the

suitable books in his library to be gifted to the School. At this time he had been undergoing the open-air treatment at Kingussie, but latterly at Aviemore, where with his wife as his constant and devoted nurse he gradually grew weaker and weaker till the end came with a welcome release.

It has since been the privilege of the friends of his boyhood and later days to give token to his widow and relatives of the high esteem in which they held Mr Turner—both for his culture of mind and winning personality—and it will take the form of a memorial stone to be erected at his grave situated near by mountain and loch at far-off Aviemore.

D. M. THOMSON.

A GREAT PILLOW FIGHT.*

On a certain night near the end of last century, the boys in the Institution had the pleasure of participating in a real pillow-fight. Now, such things are rarer than the Editors of boys' books would have us believe, and no doubt the recollection of this great battle is still very vivid in the minds of many of my readers.

Somehow it had got noised about during the day, that the master whose turn it was to be on duty would be absent that night, as there was a special attraction at the theatre, which he could not miss. Further, it was known that Nurse was also away from the Institution, and of course, some ingenious persons and the occupants of the "wee-room," in particular, thought that it would be inexcusable to let such an opportunity pass.

And so it came about that Smith, the monitor of the "wee-room," found his way to the "high-room" after 9 p.m. that night. From a high-roomer's point of view, the opening of the dormitory door and the entrance of Smith were distinctly surprising. In very impressive tones he stated that the "Wee-room" would attack the "High-room" in a quarter of an hour. This was indeed a sensational announcement, and Renton, the monitor of the "high-room," woke up with a start, and shouted across the room such things as "Stop talking," "Lie down, Johnston, or I'll report you," etc., etc.

Now it would have been too much to expect those in the "high-room" to lie down and get mutilated, without making any preparations for their self-defence, so each made a firm knot in his pillow-slip and awaited the course of events. There was not long to wait, for suddenly a crowd of boys

* The names are all substitutes.

burst into the room, each one in his night-shirt and bearing a pillow across his shoulders. The invading army, however, got more than it expected, for, besides being outnumbered, those comprising it found out that knotted pillow-slips make a more lasting and painful impression than soft pillows. Thus it was that the wee-roomers were driven down the high-room steps with the nigh-roomers in hot pursuit. Renton did his best to stop his own subjects, but with little effect.

A fight was now raging in the passage, and the noise brought those in the other dormitories on the scene, so that within five minutes of the commencement of hostilities nearly every boy in the school was making his pillow or pillow-slip work to some tune. There was only one exception, and this was M'Cann, the smallest boy in the school. His weapon was the strip of carpet which generally lay at the side of his bed.

But this state of affairs was not destined to go on without interruption. The servants heard the great noise and came to see what was wrong. They found out, too, but the boys threatened to turn their attention to the more inquisitive ones, with the result that the timorous Mary Janes thought it would be safer for them to return to their own quarters.

Now, however, Nemesis appeared on the scene. In this instance she came in the form and person of Mr Grainger, the master who was supposed to be at the theatre. He had been out, and he came upstairs with his hat on and his walking-stick in his hand. Most of the boys had not time to get to their own rooms, far less into their own beds, and so each made for the nearest place of safety he could see. Three in a bed was not uncommon. Some luckless ones had to be content with hiding below beds.

Mr Grainger now began a round of inspection, and whenever he came across a bed, the clothes of which seemed to bulge more than necessary, he brought his walking-stick down rather sharply on the most projecting part. And thus after a time did Mr Grainger by the aid of his walking-stick relegate each boy to his own bed, not, however, before he had accumulated a certain number of names in his note-book.

Next morning the Headmaster made a thorough enquiry into the matter. The result was that, although a verdict of "not proven" was brought against the majority, a few were convicted on overwhelming evidence. Of course it was necessary to punish such a breach of discipline severely, but doubtless the culprits still feel that this "crowded hour of glorious life" was well worth the rigorous pains and penalties which were imposed.

W. D. C.

SEVENTH OLD BOYS' CRICKET MATCH.

So much depends on the weather that a successful out-door fete can never be predicted with much certainty. Fortune has, however, again favoured us with a fine evening for our friendly contest with those whom we hope soon to number among our fellow members. Yet the weather on the first Friday of July was very perplexing. A wet morning gave place to a threatening afternoon, and only when the time of the meeting was very near did the sun make up its mind to smile on, or perhaps to mock at our unsuccessful effort to prove that Levites can still wield the willow with telling effect. The day had a double significance for the boys in the school, because the morning had been devoted by them to competing for the Essay Prize, presented by the foreign members. Only 15 Levites were present at the match, and may we beg charitably minded persons to ascribe the defeat which the Club XI. sustained to the lack of supporters which it brought in its train? Yet the loss of the match is not to be lamented when it makes us feel that the School XI are competent to sustain the reputation of the Institution against rival teams. The scores are interesting :—

Club XI.		School Team.	
J. T. Campbell, *b* Burnet.....	2	H. M'Donald, *c and b* Ross....	4
P. S. M'Donald, *c* Pattullo *b* Burnet.....	1	C. Cuthbert, *c* Ross *b* Laing...	11
D. S. Burnet, *c* Cuthbert *b* Thomson	9	F. Burnet, *run out*.....	5
R. Mearns, *b* Burnet.....	0	J. Thomson *c* Mearns *b* Burnet	3
W. D. Coghill, *b* Burnet.....	0	L. Pattullo *c* sub. *b* Coghill.....	0
H. K. Grant, *b* Thomson.....	0	S. Collins, *c* Ross *b* Burnet.....	0
W. Crawford, *c and b* Burnet..	5	R. Gibson, *b* Coghill	2
J. Ross, *Captain*, *run out*.....	3	P. Alexander, *c* Mearns *b* Burnet	0
F. Laing, *b* Burnet.....	0	D. Collins, *b* Burnet	0
E. MacNab, *stumped* Burnet ...	0	J. Crawford, *not out*	0
G. W. Crawford, *not out*.....	1	L. Durno, *stumped* Burnet.....	1
Byes 2, Leg Byes 1, Wide Balls 1.....	4	Byes 2, Wide Balls 3	5
Total.....25		Total.....	31

After the match we proved that defeat had only sharpened our appetites, and there was much enjoyment discussing incidents of long bygone strawberry feasts. We then visited the gymnasium, most of us making an acquaintance with its interior for the first time. We were a little nettled to find how difficult it is, after school days are over, to climb ropes and vault the "cuddy."

Twilight suggested departure, but we first resolved that the victory which stands to the credit of the School *must* be wiped off next year.

TO THE GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

JOHN WATSON'S INSTITUTION.

DEAR FRIENDS,

The approaching number of *The Levite* sees our new Editor, Mr Meister, installed, and I feel sure that in your name I may venture to assure him of the Association's best wishes for success in his new post. To Mr Thomson belongs the credit of having firmly settled *The Levite* in the affections of old friends, and we would also tender him hearty thanks from all its readers, especially, I think, from those far off, to whom it supplies such a unique link with their old home.

But now to news of interest. By the time this reaches you the present John Watsonians will be scattered to their various homes, some at least, carrying memories of former pupils in the different prizes offered by the Old Boys' Club.

The School keeps steadily advancing along modern lines. This term has seen the first display of Swedish Gymnastics, which took place in the Gymnasium under the superintendence of Miss Beakbane, the Gymnastic Mistress, in April.

We gladly welcomed several of the Directors and the Treasurer, with lady friends, as well as a few relatives, but we should have liked to see more parents present. To those of our friends who have not lately revisited the old home it would have come as a surprise to see the girls in costume climbing the ladder, also going aloft the ropes as nimbly as any sailor, while the march past and other exercises were very creditably gone through.

About the same time the elder girls gave a performance of "Beauty and the Beast," and the younger ones of "Dick Whittington and his Cat." This was well attended by parents of the children, and we were able to hand over a creditable sum to the Childrens' Holiday Fund.

One of our members has offered for the Mission field in connection with the Church of Scotland, and all who know Miss Stevenson will realise what an addition she will be to Kikyll Staff. How can we better wish her "God speed" than by praying that she may be much blessed in her work.

The Secretaries appointed at the December meeting to receive suggestions as to what outside work the Association might venture to start, and the best means of raising the needful funds, still await replies, very few (some of them not a little droll), having been received. Will our friends put on their considering caps and let Miss Peters or Miss Bruce know the result? And now with kindest wishes believe me

Yours Affectionately,

E. MURRAY,
President.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The following Football Matches have not been recorded—

3rd George Heriot's,	21 pts.	*v.*	J.W.I.,	4 pts.,	at Goldenacre.
3rd R. High School,	23 ,,	,,		0 ,,	at Corstorphine.
3rd D. Stewarts, ...	5 ,,	,,		0 ,,	at home.
7th George Watson's,	5 ,,	,,		0 ,,	at home.
1st St Oswald's, ...	0 ,,	,,		23 ,,	at home.
4th George Heriot's,	11 ,,	,,		3 ,,	at home.

The Easter holidays extended from April 12 to April 30, and the Institution followed the example of the City in making holiday on Empire Day (May 22).

The Picnic to Loganlea took place as usual. The day began fair, but rain fell later, and tea was served under umbrellas.

Eight Cricket Matches have been played. Five were won, two lost, and one was drawn.

Rosebank, ...	29 runs,	*v.*	J.W.I.	47 runs.
2nd D. Stewart's,	31 ,,	,,		43 for 5 wickets.
3rd Dalkeith, ...	38 ,,	,,		25 runs.
Bruntsfield, ...	26 & 25 ,,	,,		19 & 19 runs.
2nd D. Stewart's,	30 ,,	,,		40 runs.
Old Boys, ...	25 ,,	,,		31 ,,
Dean Boys' Brigade,	51 & 27 ,,	,,		36 & 63 for 4 wkts.
2nd XI and Masters,	36 & 16 ,,	,,		36 & 19 for 3 ,,

The latter game was played on the afternoon preceding the Break-up, and there seems to be no reason why such a match should not become an annual institution.

The School was inspected by Mr Jamieson on July 17.

The Institution broke up for the holidays on July 26. The Concert and Prizegiving took place at 11 a.m. The day was fine, and the Chapel was well filled. Mr Moonie and Miss Walton may be heartily congratulated on the success of the concert. After a short address Mr W. T. Dickson, W.S., who presided, distributed all the prizes. The chief winners were :—

Alexander Linton, Dux of the School; Ruth Millar, Dux of Girls; John Crawford, Sect. II.; Gifford Yorston, Sect. III.; Ethel Boyes, Sect. IV.; R. Gibson and Jessie Ironside, Singing; A. Linton, Drawing.

The Club Prizes were awarded as follows :—

The Dux Medal to A. Linton; a Watch for Gymnastics to D. Morison; and Books to A. Linton and Ruth Millar for the Essay, and to Monica Millar and Dorothy Comrie for the best Garden.

The following now go off the Roll :—

A. Linton, F. Burnet, L. Durno, I. Thomson, S. Collins, H. Welch, G. D. Simpson (withdrawn for entry at Merchiston Castle), C. Cuthbert, A. Dobbie, H. M'Donald, S. Moodie. Ruth Millar, Josephine Mackintosh, Ella Morison, Edith Ferrie, Nita Grey, Coral Clarke, May Drysdale and Harriet Leslie.

The numbers for next Session will be 45 boys and 38 girls.

CLUB TALK.

The following list of successes falls to be chronicled at this time and is a very creditable one. Our hearty congratulations are due to those who are upholding so well the scholarly reputation of the school :—

At Edinburgh University—

John O. Naismith and Oliver S. Rankin have graduated M.A.

W. D. Coghill and G. G. Jolly have passed the Third Professional Examination in Medicine, the latter having gained distinction.

M. T. Archibald has gained an Open Scholarship of £90 a year at Pembroke College, Oxford.

Leonard Henry is Dux of Fettes College.

Fourteen competitors entered for the Essay Prize presented by Foreign Members. The subjects prescribed this year were "Birds" and "My Favourite Book." Only two, neither of whom gained a prize, wrote on the latter subject.

Mr J. Stuart Syme recently commenced to practise as an Architect in Glasgow. He was formerly Chief Draughtsman to Sir Rowand Anderson, LL.D.

Our good wishes go with Fraser Laing on his departure in the Autumn to Canada. He is to settle within twenty miles of Fred Lindsay.

We must also wish good luck to Andrew B. Massie, who recently went out to the employment of the Hudson Bay Co. He will trade with the Red Indians, whose language it will be necessary for him to learn. There used to be some exciting books about scalp hunters in the School Library. Let us hope that, ere long, Mr Massie will favour us in these pages with something of the kind.

A recent visitor to the School was Thomas R. B. Trousdell of New York, a Levite of 1889.

Basil Smart intends to play this season for the North-west Golf Championship of Canada.

R. R. Marshall got his 1st XV. colours (cap) this year, and Pat. Menard his 2nd XV., both of Dollar Institution.

W. Alister Alexander played for George Watson's 2nd XI. in a match on 12th May last against Dollar Institution 2nd XI., of which Reg. R. Marshall is a member. Samuel Thomson also played for George Watson's 2nd XI. all last season and got his cap.

John Robertson plays for Hamilton Academy 1st XI. and fields point.

ALTERATIONS OF ADDRESSES OF CLUB MEMBERS

Since February 1906.

Levite of	
1847	M'CARTER, Rev. JOHN, 13 Warrender Park Crescent, Edinburgh.
1878	DONALDSON, KEN. M'L., 50 Club Arcade, Durban, Natal.
1882	SINCLAIR, Dr WM. VERNOR, 3 Hampton Terrace, Edinburgh.
1887	SYME, JOHN STUART, 175 St Vincent Street, Glasgow.
1889	WATT, COLIN J., 112 Esmond Road, Bedford Park, London, W.
1893	THOMSON, DAVID M., 74 Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh.
1898	THORNTON, THOMAS A., 11 Fairmead Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.
1898	ARCHIBALD, ROBERT, Elm Lodge, Hamilton.
1900	ARCHIBALD, TENNANT, Elm Lodge, Hamilton.
1900	M'EWEN, HARRY C., Messrs Bulloch Bros. & Co., Ltd., Rangoon.
1901	SMART, BASIL, Duke of York House, 156 Garry, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
1901	MASSIE, IAN, 13 Forest Road, Aberdeen.
1904	CUTHBERT, WILLIAM, 9 Merchiston Crescent, Edinburgh.
1904	MACNAB, EDWARD, 11 Comely Bank Row, Edinburgh.

BIRTH.

STRACEY—At Sutton, Bonnington, Notts., on 23rd April 1906, the wife of Bernard Stracey, M.B., Ch.B. (née Jessie Mary Scott), of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

WATT-MACFARLANE—At the Balmoral Hotel, Edinburgh, on 4th April 1906, by the Rev. W. Workman, Minister of Stow, Frederick Augustus Watt, Solicitor, Banff, to Joan Marion (Annie), eldest daughter of the late Dr E. P. Macfarlane, of Kobe, Japan, and of Mrs Macfarlane, 17 Thornwood Drive, Broomhill, Glasgow.

DEATHS.

TURNER—At Tombain, Aviemore, on 7th April 1906, Archibald Brownlie Turner, son of the late Archibald Turner, Carradale, Cantyre, and grandson of the Rev. Robert Carr, Luss.

STRACEY—At Sutton, Bonnington, Notts., on 10th May 1906, suddenly, Jessie Mary Scott, wife of Bernard Stracey, M.B., Ch. B.

WATSON—On 19th May 1906, Annie Clutterbuck, the wife of William Watson, Buenos Aires.

THE LEVITE

Editor—C. G. C. MEISTER.

No. IX. FEBRUARY 1907

THE KIDDERN.

The other day I sat beside the Red River, just outside Winnipeg, Manitoba, enjoying the autumn sights and sounds.

On the opposite bank a woodpecker hammered, and a movement at the end of a tumble-down boat-landing near by, proved to be a muskrat at his toilet. Annoyed at my interruption, he dived and disappeared.

In a moment I was thousands of miles away, back at the bottom of the Caldron, watching water-rats swim across to the "Donaldson" bank of the Water of Leith.

It has always seemed to me that the Kiddern, as we called it in school slang, is a singularly charming spot. Whether because our visits there were rare, we prized them the more, I cannot at such distance of time and place declare; but to this day I recall the place with affection and pleasure.

I well remember the air of a mysterious past that hung about the ruined mill; the seats on the edge of the hill; the adjacent hawthorns, with their wealth of fragrant bloom in the spring, and their berries in the autumn, interesting as edibles to birds and boys; the beechnuts and occasional wild strawberries; the sorrel-leaves we ate with our half-past four "pieces"; the thistles we beheaded for the sake of the "cheese" at the base of the calyx. I remember, too, the many pleasant, shady nooks; the "banks and braes" leading down to the Water of Leith, and so easily convertible into Indian trails by disciples of Fenimore Cooper; the piggery in one corner, operated by the Craw, who was reputed to reap enormous profits therefrom. Then half-way along the upper path one came upon a Gargantuan ash-heap which spread down the bank. And here I must needs refer to the Craw once more. That remarkable personality so pervades my recollections of J.W.I. that I doubt if I could write much without his cropping up like King Charles' head in Mr Dick's Memorial. I will go further and say I am certain that if Dickens had been at John Watson's in those days, he would have immortalised Liddell for the delight of all the world. But I wander.

The said ashes came from the school furnaces, and were first deposited in a small waggon in a corner of the girls' playground; and, about once a fortnight, I think, the waggon was drawn to the Kiddern and its contents dumped

downhill. This was accomplished in the following manner.

Liddell would appear in playroom or playground during recess, and shout "Waa-gin!" Every boy within earshot, but out of range of that eagle eye, would hie to the nearest cover, while all in sight began with one consent to make excuse. And wherefore? Because the cry of "Waa-gin!" meant that about a dozen boys had to assist the Craw in hauling the waggon and letting loose the ashes. Every boy who had been corralled aforetime knew that life held few more noisome jobs, for in case it was windy, eyes, ears, nose, mouth, lungs, hair, and the system generally, would become as full of ashes as the most punctilious penitent of old could desire.

The Craw must have known this, for if he detected signs of reluctance, or found a boy in hiding, his scorn was simply withering. "Ye naasty, law, schemin', lyin', good-fur-nothin' felly, schemin' for no to go to waggin!" And he would march his victim before him, anathematising him all the way. Sometimes the waggon was heavy, and stuck in the gravel. Then the alleged "schemer" would be blamed. "There's some bye not pullin! Why, its that naasty bye so-and-so. Why d'ye not pull, bye? Are they all good-fur-nothing where you come from?" And so on. Similar scenes were enacted each "waggin-day," and hence these ashes.

One of the Craw's jokes, and he had a quiverful of a grim sort, referred to the Kiddern. It was what you might call a hardy annual. A few weeks before the Jaunt he would select some boy as a butt, and go through the following formula.

"Here, little boy!" "Yes, sir" (I never could see why we called him "sir," but we did). "They tell me ye're not goin' tae the Jaunt this year!" "Yes, I am." "Oh! no! they tell me ye're goin' to stay at home. Oh! ay! ye are. And they tell me the cook's goin' to stay at home, too. She'll mak' ye a nice apple tairt, and then, efter yer dinner, you and cook'll take a walk in the Kiddern, and tak' long strides, and talk sentimental things!" And as he chuckled over it year after year I used to wonder where the joke originated.

Another phrase of his comes to me in the same connection. It was often quoted in my day, and was probably given at some time as an excuse for not allowing a visit to the Kiddern. "Mr Rawe asked me if the banks of the Kiddern was wet, and of coorse I telt him they was."

And in the corner next the old parallel bars in the boys' playground, who does not remember the impressive little graveyard, almost the most peaceful I ever saw! One burial took place while I was at the school, and I was one of

think that that day which, to us, while in School, seemed a far distant millenium, was now a whole ten years behind!

Once under the Grecian porch and in at the massive front door of the Institution, I lost that air of familiarity. The building was as before, but one knew that other boys filled his place, and *they* were in possession. The list of boys which, before, had been known from beginning to end, was utterly foreign-looking. The generation had arisen "which knew not Joseph." One neither knew nor was known. And thus it was that circumstances drove me into a reverie, and the corridors and the rooms became peopled with "chaps" of my own generation. I thought I saw that cosy company in the Reading-Room on a winter night, engaged in all manner of games and hobbies—reading, as usual, in the minimum, for it was only the "swots" and the book-worms that persisted in reading every book in that wonderful collection known as the "Library." I then wandered into the Playroom. What did *not* happen in the Playroom? "Tournaments" and "Theatricals" have the strongest hold on my memory. Nothing more exciting than the sheer horse-play and excitement of filling in a winter evening with this glorious sport of felling one to the ground off the shoulders of a doughty "horse." I have a lurking suspicion that "Tournaments" were forbidden by School regulations—it must have been one of those proverbial rules made for boys. It is difficult to know whether in our theatricals the actors or the audience were most amused. We never seemed to act anything definite, and yet the production was always an immense success, provided the form in the huge window-sill, which stood for the "gods," did not empty its occupants in a solid mass on the ground.

I was now completely a John Watson boy again. I rushed along the corridor and upstairs to the Sections as if the "All up" bell had already gone, and I was in danger of being late. There was the "Third Section" looking just the same where I first had been initiated into the mysteries of School discipline. There was the form where I tried, in vain, to conjugate "amare," and got severely punished for the attempt. There, also, in another part of the room was the seat where, six years later, I sat in "Preparation," as a "Levite," feeling the load of responsibility in having a "wee chap," little knowing at that time what responsibility meant. Memories of the "First Section" were more prosaic, for it was there that the solid hard work had to be done, and one was striving for success in work, and beginning to look forward to the after-levite days. My only great joy was to see in my memory our dear, respected Head-

those who carried our little comrade to his rest, and as we left him there among the flowers in that quiet little God's acre, the birds overhead sang a requiem.

I hope that some day ere long I may revisit the glimpses of the Kiddern. I want to enter through the door in the boys' playground, as of old. I will gladly go down on my knees and remove any gravel that may prevent its speedy opening, if I may just wander there once again for a little, "taking long strides, and talking sentimental things."

GEORGE ALISON,
C.I. 1875-1881.

JOHN WATSON'S RE-VISITED.

A whole ten years had passed since I left John Watson's. Many things had come and gone in that time—always eventful in the life of any man—and I therefore looked forward with a great sense of longing for an opportunity to visit the old haunts.

The Club Dinner was, as usual, on the third Saturday in December, so I determined to give up the day to transplanting myself, heart and soul, into the old schoolboy life. The week previous I could not imagine I was going back to the Institution again. Immersed in the busy life we all have to lead, surrounded by a circle of friends, not one of whom had ever heard the name "John Watson's," I found it impossible to think of my years in the school as anything other than a dream of past years, happy, yet mixed with regrets and sorrows, sacred for its friendships, rousing for its memories of boisterous fun and schoolboy escapades. It was not till I found myself, on the Saturday forenoon, on the top of Corstorphine Hill that I felt back in the old life again. How often had we gone there under the guiding hand—not always appreciated—of a master, snatching an occasional moment of fearful expectation to look for nests, or, more daring still, to initiate ourselves into the mysteries of Lady Nicotine. As I stood with my pipe in my mouth, I laughed at such rigour and felt that it had not, in my case, been effective.

At five o'clock I found myself in the avenue leading to the School, walking up it as familiarly as ever I had done. I thought of the many times I had tramped that road, and the varying moods it had found me in. I thought especially of that Vacation Day, when, in a hot July sun, I had driven away from the School for the last time. How strange to

master at his old desk, for it was he who often made our lives pleasant and happy, and encouraged us when the trials and difficulties came. Our vague ideas in Algebra, and our ridiculous attempts at Cicero must often have irritated him, but he never was anything but patient. He punished us seldom, and when he did so it was always deserved.

But it is the dormitories where the romance of school-life is to be found, and it was there that I felt most thoroughly in the past. The "Conval" I just looked into, for we were too young when we slept there, and too docile to think of anything daring. My old bed in the "Big Room" was in its old-accustomed place, and my memory took me back to that eventful night when, in the absence of the feared master who slept rather near the "Big Room," I led the "Big Room" army to victory against the haughty occupants of the "High Room." Pillows did yeoman service that night, and our night-attack was a glorious success, a thing only likely to happen in a generation. But it was the "High Room" where we violated the discipline of the dormitories most. The Monitor had a hard time, and, if ever he was away, the revels were high. We were apart from the world in the "High," and, somehow or other, made laws for ourselves. Occasionally a master suspiciously visited us, but our strategy was always better than his, even if it were that sometimes "Yes, sir" was given as an answer to the query "Are you asleep?" The men of the "High Room" were seldom found out, and a year spent in it was, no doubt, a necessary part of the education at John Watson's.

It was now time for the Re-union Dinner, so I came downstairs. It was great to see old faces and to meet "old boys" on the common ground that we were all, for a part of our lives, in J.W.I. After the festivities that night, I left the Institution with my thoughts going out again to my present friends and surroundings, but I felt joyous for my reverie and grateful that my youthful days had been spent under the roof of John Watson's.

TEN YEARS AGO.

EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT.

The Council has pleasure in presenting its Eighth Annual Report to the Members.

The Club has every reason to be hopeful for the future, in that the interest—especially of a practical nature—of its Members has in no way diminished during the past year. It will, however, be with regret that Members will read the following report which the Secretary of the Former Pupils'

Lawn Tennis Club recently submitted to the Council, namely :—

> "Owing to the collapse of negotiations with the Directors of the Institution, the Committee of the Former Pupils' Lawn Tennis Club has been unable to obtain the let of a small portion of the Park in front of the School for Tennis Courts. Endeavours to obtain suitable ground elsewhere have likewise been unsuccessful, and matters have therefore for the present, at any rate, been brought to a standstill."

The Club mourns the recent loss of two interested members by the deaths of Mr Hew Hamilton Crichton, W.S., an Honorary Member, and of Mr Arch. B. Turner, one of its founders and its first Secretary and Treasurer. During the latter's lifetime the Council recorded in the Minutes its high appreciation of his valued services to the Club, and, since his death, has tendered its sincere sympathy to his widow.

With the seventh number of the *The Levite* Mr D. M. Thomson resigned the office of Editor, and the Council secured the services of Mr C. G. C. Meister as his successor. The Council is unwilling to take leave of Mr Thomson in his capacity of Editor without expressing and recording its very high appreciation of the enthusiasm he has shown and the labour he has expended in bringing the Magazine into existence and in conducting it so far on its way. By no means the least interesting feature has been the series of historical articles which have come from his pen, and which have shown a diligence in research, and a skill in narration worthy of all praise. Throughout he has set a high standard which it will be by no means easy to maintain. The Council, confident in the good results derived from the Magazine, trusts that the Members will realise its true importance to the welfare of the Club by contributing to its support more heartily than in the past.

The Council had during the year the pleasure of admitting nine new Members to the Club, and also of transferring three Members to life membership, but it regrets having had to take off the roll the names of two Members, owing to death and resignation. The Membership at present stands at one hundred and fifty seven, including thirteen life Members.

The Treasurer's Cash Abstract shows that the Club's finances continue in a sound condition, and that the Reserve Fund especially is rapidly increasing. The Council takes this opportunity of tendering thanks to those Members who gave donations during the year.

The Council has pleasure in intimating that on the Vacation Day in July last, the following prizes were presented on behalf of the old boys :— The Club's Silver Medal, to Alec Linton, Dux of the School ; the prize to the best gymnast, to A. Morison ; the Foreign Members ' Prize for the best essay on the subject of "Birds" to Alec Linton (First), and Ruth Millar (Second). Mr Donaldson's prize for gardening was shared by Monica Miller and Dorothy Comrie.

The Council again desires to record its best thanks to Mr Langhorne and Miss Murray for the kindnesses received from them.

By order of the Council,

D. M. THOMSON,

Secretary and Treasurer.

26th November 1906.

TREASURER'S CASH ABSTRACT.

Reserve Fund.

To Balance from last year ...			£14	14	0	By Balance on hand	£25 10 0
To Life Subscriptions (3) ...			6	6	0		
To Donations			4	2	0		
To Bank Interest			0	8	0		
			£25	10	0		£25 10 0

Ordinary Revenue.

To Balance from last year				£24	2	5	By Stationery A/c.	£3 3 6	
To Subscriptions—							By Postages ...	4 15 6	
13 at 2/6 for 1905	£1	12	6				By *The Levite*—		
89 at 2/6 for 1906	11	2	6				Seventh Number	6 0 0	
2 various 1906	0	8	0				Eighth Number	6 10 6	
6 at 2/6 for 1907	0	15	0				By Four Prizes ...	3 10 0	
New Members.							By Incidentals ...	2 14 9	
1 at 2/6 for 1906	0	2	6						£26 14 3
8 at 2/6 for 1907	1	0	0				By Arrears of Subscriptions at this date—33 at 2/6 ...		4 2 6
				15	0	6			
To Two Prizes...				2	1	0	By Balance in Current Account		20 6 0
To *The Levite*—									
Advertisements				1	10	0			
Sale of copies				4	0	9			
To Bank Interest				0	5	7			
To Unpaid Subscriptions—									
33 for 1906				4	2	6			
(1 for 1905 and 1906 written off).									
				£51	2	9			£51 2 9

EDINBURGH, *3rd December* 1906.—I have examined the Books and Accounts of THE JOHN WATSON CLUB, and certify that the above Abstract is correct.

HENRY ROBERTSON, S.S.C.

EIGHTH ANNUAL RE-UNION.

The Saturday before Christmas has become a fixed festival in the Club year, and it is certainly the one most looked forward to. The guests of the Club at the dinner on 22nd December last were Mr Langhorne and Mr Dickson, and the following Levites were present:—

W. Muirhead, Rev. D. G. Hamilton, W. G. Middleton, D. M. Thomson, H. K. Grant, J. Ross, D. S. Ross, S. Nairne, C. G. C. Meister, R. H. Gibson, J. O. Naismith, A. A. Rennie, G. W. C. Laidlaw, D. S. Burnet, R. Archibald, G. G. Jolly, A. Illingworth, L. Apedaile, H. Illingworth, W. A. Alexander, A. J. Lindsay, J. T. Campbell, A. Linton, J. Thomson, L. M. Durno and C. Cuthbert.

The Business Meeting was held as usual in the Masters' room, and as a Saturday evening is all too short, it was held on this occasion at 4 o'clock, the dinner taking place at 5, and this arrangement added an hour to the enjoyable At Home to which Mr Langhorne and Miss Murray invited the Club Members. The President occupied the Chair at the Meeting, when the Minutes of the Seventh Annual Meeting and the Council's Report for the year were read and approved. The Office-Bearers for 1907, as on page 175, were also elected. It was unanimously decided that the Club should again offer the two usual prizes to the School along with the prizes presented by the Foreign Members and Mr Ken. Donaldson, to whom a vote of thanks was passed. The Secretary of the Tennis Club, Mr G. G. Jolly, then submitted a Report by his Committee, which recommended that the Tennis Club be wound up. It was regretfully agreed that this seemed the best course to pursue, but hope was expressed on all sides that the Directors may yet see their way to grant the small piece of ground at the Institution necessary for courts, as there seems to be no other suitable ground available in the city. The Committee of the Tennis Club were cordially thanked for the trouble they have taken in the matter. A vote of thanks to the Chairman terminated the Meeting.

The Dinner was as usual a huge success, and especially the menu cards, kindly decorated by the Secretary and his sister. Perhaps a few more of the older Members might have been present. One found oneself nearer the top of the table than usual. The toast of the evening, "The School," was proposed by Mr Dickson, who, after recounting some of his experiences as a master, said that if each Member of the Club were to aim at a high ideal, he would, in following it up and achieving success, not only benefit himself, but also the pupils in his old school, ever pleased to hear of the success of an old boy and stimulated to follow his example.

Mr Langhorne replied, and said that he was glad to see so many younger Members present. He thought that the people of Edinburgh had a very kindly feeling towards the School, which he was trying to encourage by taking the boys to the various exhibitions in the city and by going about with them as much as possible.

The At Home was very jolly—plenty of good music, pretty partners, and old friends to talk to. No wonder the evening was shorter than ever, and the enjoyment itself seemed to cheat us of the hour which had been added. But the clock was inexorable, and we left the old School echoing individually our thanks to Mr Langhorne and Miss Murray for their kind hospitality.

FOURTH KIRKING.

We were glad to see that many of the old pupils are coming to regard the Kirking as quite an integral part of our winter Re-union. We have again to report a good attendance at the fourth Kirking, which, although it was on similar lines to those of former years, will yet be remembered on account of the spontaneous action of the Rev. Dr Williamson in warmly shaking hands with each pupil at the end of the service.

THE LATE SIR CHARLES B. LOGAN.

On the eve of the issue of this Number comes the sad news of the death on 2nd March of our late Honorary President, Sir Charles B. Logan, W.S., LL.D.

From 1887 till 1905, as Deputy Keeper of the Signet, Sir Charles was an *ex officio* Director of the Institution, in which he took a warm interest. His genial presence and kindly remarks, when he presided on the Vacation Day, are well remembered by generations of old pupils. On the formation of the Club he readily consented to become its President, and he remained an Hon. Member after his retiral from the office of Deputy Keeper. His death is a real loss to the Club, for he was deeply interested in all its schemes, and especially in the Magazine.

It is worthy of mention that when the University of Edinburgh in 1894 conferred the Degree of LL.D. on Sir Charles, he was characterised by his *Alma Mater* as one of the chief ornaments of the legal profession in Scotland.

A letter of condolence has been sent by the Secretary to Lady Logan on behalf of the Club and Council.

The Reverend D. G. HAMILTON, M.A.

By permission of Mr Moffat, Edinburgh.

Mr Hamilton, who is Minister of St Serf's Church, Edinburgh, has been again unanimously elected President of the Club. He has followed in the footsteps of a long line of ancestors, who, with the exception of his father, were all ministers of the Church of Scotland. After leaving the Institution in 1886, Mr Hamilton finished his education at George Watson's College, and Edinburgh University, where he graduated in 1892. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh in 1895, and has been Assistant in Greenock West and North Leith Parishes. On the erection of St Serf's Church, the Kirk Session of St Cuthbert's Parish invited him to undertake its charge, to which he was ordained in 1901. Mr Hamilton, whose elder brother was also educated at John Watson's, has yet another link with the Institution in his relationship to John Hamilton, W.S., who preceded Sir John Gillespie as Treasurer.

JOHN WATSON'S IN THE FORTIES.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

Glancing over the roll of boys admitted into John Watson's during the first eighteen years of its existence, the period in which it is possible for me to have any personal reminiscences, I find 141 names besides my own, and these have supplied food for solemn thought. Not many of them can be still living. It is needless to inform any who can be supposed to find much interest in what I write—those, I mean, who have spent four or five years within these walls—what is the ordinary duration of the life there. Of several belonging to years before my time I retain still a traditional remembrance. Patrick M'Omish, an entrant of the first year, was in my time vividly remembered as one who had been first a pupil and later a teacher. John Coventry and John Tait were also mentioned as pupils of much promise. Both afterwards entered the ministry of the Free Church. In my time a neat pen-and-ink drawing of the Institution, the work of Tait, hung on the wall of the Museum, and ought to be there still. Coventry served for a number of years as military chaplain at Gibraltar. I met both in later life, but have long lost track of them.

Coming nearer to my own time, the eye lights on the name of Charles MacDonald Lockhart Walker, who entered one year ahead of me, and with whom I had the pleasure of six years of school acquaintance. His father had been Parish Minister of Carnwath, and he had two elder brothers, who both entered the Free Church ministry, and became Doctors of Divinity, well known for learning and in authorship. I soon lost sight of Charles after he left John Watson's. We were told he had settled in Chicago, where it was said he got on well.

Continuing down the roll, my eye lights on Robert Chambers Allan, an entrant of my own year. With him also I had a schoolboy acquaintance for seven years. He was an exceptionally lively boy, a prominent figure both in the classroom and the playground. He was understood to be a near relative of Chambers, the well-known publisher, to whom his name corresponds. It came as a great shock to all his friends when he suddenly died at his mother's house during the summer holidays of 1847, in consequence, as we were told, of a chill caught during play or bathing. There had come shortly before into John Watson's two sons of the Rev. Henry Scott Riddell, the well-known author of "Scotland Yet,"—William B. C., and Robert Henry. William

Riddell left John Watson's in 1850, and shortly after I met him as a fellow-student at the University of Edinburgh. He told me of certain lines which his father had written in memory of Robert Allan, and by request sent me a copy. No doubt the MS. is still preserved in some note-book, but as it is not at hand at the moment, I can perhaps furnish it pretty correctly from memory.

Lines by the Rev. Henry Scott Riddell in memory of Robert Chambers Allan, a lad of singular mental ability, who died 3rd September 1847.

Alas ! Is it thus that the hopeful are torn
From the land and the love of the living away !
And the laurels 'twere gathered so early, at morn,
Are reft from the gatherer's brow to adorn
His couch of untimely decay.

Ah yes ! Gentle youth, thy bright morning that dawned,
Portending a splendour unbounded at noon,
When the powers of thy soul should maturely expand,
To the joy of thy friends, and the weal of thy land—
Are set evermore, aud so soon !

Here the MS. breaks off with the explanation that the writer was interrupted in his work, and I am not aware that it ever was resumed. The gifted poet could not then have known how soon his lines would be applicable to the case of his own boy. William Riddell was also a lad of promise even as Allan was, but his career at College was short. He soon left, evidently owing to ill-health, and died at his father's house on 6th July 1856.

His brother, Robert Henry, left John Watson's in 1851, but from that time I lost all trace of him. As there stands on the John Watson Club list the name of Henry Scott Riddell, Manager, Natal Bank, Greytown, Natal, he might probably be able to furnish further information about the family. The year of the poet's death was 1870. The fact of the name of Henry Scott Riddell as manager of the Natal Bank, Greytown, Natal, was called to my attention only lately, and it leads me to suppose that another generation of the poet's family was educated at the Institution.

If these reminiscences be not quite out of date to interest the Levites of the present I may in a future number lengthen the list a little ; otherwise, with the Editor's kind permission, I may add a few strictly personal incidents of my own since leaving the old walls.

J. M'CARTER.

A HOLIDAY ON THE NILE.

On Wednesday, 3rd January 1906, Dr. B. and I started from Harrogate, spent the night in London and left by the 11 o'clock train for Dover and Calais, at which latter place we caught the P. and O. Express for Marseilles. The train runs alongside the P. and O. Steamers and we soon got our luggage on board the "Egypt," and about mid-day on Friday the 5th we were off. The time on board passed pleasantly, and as usual, there was one of the passengers who took the lead in getting up games—cricket, dancing, deck quoits, etc., etc. We were fortunate in having a smooth voyage to Port Said, which we reached on Tuesday the 9th, and caught the train to Cairo, where we arrived about 11.30 p.m., less than a week from the time we left Harrogate. As my companion had not been in Egypt before, we spent a few days in Cairo sight-seeing. We visited the museum, and saw the wonders there, collected from the tombs. The old inhabitants in the land spent the utmost care and devoted infinite time and labour in preparing a lasting abode for their remains. We saw, of course, the pyramids of Ghizeh. The largest pyramid there covers an area of 13 acres, *i.e.*, the size of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and reaches the height of St. Paul's Cathedral. The blocks of stone of which it is built are about 40 cubic feet, and were encased by an outside coating of polished limestone. This latter was removed by the treasure hunters, who sought to find an entrance to the tomb. Heroditus writes that the pyramid took 30 years to build and 100,000 men were employed in its construction. It has stood there for about 5,000 years. The old buried tombs at Sakhara are most interesting. These were discovered about 50 years ago by a Frenchman named Mariette. We visited the tomb of Ti, who was the steward of one of the Pharaohs. There are quite a number of chambers, all beautifully decorated with wall pictures cut in low relief, which depict the various incidents and occupations in the life of the men, viz., boat building, the feeding and slaughtering of animals, cattle, birds, etc. These the soul was supposed to be able to enjoy after death, just as the man when alive could enjoy the real living representatives. When Mariette entered these underground tombs, he found in the sand the footprints of the last man who came out, 3,700 years before. In the museum at Ghizeh we saw the mummy of Pharaoh the oppressor. He has a fine hook nose and a strong well developed jaw. Cairo itself, in the old town, is full of interest, and the street scenes present an ever-varying charm. One sees here all nationalities—East and West meet-

ing—Greeks, Turks, French, English, Italians, Bedouins, Fellahin, Nubians, etc. The principal native street, "The Mushki," is narrow, very crowded and full of every variety of sound and colour. The whole country since the English occupation has immensely improved in value, and the peasantry are now comparatively well off. Begging, though still prevalent, is dying down, as Lord Cromer has issued appeals to all travellers not to countenance it, as there is no need for it. In any case, the native can live on very little, and the poor people in a fine climate have a much better time of it than in one such as ours with our rigorous winters. The average wage of an agricultural labourer is 1/- per day.

On Wednesday the 10th we had a wire from Guergeh from my cousin, asking us when we would join the dahabiyeh. We left Cairo on Saturday evening at 8.30 and travelled all night, reaching Guergeh about sunrise. Sure enough, when I popped my head out at the station, there was my cousin on the platform with a friend, who was a teacher of mathematics in the military school in Cairo, up for a spell, and they had with them two or three of the crew to carry our luggage. I can imagine nothing more delightful than existence on a dahabiyeh or river boat for anyone who has been working hard and wants a complete change with rest and quiet and sunshine and fresh air. Day after day there is continuous bright sunshine from 7.45 until 5.30. From Assiout (which lies to the north of Guergeh) to Assouan in the south, they do not have more than three days' rain in the year. In the saloon we are, if we like, practically in the open air, with the windows open on three sides and an open door on the fourth wall. The nights are cold, and one wants warm rugs, and, if out on deck, a heavy overcoat. The sun in the day time is very hot, like the height of any English summer, and one is glad of a cork helmet. The usual routine of the day is:—Up at about 7 to 7.30—tub, shave, etc.—turn on deck—breakfast anytime about 9 o'clock—porridge, meal is kept in tins, and fresh milk is easily got from the villages. Personally, though I got porridge and milk day in and day out at the old school, I have never grown tired of it, and am still always pleased to have it, though I do not tackle a "wee tate mair." However, we make up for that with tea, eggs, and bread and butter, varied with tinned herrings. After breakfast we sit on deck and smoke and chat, or write or play chess. If there is a good wind we sail along famously and can cover about 40 miles in the day. Light lunch about 1 o'clock followed by a smoke or two, while we read or chat or photograph and watch the scenery. Afternoon tea about 4.30, smoke, etc.,

etc. Dinner about 7. After dinner, game at bridge and then to bed. After we came on board we did not have the usual amount of wind, and this entailed more work for the crew—towing from the bank or walking in the water, sometimes nearly up to the waist. These river men are Nubians, and have a language of their own, different from the usual Arabic. They are almost amphibious. A dahabiyeh has four of a crew, with a Reis or captain and a lad who acts as head cook, bottle-washer, waiter, etc. The boat belongs to my cousin who makes it his home. He is an artist, and finds it most convenient for his work, and as he will use it, not much more costly than living in a small house on land.

Now and then, when there was no wind, we landed and had a shot at wild pigeons, bathed, or photographed. One could spend a few months most pleasantly thus. The scene changes every few yards and is perfectly lovely at all times. The lights in the evening are simply wonderful, the colours at sunset attaining most exquisite hues, gold and purple and rose pink. We visited *en route*, the old temples at Abydos, Danderah, Luxor, Komomba, and arrived at Assouan on the 5th of February.

WM. M. CRAWFORD WATSON.

TO THE GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

JOHN WATSON'S INSTITUTION.

DEAR FRIENDS,

Christmas has once more come and gone, and with it our usual gathering of old friends at the "At Home." Pleasant memories in connection still linger, however,—glimpses of friends seen only on these occasions, as well as of others seen more frequently, but never to better advantage than when engaged in meeting some old school-fellow. Memories, too, of kindly greetings from absent members, regretting inability to attend, while wishing all present a happy evening. What interesting details of many a life come to hand at these seasons, too, some grave, some gay, all making another link with olden days at least once a year. What wonder if after all seems to be done with, it is only really in appearance, and the next Reunion is round in no time. No more sentiment, says the Editor, no room for that!

So to return to the account of the "At Home." Before the real business (?) of the evening comes always the Annual General Meeting of the Association. There was a goodly attendance when Miss Gellatly read the minutes of last Meeting, the Report showing that the membership now

stands at 150, and the balance on hand of funds to be £5, 4s. 8d. Intimation was also given of Miss K. Sadler's resignation of the office of Joint-Secretaryship of the Association, and the acceptance of same office by Miss Janie M'Gregor. Miss Sadler received the thanks of the Meeting for the whole-hearted interest she has taken in the Association's work, and she carries to her new sphere of work at the Nordland Institute the best wishes of all her friends. In connection with this, we may mention a very pleasing incident in the evening's programme. This was the presentation of a lovely travelling rug and pillow to Miss Stevenson from a few of her more intimate friends in the Association. Miss K. Sadler presented the gift in a few well chosen words, while Miss Stevenson acknowledged receipt of same suitably.

Then followed the discussion with regard to the suggestions (very few in number) received by Misses Bruce and Peters as to which of the two schemes before last year's meeting was favoured by the general Members and the best means of raising the money for such. It was decided (first) that most votes had been given to the proposal to institute a Holiday Fund, and (second) that members be invited to send in along with their annual subscriptions any donations from sixpence upwards to this Fund. Will friends kindly remember this when paying next subscription? The new Associates were received at this Meeting for the first time in agreement with alteration in Rule 3.

Now for the later part of the evening. In the girls' schoolroom our guests were shortly after joined by the gentlemen with Mr Langhorne, and after tea was served dancing was engaged in with vigour. But the clock struck, much too early, the hour for parting.

Little space is left to tell of the general life of the present girl-pupils. The difficulty of getting the games put on a satisfactory footing is a proof of how hard it is to change the habits of generations of time. The boys not having such hindrances, being, as it were, "born to play games," go at theirs daily with an ease and sense of pleasure which is the envy of those who are aiming to teach the girls, partially at least, to imitate the "sterner sex" in this good habit.

With all kind wishes, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

EMMA MURRAY,

President.

SCHOOL NOTES.

On Wednesday, 19th September, began the School Year, 1906-7, without any change in the Staff.

The first football match was played on 20th October, *v.* D. Stewart's 4th XV., at Inverleith. The J.W. fifteen, winning the game, had to their credit 45 points (to nil). Stewart's College then desired J.W. to play its second XV. This match took place at Inverleith on Nov. 10th, and J.W. lost—nil to 65 points! This latter should not have been played; the Institution team was ridiculously overweighted.

It is worth while, in this connection, to put the question: Do school teams, other than 1st Fifteens, play to increase their record of points, or do they play for the sake of the game?

Of other matches the results at hand are:—

J.W.I. *v.* St Oswald's (home ground),	27th Oct.,	3—23	points.
,, ,,	1st Dec.,	0—33	,,
,, *v.* 4th George Heriot's (Goldenacre),	3rd Nov.,	3—14	,,
,, *v.* 4th R.H.S. (Corstorphine),	8th Dec.	0— 0	,,

The School Fifteen are:—

Leonard Pattullo (Captain and Full-Back); D. Morison, I. Crawford, J. Rodger, D. Collins (Three-Quarters); P. Alexander, J. Brown (Halfs); F. Johnston, J. Bayne, A. Aymer, D. Brown, A. Muirhead, G. Gilray, J. M'Nish, T. Gibson (Forwards).

Holidays were given for Hallowe'en, and the last day of the term.

The year 1906 should be memorable for its Christmas treats.

On Dec. 6th Mr George M. Paul, the Deputy Keeper of the Signet, and Mrs Paul, were kind enough to give a Magic Lantern and Gramaphone Entertainment, at which they were present, followed by a Tea.

On Dec. 15th, Lt. Col. A. B. M'Hardy, C.B., of 3 Ravelstone Park, did a very neighbourly thing in sending boys and girls to the circus.

On Dec. 19th the Directors provided a Cinematograph Show and a Tea to follow. Mr P. Murray, W.S., and Mr Hugh Patten were present.

The Christmas holidays began on 21st December and ended on 7th January.

CLUB TALK.

Our heartiest congratulations to the Rev. J. M'Carter, the Father of the Club, who this year attains his Diamond Jubilee as a Levite, having left in 1847! Mr M'Carter has been a most generous contributor to the Magazine, and his articles on the first two headmasters, and the "Reminiscences" in this number are unique and valuable records of the early days of the Institution.

Mr J. Macbeth Forbes, the author of "Jacobite Gleanings," has written a History of the Primrose-Rosebery Family, 1500-1900, which will be published in March by Messrs Archibald Constable & Co. Regarding this book the *Scotsman* says: "The work is written in an impartial spirit, and contains a series of interesting biographies which shed light on Scottish history and social manners of bygone times. The ghost of Barnbougle Castle receives special notice."

The first article under each of the initial letters of the Harmsworth Encyclopaedia was penned by a philological contributor to our pages.

The Cambridge University Press are to publish in the spring a History of the Crusaders in the East by Professor Stevenson.

After partaking of a certain dainty entitled a "cheese ramakin" at the recent dinner, a Member who requested to be enlightened as to its composition, was informed by the waiter that "a cheese ramakin is a *combustible* composed of cheese and cream!" The Levite hastily drank some water.

In February 1907, in an interesting lecture at the Associates' Meeting of the Edinburgh Architectural Association on the military architecture of mediaeval buildings, Mr J. Stewart Syme said the castles of the Norman rulers and their successors were developed rather from the primitive mode of both the invading and the subject races than from the more scientific works of our earlier conquerors, the Romans.

Dr Charles M'Neil, who has just returned from a voyage to the Far East, about which we hope to hear soon, has been appointed Resident Medical Officer at the Convalescent Home, Murrayfield.

Stanley Nairne is now Assistant to the Professor of English Literature in St Andrews University.

Thomas Graham has gained Lloyd's Register Science Scholarship at the University of Glasgow amounting to £50, tenable for three years.

Louis Menard left at the end of February for South Australia, where he has good prospects.

THE JOHN WATSON CLUB.

1906-1907.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

Honorary President—GEORGE M. PAUL, D.K.S.

President—The Rev. DAVID G. HAMILTON, M.A.

Vice-Presidents—WILLIAM MUIRHEAD and JAMES ROSS.

Secretary and Treasurer—DAVID M. THOMSON.

Members of Council—CHAS. G. C. MEISTER, also Editor of *The Levite*, JOHN O. NAISMITH, M.A., GEORGE W. C. LAIDLAW, GORDON G. JOLLY, and JAMES T. CAMPBELL.

Ex-officio Members of Council—THE LOCAL SECRETARIES.

Honorary Members—Sir CHARLES B. LOGAN, W.S., HUGH PATTEN, W.S., GEORGE ROWE, B.A., and JOHN LANGHORNE, M.A.

ALTERATIONS OF ADDRESSES OF CLUB MEMBERS

Since 1st August 1906.

Levite of	*Life Member **
1868	DONALDSON, JOHN T., 189 Newhaven Road, Leith.
1886	VOST, JAMES, B.Sc., Edenside, Newlands, Glasgow.
1889	FRASER, CHARLES J. S., Messrs Wm. Anderson & Co., 48 White Street, New York.
*1890	STEWART, ALEXANDER A., 3 Gayfield Place, Edinburgh.
1891	M'RAE, DUNCAN, Athabasca Landing, Athabasca, Canada.
1892	STEWART, JAMES B., M.A., 3 Gayfield Place, Edinburgh.
1893	GRANT, HENRY K., c/o Millie, 46 Lochrin Buildings, Edinburgh.
1893	ADAMSON, ROBERT B., c/o Smith, 33 Booth Street, Middlesborough.
1896	NAIRNE, STANLEY, M.A., 8 Greyfriar's Gardens, St Andrews.
1901	SMART, BASIL, Canadian Pacific Railway, Land Department, Winnipeg.
1901	MASSIE, IAN W., c/o Perritt, 2 Edmiston Terrace, Ibrox, Glasgow.
1902	WILSON, FRED W. B., 1 Springvalley Terrace, Edinburgh.
1903	LAING, D. FRASER, Cupar Post-Office, Saskatchewan, Canada, N.W.T.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF NEW CLUB MEMBERS

Admitted since 1st February 1906.

Life, formerly Ordinary Member†*

Levite of	
*†1883	SAXBY, HORACE D., South African Constabulary, Bokwani, *via* Belfast, Transvaal.
*†1885	HAMILTON, CHARLES F., Salisbury, Rhodesia.
1890	MACFARLANE, ARCH. KENNEDY, The Manse, Morvern, Mull.
1904	MASSIE, ANDREW B., Hudson Bay Company, York Factory, Province of Keewatin, Canada.
1904	LINDSAY, ARTHUR J., 6 Craiglea Drive, Edinburgh.
1904	MACDONALD, PERCY S., 18 St Bernard's Crescent, Edinburgh.
1906	THOMSON, JACK, 7 Colvill Place, Arbroath.
1906	LINTON, ALEC., Heath View, Selkirk.
1906	DURNO, LESLIE M., 20 Bruntsfield Avenue, Edinburgh.
1906	DOBBIE, ARTHUR J. B., 1 Cornwall Street, Edinburgh.
1906	CUTHBERT, CHARLES, 9 Merchiston Crescent, Edinbuugh.

BIRTHS.

MUIRHEAD—At 67 Devonshire Road, Palmer's Green, N., on 15th December 1906, the wife of James Muirhead, of a daughter.

MUIRHEAD—At 100 Dundrennan Road, Langside, Glasgow, on 7th February 1907, the wife of Archibald E. Muirhead (née Margaret Hadden), of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

SHANKS-RATTRAY—At St Andrew's Church, Bombay, on 29th November 1906, by the Rev. J. Cameron, Senior Presidency Chaplain, Church of Scotland, assisted by the Rev. T. Phillips, H.M. Chaplain The Royal Scots, Alfred David, younger son of the late Rev. David Shanks, D.D., of Craigrownie, Cove, Dumbartonshire, and of Mrs Shanks, Glasgow, to Agnes, daughter of David Rattray, C.A., Glasgow and Warrambien, Cove.

DEATH.

DONALD—At 4 Stirling Road, Trinity, on 12th November 1906, James Donald, Solicitor, in his 55th year.

Mr J. N. R. MACQUEEN, 15 Leven Terrace, Edinburgh, desires to compile a John Watson Vocabulary, and will be glad to receive a note of any old School Words or Phrases, which were not included in the Articles on that subject, with as full a meaning as possible, and the probable date of use.

THE LEVITE

Editor—C. G. C. MEISTER.

No. X. AUGUST 1907

OFF DAYS OF A BUSH SETTLER.

Those of you who are unacquainted with the task of prospecting for, and the ultimate carrying out of a home in a bush country can but dimly conceive wherein lies the pleasure of so doing. The selection of land best suited for clearing, the choice of a site for a cabin, by the edge of a creek preferred; these and many other things go to make up for me, at least, that interest which I can only designate as full of charm.

Just such thoughts occurred to me whilst driving by the water's edge on the way to renew acquaintances at the annual Club picnic at Habbie's Howe, and by there collection of a prospecting trip undertaken into the heart of Vancouver Island, I fell to the demand for a tale of experiences out in the West.

We were a couple of "tenderfeet," and were staying the summer with two fellows who wished a bigger range for some horses just arrived from the mainland. These were our gay and happy bachelorhood days when the household would be up and around long before breakfast finishing the routine of dish-washing and floor-sweeping, and giving a hand to milking and generally clearing around outside. We were initiated into the mystifying business of fixing up our pack upon our pony by what is termed the diamond hitch, our tutors being old timers at the game, who had owned and travelled with a string of Mexican mules on the Cariboo Road.

With a saddle horse apiece beneath us, we set off with a "Houp la" and other field calls dear to my chum from the Cotswolds. We made Cobble Hill Inn at lunch time, and then said good day to civilization for a space. We felt like the much ridiculed greenhorn when we made shift to replace the pack to its normal position on the beast's back in place of between its legs. The art of packing had been entirely forgotten, but we had recourse to a compound of granny knots and interlacing of crude Celtic design. We surprised a party of returning mountain prospectors for gold claims or timber, seated around a steaming pot of venison at their camp upon the edge of the trail. Towards sundown we were compelled to retrace our steps to an abandoned stopping house, as the giant trees lay in such numbers on our path

that we doubted our ever making any progress with our animals. There we camped in the partially unroofed shack and hobbled the cayuses in the rank growth of the garden.

Next morning we took the river bed afoot and followed the Koksilah to its source, but found no meadows, only the dump tailings and cranky windlass of an old silver mine. On the following day, carrying neither blankets nor grub stake, another attempt was made, and though always a little hazy as to our whereabouts, we at times had the uncomfortable feeling of being lost altogether. We fossicked in and around an old cabin lying where the ways parted, and it was an illustration of the "Fellow feeling for another," "Blind leading the blind," and "Man's inhumanity to man," rolled into an unhappy ill-assorted *mélange* when we beheld these words written up, "Why—don't you say where these trails lead to?" I, on behalf of my party, subscribed my name, date, but fortunately not address, for I omitted to direct others on my return although I had intended to do so. For many days past the sun had been unable to penetrate the dense pall of smoke arising from a bush fire somewhere around us, and we had not proceeded far on the most blazed and used of the two trails, which we had chosen on the toss of a coin, when we were confronted with the almost overpowering smoke and heat of the fire, which we had judged to be near us, and which was raging and crackling right on our path. Through the zone of falling trees we pushed ahead, our eyes glued to the ground to discern the faintest of dim trails. The odour of singeing tweed and the choking clear heat gave us an indication of how close a thing it was, and the few seconds we hesitated before proceeding further on our fearful travelling were cut short by the thundering fall of two giant pines all afire which completely barred our exit. So, proceed we must, and were glad and felt thankful indeed when, after *vraiment un mauvais quart d'heure* we came out upon the windward side of another abandoned homestead nestling among the dark green foliage of pines with snow capped towers close in on all sides, a most glorious picture, full of repose and sunshine.

Before retiring we canoed down the beaver-dammed river Jordon in a dug-out and contemplated the day's struggle, and our good fortune in arriving at a spot so far removed and so full of grandeur and charm. Ruffled grouse, felled with a club, beans and flour-sack shakings were quite welcome fare for two meals, then a sprawl on the floor boards—hard tough times but hugely appreciated when

we thought what our plight might have been. We safely negotiated our return to the cayuses which we found had leapt the fence and made for the creek and hillside. Our grub stake was finished and our next two meals consisted of moisture-beaded apples which grew in the shade of the tall Douglas firs.

The pack pony being a trusted animal, was relegated to the rear to follow at her pleasure, and she behaved well until the last lap, when she forfeited all our respect for her as a beast of burden, by tripping while we were picking our way over a ledge, and rolling, sliding, and kicking out with all fours mule-like, to the creek bed, where she stood in the cold glacial waters, and remonstrated when asked to come and resume her menial occupation as prospectors' pack-horse.

On our return to our friends we spent some time recuperating, mending shirts and anointing our backs, for in our joy at nearing home, we had been heedless of the snags that protruded from the overturned trees that crossed our path. We were, however, assured of lucrative trade as train-owners.

DUNCAN M'RAE.

"WHAT SHALL I BE?"

I.—THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

The question "What are you going to be?" is a favourite one to address to a growing youth, and is one which most boys feel considerable difficulty in answering. There are some happy individuals, of whom I cannot, I think, give you a better instance than the esteemed President of the Club, who choose their future calling very early in life, and having once made their choice, stick to it. Such boys, however, I should imagine, are rare. Do most of us simply drift into some calling or another? That does happen; but in the case of J.W.I. boys it is also, I imagine, comparatively rare. When a boy's father is living, there is a natural tendency to follow in his footsteps; and in such a case the choice of a career is greatly simplified. But to the fatherless lad the choice is usually a very difficult matter. Friends and relatives are rather unwilling to tender advice, fearing that later on they may be blamed if the choice prove unsuccessful. Most men limit their advice to a strong warning to their

young friend to above all things avoid the particular calling which is theirs.

What sort of information is necessary in order that the youth shall be able to make an intelligent choice? In general terms, he wishes to know, firstly, whether he is suited to a particular profession, and, secondly, whether the rewards to be gained by *average* success in such a profession *suit* him. The qualities required for, and the rewards to be obtained in any particular calling, can, I think, be set out with moderate accuracy by a member of such calling who has achieved an average amount of success, and that not without difficulty. If the youth is to use the information profitably he must, to some degree at least, *know himself*, understand his own strong points, and his own weaknesses. This is no light matter; and here, I think, a candid schoolmaster would be a very useful adviser. With these preliminary remarks I go on to shortly consider "The Medical Profession" as a career for old J.W.I. boys.

It would appear, from the large number of old boys who have already adopted this profession, that it stands in no need of recommendation to the Levites. And I do not intend to imitate an eminent professor who, having achieved both riches and honour in its pursuit, tried to impress me with the view that it was the most wretched of occupations. Looked at purely from a financial point of view, for a youth of average abilities the medical career may be looked upon as a thoroughly safe investment, not a stock that is likely to pay big dividends, but one which is sure to give a moderate return. The average income of a medical man in Great Britain is between £300 and £400 per annum. Undoubtedly the remuneration received by many medical men is a very inadequate recompense for the amount of work done, and for the time and money spent upon their education. For certainly the average general practitioner is the hardest worked of all professional men, and I should say of all commercial men. The doctor's life is arduous aud exacting. He has no fixed hours of work. His evenings, his Saturdays and Sundays are not his own, to be disposed of as and how he wills.

To a very great extent the doctor must find his pleasure in his work. To anyone who does not do so the life is a dreary grind. It follows from this that no one should take up this profession of medicine, who is not attracted thereto by the actual work. But how is the boy to know whether the actual hard work of the profession will interest and attract him or not? If he feels that interesting work, together with just enough money to live respectably (rather a doubtful figure, by the way), is what he wants in life, then

comes the question, "Is the work of a medical practitioner going to interest him?" The candidate for the medical profession must be of at least average intelligence. On the other hand, he need not have been of a particularly studious disposition at school. The most promising raw material for the manufacture of a doctor is, in my opinion, the bright intelligent boy *who is a keen observer of facts*, and who is clever with his hands.

These qualities are not much cultivated by educational authorities, or at least were not, when I was a schoolboy. In addition to the acquisition of facts from books, the power of reasoning was what was chiefly taught to me at school. I was never taught to observe, nor to use my hands with skill. Reading and reasoning came to me almost by nature, and consequently school lessons were easy and pleasant. But when I became a student of medicine I did not find a knowledge and love of literature or a delight in argument of much service, and I had to begin to learn to observe and to use my hands. Such education was neither easy nor pleasant at first. Do not misunderstand me. The love of logic and literature are of great service to the medical man as to everyone else, and in the higher branches of the profession are very necessary indeed; but the other qualities mentioned are, in the medical profession, absolutely essential, if the work is to be really interesting and attractive. And, again, I believe that many a boy, who has little natural inclination for observation of the concrete, and for skilled manual labour, can be trained to do both, well and with pleasure. But let the aspirant acquire these arts and learn to take pleasure in them before, rather than after, he passes his "medical prelim."

To a youth, then, who has the qualities mentioned I can heartily recommend the medical profession. Now, a word regarding the medical curriculum. Every one should take a University Degree in preference to a College qualification. The cost of medical education in Scotland is, I should say, about £150, exclusive of the ordinary expense of living. Exams. are an unfortunate necessity and must be passed, but the medical student should never allow preparation for exams. to take the chief place in his work. He must ever bear in mind that the main thing is to prepare himself for the actual practical work of his profession, and this is chiefly to be done by practical work in the laboratories, and by intelligent attendance at classes. Then only will he acquire that intimate acquaintance with the facts of disease, and that skill in diagnosis which are absolutely necessary to real success. There are no doubt some medical men who achieve great success, as measured by the standard of money and

public reputation, without these qualifications. But such men can have no real pleasure in their work, and are to all intents mere quacks and charlatans. Nowadays the medical curriculum covers a period of five years instead of four, and the addition of this fifth year was intended to secure a larger practical experience on the part of the medical graduate. This use of the fifth year for practical work should be jealously guarded. Most Scottish medical students graduate very young, and, when it is possible from a financial point of view, the days of studentship may be very profitably prolonged to six years. It is perhaps preferable on the whole to make this sixth year post graduation, as the student will work better, in my opinion, with all his exams. behind him. Still better than this sixth year of student work, is the holding of internal hospital appointments. Six months on the surgical side, and six months on the medical side as "houseman" constitutes experience of an invaluable nature, and men who can secure such appointments in the hospital of a teaching school are to be envied. At Edinburgh, owing to the number of graduates, such appointments are difficult to obtain, but many Edinburgh graduates obtain similar appointments at the Glasgow Royal Infirmary, or at one of the English Provincial Hospitals.

J. J. Boyd.

(*To be continued*).

A REMINISCENCE OF PROBATIONER DAYS.

Picture to yourself an utterly raw probationer entering a busy ward where everything is new and strange, and everyone far too busy to attend to her, and you get an idea of the hopelessly-lost feeling I experienced some years ago.

I was welcomed warmly at the hospital by matron and assistant superintendent, and after a good tea was told to unpack and change into uniform, and come back as quickly as possible to matron's room, as they were short-handed in Ward II., and wanted me at once. Just as the superintendent was taking me to Ward II. she was called away, and I entered the ward alone and stood at the door feeling lost and forlorn, and wondering what to do. Presently sister, whose eyes seemed everywhere, spied me at the door, and came to greet me. "You are the new nurse, I suppose? We are very busy, just now; will you go up to that top table and bring those ferns out here to this bathroom." I at once marched up the ward to the table, feeling as if every eye

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in the ward were on me, passed the long row of beds, and back again to the bathroom. This journey I had five times successfully accomplished without slipping on the polished floors, which, by the bye, need practice as well as rubber heels to tread gracefully, when I heard a voice from behind some screens say, "Nurse, come here!" I hesitated a moment, and then, seeing no other nurse near, I pulled one screen back a tiny bit and peeped in. "Oh, it's you," said sister. "Well, go to the end of the ward, and just outside the door you will see several letters on the wall. Take out the tube marked H.S., and whistle for the house surgeon. Tell him he is wanted in Ward II." I felt it was something urgent, and terror lent me wings, and I ran down the ward. Alas, the slippery floors! I had reached the end bed, when down I went full length. I felt the men patients were all laughing at me, though I heard nothing, and with a very red face I made for the door. I saw the tube marked H.S., and pulled it out, and then in my best school-girl style I whistled shrilly down the tube. There was no answer, and again I whistled louder than ever. A gentleman was strolling down the corridor and called out, "Nurse! what are you doing?" "Oh please," I said, "I am whistling for the house surgeon, but there is no answer." He bent himself double laughing at me, and said, "Why, you have to blow down the tube, and that blows out a whistle the other end, not down it; but I'm the house surgeon. Who wants me?" "Oh, please, sister does at once behind the screen in Ward II." He turned away still laughing.

I tried to cover my hot cheeks with my hands, and once more entered the ward with a "don't care" expression. I went up the ward to finish my task of taking the plants out, but as I reached the bed with the screens round, I heard the doctor's voice raised, telling whoever pleased to listen, the tale of the new probationer whistling down the tube. This was too much for me, and I knew I must either laugh or cry. I forced the tears away, thinking I must not cry on my first day in hospital, and I laughed instead, much to the enjoyment of most of the patients. The rest of that first evening slipped quickly by, and I was surprised to feel how hungry I was as the supper bell rang at 8.30, and how very tired I was as I crept into bed at night.

I stayed over three years in that hospital, and was teased off and on about whistling down the tube, and being caught by the house surgeon in the very act.

H.

THE LEVITES' JAUNT.

It is surprising that in the coldest and wettest June within memory we were favoured with tolerable weather for the Jaunt, which took place on the 15th. A little cold it was, and certainly very sunless, but nevertheless fair. It is a repeatedly proved proverb, however, that the Jaunt is bound to be enjoyable whatever the climatic conditions may be, so bad weather should never keep anyone away. The four-in-hand was this year rather sparsely filled, and it is doubtful whether the Jaunt was a very lucrative concern. The following Levites were present :—

Rev. D. G. Hamilton. W. Muirhead, D. M'Rae, J. B. Stewart, D. M. Thomson, J. Ross, A. W. MacCallum, C. G. C. Meister, D. S. Burnet, W. Crawford, J. T. Campbell.
Misses J. Adam, A. W. Allen, F. Beyer, A. S. Boe, M. Borders, D. Drysdale, A. M. W. Duffus, W. L. Gellatly, A. Jenkins, E. J. Jolly, C. Kissack, J. Lennox, J. MacGregor, F. M'Rae, M. M'Rae, A. Neilson, E. Roger, C. M. Sinclair and B. Smart.

Miss Kilgour again sent buttonholes of the Club colours, which were as usual much admired.

As we journeyed along, most of the conversation naturally was reminiscent, especially as more than one of the company were making the journey for the first time since their school-days. It is very interesting to note that even after the lapse of many years an old boy recalls almost every cottage on this familiar road, and a Levite of thirty years standing will find everything the same as when he travelled for the last time in the "first cart."

On our arrival at Loganlee, or, to keep up the old fiction, Habbie's Howe, we found quite a number of other picnics in the glen. We, however, camped on our own spot, the occupants of which were making preparations for departure. The usual bustle succeeded, the male part of the company trying to induce the kettle to boil while the ladies spread the cloth beside the burn. Tea was ready ere long, and was partaken of with the usual merriment.

After tea two of the party left in order of catch an early train home from Balerno, and they had scarcely departed when Duncan M'Rae, with his sisters and Miss Boe, arrived in a trap from Penicuik. There were hearty greetings on both sides, and M'Rae and his contemporaries had plenty to say to each other.

The company soon scattered; some enjoyed a game of rounders, while some climbed the hills, and probably all visited the waterfall, which was in great form after the heavy rains. There was a splendid volume of water, and those who thought a climb to the top of the falls a necessary part of the

Jaunt found the task more difficult than usual owing to the slipperiness of the rocks.

Although still light, it was growing late by the time we were ready to start for home. The return journey is always a lively one, and the Jaunt came to a successful end shortly after 11, when the coach reached Princes Street.

EIGHTH OLD BOYS' CRICKET MATCH.

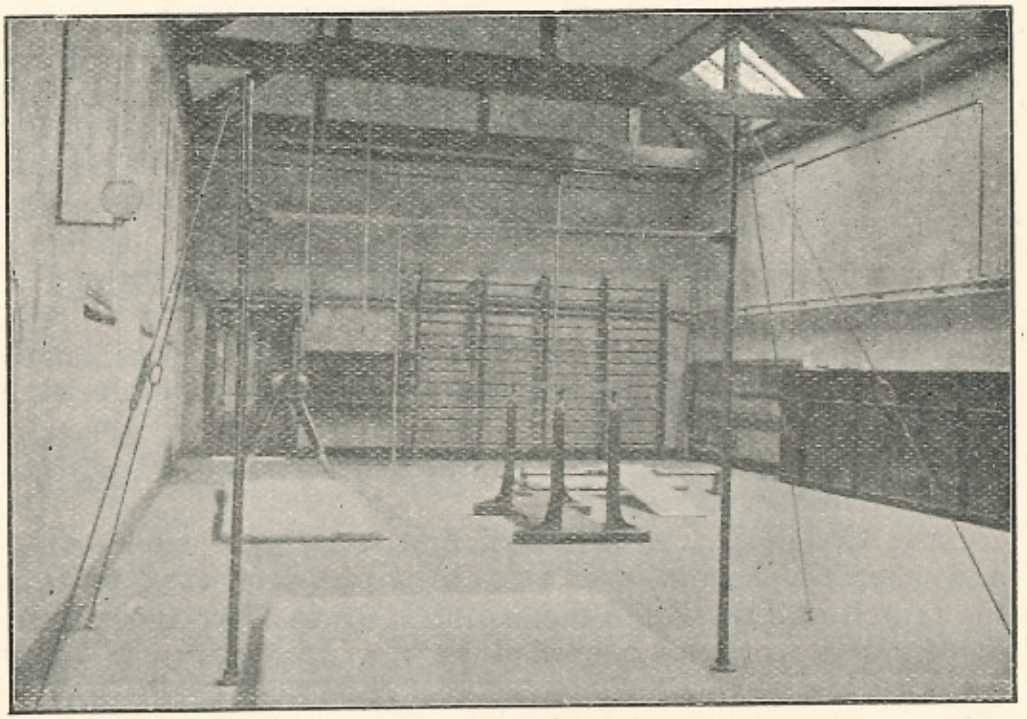
The match which took place as usual this year on the first Friday in July proved more than usually exciting. Last year's match, won by the School, gave them an advantage which the Club XI were determined should not easily be improved on.

The Old Boys, who batted first, ran up a score of 61, and when the School team went in it was seen that to finish the match in time would mean quick work. But the School, determined to make a hard fight, ran up a score of 50 for 9 wickets, and the excitement was therefore great on both sides when, with but a few minutes to go, the last wicket went in. "All up" was proclaimed, however, after 2 had been scored, so that the match, which would at any rate have been a close one, resulted in a draw. The scores are noted below.

Club XI.		School Team.	
D. S. Burnet, *b* Pattullo.....	19	J. Rodger, *c.* Cuthbert *b* Burnet	0
L. Durno *b* Pattullo.....	0	L. Pattullo, *c* Millar *b* Burnet	3
C. Cuthbert, *c* Morison, *b* Rodger.....	7	F. Johnston, *c* Ross *b* M'Donald	11
P. S. M'Donald, *c* Alexander *b* Pattullo.....	0	D. Brown, *b* Ross.....	12
J. Campbell, *b* Pattullo.....	4	J. Brown, *c and b* M'Donald	4
J. Renwick, *b* Bayne.....	9	D. Collins, *c* Miller *b* M'Donald	4
W. D. Coghill, *stumped* Rodgers.....	6	R. Gibson, *c* Burnet *b* Renwick	4
J. Ross, *hit wickets*, Rodger...	0	J. Bayne, *c* Ross *b* Renwick	1
T. Miller, *run out*.....	5	J. Crawford, *not out*	4
H. K. Grant, *c* Alexander *b* Bayne.....	4	D. Morison, *c* Cuthbert *b* Renwick	0
W. Crawford, *not out*.....	0	P. Alexander, *not out*.....	2
Byes 4, Leg Byes 1, Wide Balls 2.....	7	Byes 1, Wide Balls 3, No Balls 3	7
Total.....61		Total.....	52

There was a very good turnout of Old Boys, and the evening was fine. After the match, first the boys, and then then the Old Boys, enjoyed the usual strawberry feast, and a visit to the gymnasium concluded a pleasant evening.

THE GYMNASIUM.



From a Photograph.

THE VICINITY OF JOHN WATSON'S.

Edinburgh in its expansion has swallowed up many villages and hamlets. Most of these, needless to say, have now-a-days wholly disappeared, leaving no trace of their former existence except perhaps in a street name. Other villages, however, have had more pertinacity; though merged in the advancing town, they have not been obliterated by it; though swallowed up, they still, as someone has put it, lie undigested. Nowhere is this so noticeable as in the district which is the subject of this paper, the Dean and its neighbourhood. There, as nowhere else in the city, we see the old commingled with the new, the country with the town, the seventeenth century with the twentieth. Standing boldly upon the heights we have what is best and most dignified in the modern city; nestling down in the valley we have the survival of the old world order. Above, the houses are arranged in orderly terraces and crescents; below we have them huddled round an ancient weir, each house standing independently and having its own angle to street or river. To artist and to antiquarian this part of the town has ever had an attraction. Our intention, however, is not to dwell on the subject either with the grace of the former or the learning of the latter, but simply to give some information about places once familiar to generations of Levites.

The growth of Edinburgh has been very rapid, when we consider that all the New Town was non-existent a little over a century ago. The foundation stone of the Institution was laid in 1825. A few years before, the estate of Drumsheugh had come into the hands of the builder. The ground which now is covered by the houses of the West End was then, as Lord Cockburn tells us, "an open field of as green turf as Scotland could boast, thickly wooded along the Water of Leith."

In those days there were in the district three separate and distinct hamlets. Dean, Bell's Mills, Water of Leith or, as it was sometimes called, Dean Village. Of these the first-named has almost disappeared; the other two, though merged in and surrounded by the advancing town, are still, one might say, separate entities.

Bell's Mills is perhaps the place best known by former John Watson boys. Lying practically at the gates of the School, it was the scene of many a jaunt on Saturday afternoons when we were too lazy or unwilling to go further afield. Not a few have made a perilous journey up the Haugh in their endeavour to get into the "Kiddern." It was in the Haugh that the Covenanters of the district assembled before marching out to join the Westland Whigs at Rullion Green. A hawthorn tree marks the spot where the standard was raised. The chief building in this village is the old mill, built presumably by the original Bell. Being visible from the Belford Bridge it is a well known object with its mouldy walls on which lies thick the flour dust of centuries. The Belford Bridge was completed in 1887 and its construction must have been welcomed, if we are to believe the account given of its predecessor. "This bridge looks not like a work of the first county of Scotland. It is a tall, narrow, starved, consumptive object, unable to support even its own feebleness, without the awkward assistance of buttress crutches in addition to the original plan. It must stand while it is able to stand, a spectacle of studied deformity." Over this ramshackle bridge, nevertheless, most of the traffic to and from Edinburgh towards the west had to pass prior to the building of the Dean Bridge. Another way was by the bridge in Water of Leith village, but this way was rendered arduous by the steep ascents on either side of Bell's Brae and Dean Path.

Water of Leith village was the largest of the three. Not only was it a veritable hive of industry, but it was also a favourite summer resort of Edinburgh citizens, who came there to drink the waters of St Bernard's Well. The village, however, was principally famous for the flour-milling which

had been for centuries the occupation of the inhabitants. The original mills were granted to the monks of Holyrood by David I. When these had fallen into disuse and were crumbling to pieces, others were built in their stead by the Incorporation of Baxters (or bakers) of Edinburgh, who at that time controlled the milling industry. The mills and granaries still stand, though now they are put to uses quite different from the original plan. They are tall buildings, many-windowed, with inscriptions and carvings of the insignia of the Baxters. Especially prominent is the old guild-house, situated at the south end of the bridge. Above the door we can make out some symbols of the baking trade and the half-obliterated inscription, "God bless the Baxters of Edinburgh who built this house." The date is 1675. The "Jougs" were formerly fastened to this building, and many an unhappy wretch has spent weary hours there listening to the gibes and insults of passing Queensferry travellers. Some of the original houses still stand, with their red tiles and small windows, but a great many were removed to make room for Well Court buildings, a picturesque group which fits in most harmoniously with the surroundings, and intensifies the old world spirit.

Weaving was another industry in the village, and the noise of the shuttle was as incessant as the clatter of the mill-wheel. This industry, needless to say, has also long since disappeared. The busiest time in this little village was doubtless at the building of the Dean Bridge. At that time the carting of stone from Craigleith for the houses of the New Town was at its height and much of it passed through the village. There was also a daily invasion of the whole army of masons. Work was started in the morning by the ancient practice of "beating the mett." One of the millers who was approved of as an early riser, stood on the bridge in the centre of the village and beat the mett or corn-measure with a rolling-pin. The sound carried far and wide, and by it all the watches and clocks of the neighbourhood were regulated.

Climbing up the steep Dean Path towards the well-known church, we come to the site of the third of these old hamlets. Little is known now about Dean Village, save that it had an old inn well patronised by the coaches to and from the west, and a smiddy where weapons were manufactured at the time of the "Friends of the People" turmoil in Scotland. To the left of the village lay the manor house of Dean, the property of the Nisbets, an old Scottish family and hereditary poulterers to the King. The gardens and policies are now converted into Dean Cemetery, and nothing is left of the house save some heraldic carvings built into the retaining wall of the

cemetery. The Dean Cemetery is, after Greyfriars, the best known Cemetery in Edinburgh. Here are buried a host of famous men—lawyers, artists, soldiers and literary men.

Leaving the cemetery we find ourselves again near the gates of the School, and it is best to draw this paper to a close here. At some future date we may explore the vicinity of the School in another direction, namely, by Ravelston Dykes to Corstorphine Hill.

J.

A VOYAGE TO THE FAR EAST.

Dear Mr Editor,

I have just returned from a most interesting though rapid voyage to the Far East. The whole journey occupied just four months, and the time spent ashore in the great ports of the Strait Settlements, the Chinese seaboard and Japan, must therefore have been very brief. I can claim to know very little of the Asiatic, but perhaps I might offer to you and my old schoolmates a few rough and disorderly impressions of my travels.

In the first place, I did not go to Japan by that increasingly popular route, the Atlantic Ocean, the American Continent, and the Pacific Ocean. I belong to the Blue Water School, and so my journey was entirely by the sea. My objective was the East, and I went East and not West to find it.

My home during these four months of sea-travel was a steamship of cargo. Not a "tramp," if you please, sir, but a distinguished member of an aristocratic trading fleet of Liverpool. It will give a sufficient impression of the ship to say that she was 410 feet long, of 26 feet draught, and 4,900 gross tonnage. She was a boat, therefore, of respectable size. She was also, to my fond eyes, of distinguished appearance. I am very glad I did not travel in the splendid British and German mailboats. In them there is a silly attempt to eliminate the sea by importing into them all the luxurious superfluities of life ashore. On a ship conservatories, gymnasia and newspapers are ridiculous; they illustrate the old folly of Mrs Partington trying to keep out the sea. In all cases, in calm and in stormy weather, these flimsy defences are easily broken down; but in this constant attempt to escape the sea, the passenger returns to earth again with a most inadequate impression of it.

My position on board I am inclined to conceal. I signed

articles as Ship-Surgeon, but looking back on these four months, I can claim no real right to the title; and I may congratulate the crew for the successful way in which they avoided my services. So, Mr Editor, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, during this period I was a perfectly idle man *qua* Ship-Surgeon. And without passengers, and without any of the incongruous luxuries to be found in "floating hotels," I abandoned myself to a study of the sea. From a deck-chair I looked out upon it many hours daily by the light of the sun, moon and stars. I confess to a little disappointment at the Bay of Biscay. Crossing it twice, on both occasions I found it calm and still and blue, with a sunny sky overhead, and gentle airs blowing over it. The Mediterranean was fickle; bright and placid on the outward voyage, cold and stormy on the homeward trip. The Indian Ocean was most constant; and going and coming back, my memories of it are of a long succession of sunny days and starry nights. The Pacific Ocean along the China seaboard was as steady, but steadily rough and stormy. The Red Sea was not red, except that it was nearly redhot. The Yellow Sea was true to its name, and was as vividly yellow as the surface of a clay road after heavy rain. The Inland Sea of Japan was perhaps the finest of all the sea pictures that my memory has collected. It is strewn with thousands of islands of all forms and many sizes, and to pass among these by moonlight is a wonderful experience. By day the blue waters among the islands are dotted with hundreds of white sails, the fishing vessels of the large population that lives peacefully and prosperously in this archipelago.

In visiting the great ports of the Far East, one received an astonishing impression of the vastness of the sea-borne trade. The yearly exchange of goods between Asia and Europe must amount to a huge total. In these splendid harbours of Singapore, Hong-Kong, Shanghai and Yokohama lay dozens of large steamers, and it was pleasing to notice how the great majority of these were flying the Union Jack. And in the British ports, among the flock of peaceful merchantmen lay one of our cruisers, with her long black hull, her gaunt row of funnels, and her whole aspect swift and powerful. The most animated scene was at the long wharf of Singapore. It lay under brilliant sunshine; and, littered with cargo, and swarming with busy Chinese and Indian coolies, presented a picture full of life and colour. The air, too, was full of the clamour of strange tongues, of the roar of winches, and the creeking of derricks.

My experience of the Asiatic was slight. The time in port was too short. It was almost confined to encounters

with rickisha-boys and sanpan-women. The rickisha, if it is necessary to explain, is a small two-wheeled carriage, somewhat like a glorified mailcart, and its draught-animal is an Asiatic—Indian, Chinese or Japanese. The sanpan is a small boat, propelled by sculling-oar or sail, which conveys the European traveller from the ship, lying in the roads, to the landing stage ashore. As things of conveyance they differ in many superficial points. But they agree essentially in this—At the end of the journey there is always a dispute over the fare. I have many bitter memories on this topic. On almost every occasion we parted in anger. The most painful struggles were with the Chinese ladies who are more outrageous in asking, and more ferocious when refused, than anyone else. And I regret to say that our differences were nearly always a matter of bawbees. But you must remember, sir, that the bawbee is more respectable and commanding a coin in the Far East than it is in Scotland. Knowing that, and besides being born and bred a Scotsman, and therefore constitutionally tough in all matters of cash, I resisted to the uttermost farthing. The result is that I have come home with the native and national failing deeply fixed in me, and have acquired besides a bold look and a bullying manner, which have already been useful in dealing with the British cabman.

On a very small and superficial acquaintance with Chinese and Japanese, I incline to prefer the former. Japan has the more picturesque country, the clearer air, the brighter sky. The people are more lively, alert and intelligent. The Japanese women are charming. They dress with great taste and art. Their Kimono combines simplicity of form with daring but harmonious complexity of colour. And their whole appearance is so pleasing, that their curious "in-toed" manner of walking becomes quaint and pretty. But the Japanese is more dishonest in barter than any other Asiatic. And, further, one regrets to see intruding everywhere a slavish imitation of European habits and customs. The Chinaman is more faithful to his ancient national traditions. He is the finest Conservative in the world; and on the whole he seems a more "honourable gentleman" than his island neighbour, though infinitely inferior in energy and modern intelligence.

And now, Sir, I have said more than enough for your readers' patience. I will cut off my story as sharp and as short as they were wont to be some years ago when a door opened and a voice spoke through: "After nine. No more talking here."

H. 7.

TO THE GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

JOHN WATSON'S INSTITUTION.
29th July 1907.

DEAR FRIENDS,

Again the holidays are here, the youngsters scattered abroad, and the old place silent, but for the sound of workmen in unusual numbers. For improvements in the regions below are on hand—and as a recent correspondent wrote of the possibility desired many years ago—it almost looks as if that "extension of the holiday" might be required. Alas! however dreams of that kind are indulged in by young or old, there will be no fulfilment one may safely predict.

Changes in the Staff are also on the way. A resident gymnastic instructress takes up her duties after the holidays to take charge of the girls in play hours, so now for tennis, hockey and cricket in full swing, to say nothing of any other games. Lesson hours, too, are shortened, so that if the children be not all that a healthy life can make them, it will be a wonder.

The Exhibition Day passed much as usual, G. M. Paul, Esq., the Chairman, being unusually well supported by Directors. A change may be noted here, as the instrumental music was presided over by Miss Walton's successor, Miss Downie. Another new official was also present, viz., Dr Pearson, who lately has succeeded Dr Dunsmure.

This is not the place to speak of our late friend's worth, but we feel sure that many among the former pupils will note with regret that Dr Dunsmure passed away suddenly on the 15th inst. This severs a connection with the Institution of father and son of over forty years. The genuine interest taken in all matters concerned with the good of the School by both Dr Dunsmure and his father no one knows better than myself, who consider it a great privilege to have been so long associated with a man at once so eminent as a physician and full of kindliness as Dr Dunsmure.

The death roll has been heavy this Session, including a boy and girl, Sir Charles Logan, and now Dr Dunsmure. But we look forward with hope to a better time next Session, when we trust all, young and old, may return in vigour to resume the work, encouraged by the example of those who have but "gone before."

With all kind wishes.

Yours sincerely,

E. MURRAY,
President.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The "Summer" term began with the month of May, and pursued its course without any very serious accident or epidemic.

Miss Walton has resigned; and Miss L. Downie is now teacher of piano.

The Institution generally has experienced a great misfortune in losing the services and friendship of the late Dr Dunsmure, In his room Dr Mowbray Pearson has been appointed Medical Officer.

Empire Day was duly observed on the date chosen by the City; and the Picnic to Loganlee came off as usual.

Wet Saturdays interfered with the Cricket season. Only seven matches were played. Three of these were won, two lost, and two drawn.

3rd Dalkeith, ...	58 runs,		*v*	J.W.I.,	56 runs.	
3rd Daniel Stewart's,	33 ,,		*v*	,,	48 ,,	for 5 wkts.
St Oswald's, ...	71 ,,	(5 wkts.)	*v*	,,	27 ,,	for 5 wkts.
Cluny, ...	25 ,,		*v*	,,	47 ,,	
3rd Dalkeith, ...	52 ,,		*v*	,,	47 ,,	
Old Boys, ...	61 ,,		*v*	,,	52 ,,	for 9 wkts.
Mr Lumley's Boys' XI,	24 ,,		*v*	,,	100 ,,	for 4 wkts.

In the last match J. Rodger made 35 runs; and J. Pattullo (Captain) made 24 (not out) against 3rd Daniel Stewart's.

Mr Jamieson inspected the School on July 16th.

On the 25th July the Institution broke up for the holidays. The Concert began at 12.30 p.m., and, thanks to Mr Moonie and Miss Downie, was quite successful. There was a good attendance. The Deputy Keeper presided, and Mrs Paul kindly distributed the Prizes. The chief prize-winners were:—

Peter Alexander. Dux of the School; Jessie Robertson, Dux of Girls; Dorothy Gerrard, Sect. II.; Alastair Mackenzie, Sect. III.; William Guthrie, Sect. IV.; Turnbull Gibson and Madge Prentice, Singing; Jessie Robertson, Piano (Miss Walton's Prize); Jessie Robertson and Peter Alexander, Drawing.

The Club Prizes went to—

Peter Alexander, the Dux Medal; Leonard Pattullo, a Watch for Gymnastics; D. Collins, P. Alexander, J. Bayne, Books for Essay; Kate Stevenson and Ivy Mackintosh, Books for the best Garden.

The following are leaving:—

P. Alexander, D. Collins, J. Rodger, R. Gibson, J. Crawford, J. Bayne, L. Pattullo, G. Steven, A. Aymer, G. Gilray; Jessie Robertson, Mary Winter, Madge Prentice, Eliz. Comrie, Kate Stevenson and Ivy Mackintosh.

Adam Charles Shepherd died Feb. 7.
Netta Badger died March 10.

THE EDITORSHIP.

DEAR FELLOW LEVITES,

After but a short tenure of the post I have found it necessary, owing to lack of spare time, to resign from the Editorship.

A Meeting of Council was held on 11th October to appoint a new Editor, but the two Members then proposed have both been unable to accept the post. In these circumstances Mr D. M. Thomson has kindly come to the rescue, and has agreed to again undertake the work of editing the Magazine in addition to his multifarious duties as Secretary and Treasurer. The Members of the Club and Girls' Association owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr Thomson for so willingly giving up to their service his whole spare time, and they will be able to shew their appreciation of his kindness by contributing to the Magazine, and thus lightening the anxiety of one of his posts.

In conclusion I desire to record the pleasure which I have had in editing *The Levite*, and to thank all those who have assisted me.

Yours sincerely,

CHAS. G. C. MEISTER.

CLUB TALK.

W. D. Coghill and Gordon G. Jolly graduated M.B., Ch.B. at Edinburgh University in July. They have both done uncommonly well. Coghill, who is now Resident Medical Officer of Carmarthen Infirmary, obtained two medals during his last session for Medicine (Senior Division) and Mental Diseases. Jolly passed both his second and third professional examinations with distinction. He is now on a voyage to Bombay.

Albert James Roger, who passed the examination held in Edinburgh in connection with the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, has left this country for South Africa. Our good wishes go with him.

Special attention is drawn to the series of Articles entitled "What shall I be?" which are commenced in this number. It is of vital importance that boys in the Institution should have some knowledge of the methods of qualifying for, and the prospects of success in different callings. No one is more competent to advise them on these points than old boys, who are cordially invited to contribute to this series of Articles.

Mr James Muirhead, who has been connected with the London Office of the Commercial Bank of Scotland for nearly 20 years, has been appointed Agent of the Bank in Elgin, one of the first established branches of the Bank, opened as far back as 1824.

The late Mr Richard Stephenson was probably, at his death on 7th July, the oldest Levite in existence, having left the Institution in 1843. He was a well-known and much esteemed man in Berwickshire, and the *Kelso Mail*, on his death, contained an appreciative paragraph.

The Rev. John H. Burn is to be heartily congratulated on the completion of the erection of the Episcopal Church at Ballater, and on having a handsome organ installed therein free of debt.

One of the gardening prizes presented by Mr Ken Donaldson on the recent Vacation Day was a new book on "Edinburgh" by Miss Williamson, the daughter of the Minister of the Dean. The book is very favourably reviewed.

The great attraction at the Autumn Flower Show in the Waverley Market was the Grosvenor Orchestra under the Conductorship of Mr G. W. Crawford. It may be noted that upwards of 1000 more people visited the Show on one of the days this year than on the same day last year.

If longevity is hereditary our President stands a good chance of attaining a ripe old age, for his grandmother, Mrs Hamilton, Kirkcudbright, celebrated her 103rd birthday last April. Mrs Hamilton is the widow of the Rev. Geo. Hamilton, Minister of Kirkcudbright Parish. She was eleven years of age when Napoleon escaped from Elba, and remembers hearing the bells ringing in honour of the victory at Waterloo. In 1904 the Kirkcudbright Town Council presented Mrs Hamilton wlth an illuminated address on the occasion of her attaining her 100th birthday, and this year she was honoured by a telegram of congratulation from the King.

Duncan M'Rae and Archibald MacCallum paid short visits to Scotland during the Summer. They were both present at the Jaunt, where, unfortunately, they met very few of their contemporaries.

The illustration of the gymnasium at page 186 is reproduced from a photo by the Secretary, who has supplied so many interesting pictures to the Magazine.

A new Edition of "Lays and Legends of the North" by David Grant is on the eve of publication. The Author was the father of an old boy, H. K. Grant. There will be an

introduction by Mr R. C. T. Mair, M.A., LL.B., and a glossary. The price will be 2/6 nett.

The University Battery of the Edinburgh City Artillery Volunteers are this year the champions of Great Britain for Heavy Artillery, and gained the King's prize. In the competition Sergeant G. G. Jolly had command of one of the guns, and Corporal J. O. Naismith also constituted one of the team.

At George Watson's College Games, on 4th May 1907, Charles Cuthbert won 2nd prize in the quarter mile Flat Race open to boys under 15.

ALTERATIONS OF ADDRESSES OF CLUB MEMBERS

Since 1st February 1907.

Levite of	*Life Member* *
1847	M'CARTER, Rev. JOHN, 5 Morton Street, Joppa.
*1863	LIVINGSTONE, Captain J. W., 14 Montpelier Park, Edinburgh.
1865	MACKENZIE, W. M., 57 Newington Road, Edinburgh.
1882	MUIRHEAD, JAMES, Agent, Commercial Bank of Scotland, Ltd., Elgin.
1884	HENDERSON, JOHN, Avril, Kyle Park, Uddington.
*1885	RIDDELL, HENRY SCOTT, Natal Bank, Ltd., Pietermaritzburg.
1888	MACKENZIE, ANGUS, Writer, 21 Bath Street, Glasgow.
1891	M'RAE, DUNCAN, Duncan, Vancouver Island.
1892	STEWART, JAMES B., M.A., 11 Bellevue Terrace, Edinburgh.
1895	MACCALLUM, ARCH. W., 54 Fort Greene Place, Brooklyn, New York.
1897	MACQUEEN, J. NORMAN R., 122 Craiglea Drive, Edinburgh.
*1898	GIBSON, ROBERT HALLIDAY, Bank of New Brunswick, St John, N.B.
1898	THORNTON, THOMAS A., Victoria Mills, Colombo, Ceylon.
1899	RANKIN, OLIVER S., 25 Mentone Terrace, Edinburgh.
1899	BURNET, DAVID S., 9 Viewforth Gardens, Edinburgh.
1902	M'INTOSH, ALEX. B., Hillcrest, Rothesay.
1903	BARCKLEY, ARTHUR E., 124 Marchmont Road, Edinburgh.
1903	APEDAILE, LEO, 9 Viewforth Square, Edinburgh.
1904	MACDONALD, PERCY S., 1 Oxford Terrace, Edinburgh.
1905	M'INTOSH, CHAS. D., Hillcrest, Rothesay.

BIRTHS.

TAYLOR—At Tay Terrace, Dunkeld, on 19th May, the wife of J. A. Taylor, M.B., C.M. Edin., of a daughter.

WATT—At 15 Clunie Street, Banff, on 25th May, the wife of F. A. Watt, Solicitor (née Annie Macfarlane), of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

CHAMBERLIN—M'RAE.—At Penicuik, on 26th September, by the Rev. C. A. Elrington, assisted by the Rev. J. E. M'Rae, Frederick George, son of G. M. Chamberlin, St Catherine's Close, Norwich, to Flora Anna Christina, daughter of the late A. E. M'Rae, M.D., Fetteresk, Penicuik.

DEATH.

STEPHENSON—At Chapel, Duns, on 7th July 1907, Richard Stephenson, J.P., in his 78th year.

THE LEVITE

Editor—D. M. THOMSON.

No. XI. FEBRUARY 1908

THE FLESHPOTS OF EGYPT.

While living at a hotel in Winnipeg last winter, a maid, lately from England, told my wife she much preferred the place she had worked in "at 'ome," because there she had access to the kitchen, and "I always *did* like to be among the food, ma'am."

And sometimes, in dwelling on the old days at J.W.I. I find myself mentally "among the food" again, certain details remaining with surprising vividness, considering they have been history for twenty-six years.

The most astonishing thing of all to me now, is the enormous amount of "parritch" we boys could and did devour at one sitting. To be sure, breakfast consisted solely of oatmeal and milk, but how I ever managed to consume two large brimming soup-plates of it, and how some even smaller boys performed even greater feats, are mysteries to me in this year of grace. As Goldsmith might have said under similar provocation:

> "And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
> 'That one small' boy could hide so much from view."

Then there was the extra joy of having home delicacies of various kinds doled out at "piece"-time by Nurse. I think the idiom was, "having things in at Nurse." Butter, jam, cake, fruit, etc., were handed over in homeopathic doses, which tantalised perhaps, but made them last longer.

Another delight was the purchase of sweets and the like on Saturdays either personally or by means of "List."* I recall celestial visits to M'Vitie's on Queensferry Street, to buy "parlies"—an abbreviation of "parliament-cakes," I believe. Professor Stevenson, in his most interesting article on "J.W.I. Words, Names, and Phrases," defines them as "a particular kind of ginger biscuit which the boys used to purchase." "Parlies" were well-beloved and extremely thirst-producing. Then there was a vendor of sweets in Rose Street—did we not hail her as "Taffy-Jenny"?—who must have profited well from our purchases of "Fardeny-Bigs" and "Fardeny-Wees," our terms for four-a-penny toffee cakes of various sizes and qualities. I can taste that toffee now! Once in a while we would buy shortbread. I saw

* See *The Levite*, No. 6, p. 10.

some in a shop in Winnipeg recently, and with rekindled fire of youth dashed in and bought some, nearly breaking a tooth on one ot the detestably adamantine sweets that dotted its surface.

Two other confections of my "golden age" I have never forgotten. One is Collard & Bowser's "Butter-Scotch," really made in St John's Wood, I believe, but always associated in my mind—and mouth—with Edinburgh. I found some here the other day, and unlike most youthful nectar, it tasted better than ever. The other is Ferguson's "Edinburgh Rock," which I have never met save in its native lair. Nothing was ever quite so seductive as that, it seems to me. And while it has been but a name to me for many years, it is a name that wears well, recalling its picturesque original.

There was an annual orgie more or less winked at by the powers, when, at the Jaunt, we were allowed to add private supplies to the bountiful repast provided. When I contemplate the pounds of sweets and other rich dainties some of us demolished on these occasions, I take off my hat in respect and admiration for the stimulating air of the Pentlands, the cast-iron digestion of the average boy, and the occasional power for good, in this naughty world, of a dose of "Gregory."

And that reminds me of a joke we enjoyed when hailed by Nurse Anderson to the presence of the elder Dr Dunsmure. When she had stated the case, the old Doctor would ask: "Well, Nurse, what did you give him?" If Nurse said, "I gi'ed him a pill, Doctor," he would invariably say, "Well, I think you'd better give him a dose of Gregory, Nurse." If, on the other hand, she replied, "I gi'ed him a dose o' Gregory," the Doctor would prescribe a pill instead. And as "dose o' Gregory" lingers in my memory as the most unutterable beverage I have so far met in this vale of tears, we usually rejoiced if we had had it *before* visiting the Doctor.

And while I am "among the food" of Auld Reekie days, may I recount my first interview with that "chieftain o' the puddin' race," the haggis? It didn't take place within the School walls, but somewhat further down the banks of the Water of Leith, nearer Canonmills than Bell's Mills. The earliest hint I had of the existence of such an article of vertu as the haggis came from the Magician's Incantation in a pantomime of "Aladdin," at the old Theatre Royal. The speech was a series of advertising couplets, uttered as each ingredient was dropped into the cauldron, such as:

> "A serpent's tooth, in each a poison-bag is!
> (Waugh's is the original of the Scotch Haggis.)"

The latter statement I see still in the *Scotsman's* advertising columns. I asked my uncle, who had me in charge, what a haggis was, and he promised me an object-lesson. Not long after I was dining at his house, when lo and behold! enter a haggis, steaming furiously. My uncle led the attack with carving-knife and fork, stealthily, artfully; but even as he inserted the knife point, there was a small explosion, portions of haggis filling the air and frescoing the ceiling. I cannot just remember what my uncle remarked, though I feel sure it was to the point; but I know that what remained of that haggis was exceedingly toothsome. At any rate, I have now a sufficient acquaintance with the breed to avoid the mental confusion experienced by an English tourist between a haggis and a trossach—he never could remember which was which!

The great Liddell was much in evidence in the dining-room, but his appearance and customs there have been so inimitably described in No. 2 of *The Levite* by our lamented friend, A. B. Turner, as to need no addition from me.

One must have fared well in those days, and if one had had merely one's food at the School's expense for all those years, one had surely cause to "Rest-and-be-thankful;" but ah! how vastly much besides.

Some day, it would be interesting to try it all again; I should love, like Wordsworth's young lady, to

> "Take my little porringer,
> And eat my supper there."

GEORGE ALISON,
C. 1. 1875-1881.

WHAT SHALL I BE?

I.—THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

(*continued.*)

General practice is naturally the most usual road to take, and it is to the life of the general practitioner that the remarks already made with regard to the attractions and inconveniences of the medical profession particularly apply. General practice is probably most interesting in the country or smaller towns, as in the large towns the variety of experience is less owing to the great tendency of cases to pass into hospitals or into the hands of consultants. From the point of view of the general practitioner the Colonies are, for the same reason, more attractive than the old country. As a rule it is necessary for the young graduate desiring to

enter general practice to buy a partnership or a practice. This should not however be done until experience of general practice has been obtained by spending at least a year as an assistant to a general practitioner.

In the case of most J.W.I. boys the wherewithal to purchase a satisfactory opening is often not forthcoming at home; £1000 is usually necessary. In the Colonies, again, half that amount is frequently sufficient. It is difficult for a medical assistant to save even the smaller sum in a reasonable time. I would like to particularly draw the attention of young graduates to the advantages of spending a few years in South Africa, whether they propose to settle there or not. There are a number of junior appointments and assistancies, where the salary is sufficient to produce something like £1000 in five years.

To many men the services, R.A.M.C., Indian Medical, and Navy, appear preferable to private practice. The first two services can be recommended as offering a satisfactory career. They have the great advantage of a definite income, and one which increases with the increase of years, together with provision for the later years of life in the shape of a pension, and that requires no capital expenditure in the shape of purchase money. To men with a taste for research the Army Medical Service, as well as that of India, offers good opportunities, whilst the latter service offers a fine field for ordinary medical and surgical work. The Navy, on the other hand, does not appear to be a career for a man with much love of his profession or much ambition, although there have been brilliant exceptions to this rule. A man going into any of these services should be well up in athletics, and have a bit of the sportsman about him, as such tastes add considerably to the pleasure of such a career. *En passant*, I would urge on all medical students the cultivation of the *corpus sanam* in their college days. Learn to swim, and shoot, and, if possible, also to ride. Such arts are very helpful.

In civil life there are two services which may be briefly touched upon, namely, Lunacy and Public Health. Neither of them, except in a small degree, are Government services, the appointments in the former being either private or made by Boards of Guardians, and in the latter being made by Town and County Councils. Both these branches of the profession hold out as their chief attraction the scientific value of the work, and the fact that they are salaried appointments, and thus no capital is required beyond the money spent on special education. Of the two, Lunacy is the better paid, and if the association with people of deranged mind is not

felt to be a great objection, this branch of the profession is very desirable. Public Health, on the other hand, though less highly paid, is to my mind at least, the more attractive service of the two, and I can thoroughly recommend it to the young J.W.I. graduate, particularly if his tastes lie in the direction of logic and mathematics, rather than in manual skill. The public health man should be somewhat of a cross between a lawyer and a doctor, and must possess also a certain amount of business administrative ability. The work is exceedingly interesting, and the remuneration is moderately good. The average income of a whole-time M.O.H. in England is, I should say, £600, although in Scotland it is probably less. In order to get a chief appointment it is essential to have previously held an assistancy, and the number of this latter class of appointments is now-a-days considerable and always increasing. After graduation the man who wishes to take up public health work ought, if possible, to obtain a resident appointment in a fever hospital for a year or two, then spend a year in the necessary laboratory and practical work required before presenting himself for the diploma. In spite of the great merits of the Edinburgh B.Sc. in Public Health, I would thoroughly recommend the taking of the D.P.H.Camb., as it is much more useful in England where the great bulk of the appointments are made. After taking the diploma, the last course is to secure a fever hospital appointment again, or an assistancy in a laboratory, until an appointment as assistant M.O.H. can be obtained.

I have not mentioned here so far the careers of Consulting Physician and Consulting Surgeon, which comprise the great prizes of the profession. These can only be obtained by the few. Either very exceptional ability, or good ability and an independent income, are necessary for the adoption of these special lines, and in any case a lot of long necessary waiting is inevitable.

Specialising in the diseases of some particular part of the body is more feasible, as it can be done to a large extent in conjunction with a general practice, and the latter gradually abandoned if sufficient success in the specialty is attained.

I am afraid this paper has already exceeded all due limits, and I must close, with the hope that it may be of some service to those in doubt as to the choice of a career.

J. J. Boyd.

Pretoria.

NINTH ANNUAL REUNION.

The invitation kindly given by Mr Langhorne and Miss Murray to all John Watsonians to spend the Saturday before Christmas of 1907 under the old school-roof was gladly accepted by over seventy Levites. The company was added to by the presence of Mr and Mrs Paul, Mrs Patten, Mr Ross, The Rev. Dr, Mrs and Miss Williamson, Mrs Dickson, and others.

In the late afternoon the old boys assembled for their annual business meeting under the guidance of the President, the Rev. Mr Hamilton. A ready approval was accorded to the Minutes, the Council's Report, and to continuing the offer of prizes to the School; then the Office-bearers were elected. The Secretary now touched upon an old scheme under a new guise. It was to have a club-room situated in the Bruntsfield district of Edinburgh (where so many old boys reside) at which the members might meet on every fourth Saturday evening during the winter. The idea was well received, and it was remitted to the Council to deal with the scheme, with the proviso that its expense was to be met by voluntary donations and *not* by levied subscriptions. The agenda was now finished, but the President rose and in a felicitous speech voted an honorarium of five guineas to the Secretary. This was carried, with acclamation, and Mr Thomson thanked the members for this mark of confidence. A cordial vote of thanks to the Chairman closed the meeting.

The old boys, twenty-six in number, then dined in the boys' dining-room, having the company of Mr Langhorne as their guest. The tables were arranged in anchor shape, which lent itself to having big and wee tables, and the old boys being seated in order of age, it only required a finishing touch, the once familiar pewter salt-cellars upon the tables, to complete the illusion that the old days had returned. After the loyal toast, Professor Stevenson proposed the Institution, past and present. In his speech he gave it as his opinion that two languages only should be taught at school, and in this the next speaker, Mr Langhorne, concurred. The latter's speech was in happy vein, his small talk about the current session was very interesting; for instance, one learnt that the School is now on the telephone. Ring up number 4740 and try! The short toast-list ended with Mr Crawford proposing the health of the Chairman and the latter's reply.

The scene was changed, and in the girl's school-room and the Chapel the evening with some old boys really began. Some certainly did not miss a single dance. The pianist

received deserved praise for his playing, and the honours were extended to Miss Helen Ford and Miss Kate Bruce for their beautiful songs. At the conclusion of the At Home, the old girls and boys were alike in their hearty thanks to their host and hostess for a much enjoyed evening.

FIFTH KIRKING.

On the following Sunday night the Dean Church was visited by a goodly number of the Levites, who listened to an interesting sermon by their old pastor on Paul's second imprisonment at Rome. A piquant touch was given to it by the Doctor's reference to the Biblical landmarks in the Eternal City, which he had himself seen last April. The "Dean" is to be congratulated that it now "owes no man anything."

NINTH ANNUAL REPORT.

The Council has pleasure in presenting its report for the past year to the Members.

The Club has by this time without a doubt found a place for itself in the post-academic life of the Levites; especially is its influence felt by the Members who have gone abroad in such numbers during the last few years. At home the Members have had the opportunity of meeting several times this year under the auspices of the Club; and the Girls' Association must not be omitted in this connection. The Council much regretted that it was found necessary to receive a Minute from the Former Pupils' Lawn Tennis Committee suspending the Club *sine die*, resigning their offices and handing over the books to the custody of the Old Boys' Club.

For the second year in succession the Club has suffered loss by the death of an Honorary Member, in the present instance, that of Sir Charles B. Logan, W.S., on 2nd March last. But the Institution's loss is the greater; for nearly twenty years Sir Charles, as Chairman of the Directors, guided its destinies with wisdom and care. An insight into his guiding principles was given us in an impressive speech in which he said, that "the Directors took the greatest interest in the Institution and realised the importance of preserving its character, and he hoped it would long remain unaltered." On the honourable roll of the Trustees of the School his name, like those of Mr James Hope and Sir John Gillespie, will long be remembered by the pupils, past and present, in whose welfare he showed such a kindly and

unflagging interest. Sir Charles readily became the Honorary President of the Club on its formation, and on his retiral from the office of Deputy Keeper of the Signet, of which he was an ideal holder, he remained an Honorary Member, ever willing to give practical support to any scheme which would benefit the former pupils. Upon his death the Council sent an expression of sympathy to Lady Logan, and received her gracious thanks.

The Members will be gratified to learn of the warm interest which Mr G. M. Paul, D.K.S., the Honorary President, shows in the Club and will add their meed of thanks to that of the Council for his liberal donation to the funds of the Magazine.

At this time the Council thinks it proper to record that since the Club was formed it has had no warmer friend than its Members' old mentor, Mr George Rowe, who, with unostentatious liberality, has annually given handsome donations to all its schemes. The Council feels sure it voices the sentiments of the Members towards Mr Rowe in quoting from a speech made at the presentation to him ten years ago, "Mr Rowe is not only esteemed and kindly regarded by us; he is more, he is beloved."

The Levite has well maintained its standard of usefulness during the year under the direction of Mr C. G. C. Meister, and the Members as well as the Council much regretted parting with his services as Editor on the issue of the tenth Number. It is a source of much gratification to the Council that Mr D. M. Thomson has seen his way to resume the Editorship. It involves a considerable amount of extra work, which the Council grudges to lay upon him, though it is satisfied that the Editorship could not be in better hands.

In the belief that if the Members, particularly the younger Members, had definite subjects to write about for the pages of *The Levite*, they would contribute more heartily than in the past, the Council has decided to award a prize for the best anecdote of any incident of the competitor's life at the Institution; and it only remains to be added that a large entry for the competition will encourage the Council to repeat this experiment.

The Council has had during the year the pleasure of admitting eight new Members to the Club, and of transferring one Member to life membership. The membership at present stands at 159, including 14 Life Members.

The Council has pleasure in intimating that on the Vacation Day in July last the following prizes were presented on behalf of the old boys:—The Club's silver medal to Peter Alexander, Dux of the School; the prize to the best gymnast

to G. Leonard S. Pattullo; the Foreign Members' prize for the best essay on "Ivanhoe" to Drummond Collins (first), Peter Alexander (second), and James Bayne (third); Mr Ken. Donaldson's Prize for gardening was shared by Kate Stevenson and Ivy Mackintosh.

The Council concludes its report by expressing its warm thanks to Mr Langhorne and Miss Murray, whose co-operation has done much during the year to make for the success of the Club.

By order of the Council,

D. M. THOMSON,
Secretary and Treasurer.

15th November 1907.

TREASURER'S CASH ABSTRACT.

RESERVE FUND.

To Balance from last year ...			£25	10	0	By Balance on hand	£28 7 9
To Life Subscription (1) ...			2	2	0		
To Bank Interest			0	15	9		
			£28	7	9		£28 7 9

ORDINARY REVENUE.

To Balance from last year				£20	6	0	By Stationery, etc.	£3 12 0	
To Subscriptions—							By Postages ...	4 4 4	
26 at 2/6 for 1906	£3	5	0				By *The Levite*—		
103 at 2/6 for 1907	12	17	6				Ninth Number	6 5 0	
2 at 3/- for 1907	0	6	0				Tenth Number	6 0 0	
14 at 2/6 for 1908	1	15	0				By Four Prizes ...	3 12 0	
1 at 2/6 for 1909	0	2	6				By Incidentals ...	2 6 5	
New Members.									£25 19 9
1 at 2/6 for 1907	0	2	6				By Arrears of Subscriptions at this date—19 at 2/6 ...		2 7 6
7 at 2/6 for 1908	0	17	6						
				19	6	0			
To Two Prizes...				2	2	0	By Balance in Current Account		23 0 0
To *The Levite*—									
Sales of copies				4	5	0			
Advertisements				0	15	0			
Donations from Mr Paul and Mr Rowe				2	1	0			
To Bank Interest				0	4	9			
To Unpaid Subscriptions—									
1 for 1906 and 18 for 1907				2	7	6			
(6 for 1906 and 1907 written off).									
				£51	7	3			£51 7 3

EDINBURGH, *3rd December* 1907.—I have examined the Books and Accounts of THE JOHN WATSON CLUB, and certify that the above Abstract is correct. HENRY ROBERTSON, S.S.C.

PROFESSOR STEVENSON, M.A., B.D.

From a Photograph by W. & A. Davey & Sons, Harrogate.

As in the days of Julius Caesar, about whom we used to read at school, so now-a-days the main factor that counts in a man's success in life is personality. One look at the calm, intellectual face of Professor Stevenson is enough to convince even the most casual observer that he has come in contact with a real personality. To many Members of the Club (especially the young ones) Professor Stevenson is but a name, yet let him arise at a Club Meeting and see what a reception he gets from his fellow Levites, while the eager looks in their faces show that his words are not "falling on stony ground."

It was my good fortune to enter John Watson's the same year as "Willie" Stevenson, so I have had a good opportunity of judging of his sterling worth. He was never of the athletic type, but always of a reserved, retiring disposition. He was thus not of the so-called "popular" type, but at the same time he was always most highly respected, and I have never heard an ill-word spoken of him. I always feel a certain amount of reflected glory from the fact that he and I were the two tallest lads in the school, but now, alas, I

find that he is a bigger man than myself both materially and metaphysically.

There is an old aphorism, "the boy is the father of the man," and so we find our young friend at once commencing to distinguish himself as a first prizeman. Mathematical scholars are said to develop into good Hebrew ones, so I can leave my readers to guess the subject in which Professor Stevenson first distinguished himself. After leaving John Watson's he entered at Daniel Stewart's, where again he was noted as a brilliant pupil, and Mr Rowe used regularly to recite the successive successes of his quondam pupil on Vacation Days.

Proceeding to Edinburgh University, our young friend again made his mark, and I can only give a bare recital of his principal achievements: Graduated M.A. in 1890 with honours in Classics; April 1893, first in Arabic and Senior Hebrew, and Vans Dunlop Scholar in Semitic Languages; and April 1894, first in Biblical Criticism, Church History, and Divinity. At the same time he graduated as Bachelor of Divinity. He had already spent a summer "holiday" in Germany acquiring the language, and so we find him back there again in 1895, and able to give his sole attention to the study of Semitic languages and Eastern history. This he pursued first at Leipzig University and then in Berlin, and that his time was not illspent was shown by his being awarded the late Principal Sir William Muir's first graduate prize of £100 for an essay on the Crusades.

Thereafter he was enabled to go to Syria to study modern Semitic languages, one portion of his time being spent in Damascus and another on Mount Lebanon. Here he was the only resident European, and I have myself had the pleasure of donning some of the handsome native garments which form such a pleasant souvenir of his sojourn in the East. A few months in Paris working in the libraries and attending Professor Derenbourg's classes in Arabic brought the second phase of his career to a close.

An important step in Professor Stevenson's life was his appointment to the Theological College, Bala, Wales, in 1898. His previous teaching experience, in Edinburgh University, had been in Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac, but now the history, criticism, and theology of the Old Testament entered largely into his lectures, and the results of his phonetic and philological researches have already been made manifest by contributions to the pages of *The Levite*. That his Professorship bore fruit there is clearly shown by a testimonial signed by 102 former students, in which they refer to his ripe scholarship, his well-balanced judgment, and

his sympathy with the Old Testament writers. The thorough character of his teaching, coupled with the dignity and authority of his manner, made him an ideal teacher, both from an educational and disciplinarian standpoint.

In October last there came his appointment as Professor of Hebrew and Semitic languages in Glasgow University, and close upon that came the announcement of his approaching marriage, which was duly celebrated before the expiry of the old year. I am sure that the heartfelt good wishes and congratulations of all members and friends of the John Watson Club will be with Professor Stevenson over this "double event," and I sincerely trust we may now see more of him at Club events, as it is not a very far cry from Glasgow to Edinburgh. This will certainly redound to the benefit of the Club, for I have personal knowledge of the vast assistance rendered by our budding Professor in 1896 with Mr Rowe's Presentation—the genesis of our Club.

I have already referred to Professor Stevenson's contributions to *The Levite*, but I must not forget to mention his appeal to a very much wider circle. His published works and articles include:—"Genesis, Critically and Exegetically Expounded," by August Dellmann, authorised translation by W. B. Stevenson, 2 vols., 1897. "Analytical Concordance to the Bible," by Robert Young, LL.D., seventh edition, revised, with new Lexicons and Appendices, by W. B. Stevenson, 1900. Philological articles in Harmsworth's Encyclopædia ("Alphabet," "Ablaut;" "Grammar," "Grimm's Law," "Inflexion," "Minuscules," "Names," "Numerals," "Orthography," "Parts of Speech," "Phonetics," "Philology," "Umlaut," etc.), 1902-1905. "The Book of Wisdom and Jewish Apocryphal Writings," in the "Temple Bible," 1903. "Hebrew Grammar for Beginners," 1904. "The Crusaders in the East: A Brief History of the Wars of Islam with the Latins in Syria during the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries," 1907. Also articles in Hasting's "Dictionary of the Bible," vol. iii. and iv., "The Expositor," "Traethodydd," "Review of Theology and Philosophy," etc.

It is seldom that a young man of thirty-eight acquires the eminence of our friend in the varying spheres of research, authorship, and teaching, culminating in a University Professorship. A University Don, especially if he has qualified in Hebrew, of all things, is usually regarded as some dry-as-dust philosopher, but I am glad to say that my old friend has within him the seeds of perennial youth, and I have no hesitation in saying that he is to-day as *young*, if not *younger*, indeed, than when he left the old school.

G. W. C.

IN DARKEST AFRICA.

In the region of Africa linked the world-revered name of David Livingstone (the uncle of an old boy), the Church of Scotland has several successful mission-stations. In the highland district, at Kikuyu on the Uganda Railway, there is urgent need of a larger staff, and it will interest the Levites to know that "the call was answered" by one of their number, Miss Marion S. Stevenson.

An open letter, giving first impressions at Kikuyu, which this lady has written home, has reached the Editor, who has pleasure in printing the portions of more personal interest to the Levites, and only regrets that space cannot be found for the whole letter.

Miss Stevenson writes—"I had a very pleasant journey from beginning to end. I was not sea-sick; the Red Sea was not too hot; the voyage was just the right length for a summer holiday. I left Dover on 18th April 1907, and landed at Mombasa on 21st May, and, except for a little 'language,' I made it a holiday. Dr Ruffelle Scott* joined the ship at Genoa, . . . the journey uphill to Kikuyu Station was very, very beautiful. Certainly all that I was told of the beauty of this part of the country has turned out to be true. Of course the rains are not quite over yet, and everything is fresh and green and looking its best, but still, even if things do become to a certain extent parched later, yet the forests are always green, and nothing can take away the beauty of the outline of the hills. Mount Kenia just after sunrise is wonderfully lovely, with a glory of purity and beauty about it that seems to lift one up. I am glad indeed that I can still 'lift mine eyes unto the hills.'

"Mrs Watson and Mr Barlow and a crowd of carriers met us at Kikuyu Station, and soon we were marching along the *road* from the station (really a quite respectable path), all of us except Dr Arthur, who was called off to a patient seven miles away, minus his lunch of course! Half-way we were met by the 'boys' and the seven school-boys. I know how rather comical the calico clothes of the African school-boy look at a missionary demonstration, but I can assure you that in this case the sight was a most refreshing one. That cleanliness is assuredly a first step to godliness seems to be one of the early convictions that come to one here. That same evening, at the service in Church—that is to say, in the room that does duty both as church and school—the same conviction was strong, and I inwardly returned thanks to Dr Arthur, to whom the school-boys owed their garments,

* This brave missionary has since died, on 13th October 1907.

and indeed there being there at all. I knew, of course, of his work at home among boys, but no one had told me of what he had done in his short time here. Hitherto no one, man or woman, boy or girl, had come to the Mission except for employment; indeed the boys were paid about as much as the men. Three months ago, or rather more, these boys' parents were somehow persuaded to allow them to come *and live here*, receiving no pay except their clothes and food, and the latter they were to cultivate for themselves in the Mission garden. And so I arrived to find them here. There were also some Christian lads from a German Mission near Kilmanjaro looking for work, and that first evening service it came as a great and glad surprise to find the little room full of decent-looking boys, all listening attentively and joining in the hymns and prayers. The first hymn we sang was 'If I come to Jesus,' of course in Kikuyu. The little book of hymns, twenty-four in all, has been translated by Mr Barlow. He is the one member of the staff who knows Kikuyu, and he has done a wonderful amount of translation: parts of the first two Gospels, indeed I think most of them, a number of Psalms, and a form of prayer for each day of the week.

" . . . my language-study does not seem to have begun yet. Of course a certain amount of very necessary words I have learned. But my verbs are all in the imperative mood, which, joyful to relate, is the simplest form of the verb. 'Bring firewood,' 'carry water,' 'set the table,' etc., etc., and perhaps most frequent of all, 'hurry up,' run close by 'Tiga' = 'stop,' uttered in the fiercest of tones to the patients at the Dispensary, who seem to think they are helping immensely by fingering their sores with the dirtiest of fingers. Now I think of it, there is yet another of too frequent use, which comes, alas, as an abrupt close to many a conversation which I am sure would prove most interesting, 'Ndikoigua' = 'I do not understand,' and day by day I ask myself, 'Shall I ever understand?' Kikuyu is confessedly a difficult language, for instance, compared with Swahili. The latter is so clean cut, as it were, one hears the syllables and the words, and there appear to be some definite rules as to its pronunciation. Also there is so much literature in Swahili, and, best of all, a dictionary. In Kikuyu there seems a glorious latitude about most words in the matter of pronunciation, so many letters are interchangeable; *g* and *k*, *l* and *r*, *b* and *v*, and even vowels like *o* and *u*, *a* and *e*, that many words may have, so far as I have made out, about six different pronunciations."

(*To be continued.*)

TO THE GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

JOHN WATSON'S INSTITUTION.

DEAR FRIENDS,

The Reunion has come and gone once more, and in addition to the pleasure of meeting so many old friends there, we had greetings and kindly wishes for its success from all parts of the world.

The Annual Business Meeting was held as usual before the At Home. There was a good attendance. As President, we had the pleasing duty to announce that Mrs Paul had kindly consented to become one of the Honorary Presidents in place of Lady Logan, who is now an Honorary Member, and that we expected Mrs Paul and Mrs Patten in the course of the evening to make the acquaintance of their Members. Miss Gellatly, the Secretary, then read the Minutes, and the Council's Report, which stated that the membership was now 157—136 Members and 21 Associates—while the Funds in hand amounted to £5, 17s. In response to the appeal for the Holiday Fund there has now been received £3, 5s. New Office-bearers were then elected. A suggestion was made that some one might think of a badge suitable for the Association. This finished the business, and the Members adjourned to the school-room, where they were joined by the gentlemen with Mr Langhorne.

Now as regards the doings of the present pupils. The first term of the school year saw a new *regime* begun, and notwithstanding an epidemic of measles, it gave ample hope of success under our new games-mistress, Miss Sutherland. Hockey was the game *par excellence*, Diabolo also figured, walks more or less daily also varied the play hours. The summit of ambition seemed about to be realized when the 3rd University XI consented to play a hockey match with the girls in the Park here. Excitement grew and grew as the eventful day came near, everything was ready, pitch, flags, etc., the weather promising, when lo! that modern improvement the telephone, called through, "All leave-out to be stopped this week-end"! The remainder of the tale may be imagined. It is only fair to the young folks to state that this *great* disappointment was borne with "manly" fortitude—the result, may we hope, of the good of the games showing itself.

I would now call attention to the Editor's reminder that he will be very glad to receive contributions from *you* on any topic relating to the old school life. With kindest wishes,

Yours sincerely,

EMMA MURRAY,

President.

CLUB TALK.

As a crest or badge to adorn the school colours of maroon and blue, may we suggest to the Institution the coat of arms of the Founder or other appropriate "armour."

After a distinguished career in the East, Captain J. W. Livingstone was in January appointed the Surveyor of Shipping, at Glasgow, to the India office.

Alexander Walker of Coronel, Chili, and Kenneth Donaldson of Durban, both expect to return to the home country this year.

Captain "Hotchkiss" Walker holds the appointment of Stores Audit Inspector for the Natal Government. For gallant conduct during the Boer War he was mentioned in despatches, and personally thanked by General Buller and General Ian Hamilton. A thrilling experience which befell him at the night-attack on Wagon Hill, Ladysmith, will be described in these pages shortly.

The new Anglican Church at Khartoum, of which the foundation stone was laid by H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg, was designed by the eminent architect, R. Weir Schultz, a Levite of 1874. One of the transepts is to be dedicated as a chapel to General Gordon.

Captain Vernor Sinclair was appointed in August last to the command of the depot of the Royal Army Medical Corps Militia at Aldershot. About a thousand recruits come annually under him for drill and instruction.

Charles S. Pennell, at present home on furlough, is Deputy Commissioner at Kyauske, near Mandalay; his previous post was Private Secretary to the Lieutenant-Governor of Burma. This dux of the School in 1888, had a distinguished career at Edinburgh University, gaining the Vans Dunlop Scholarship in History when only twenty-one years of age.

Donald J. Boyd has achieved further distinction, having been recently appointed an Under-Secretary in the Revenue Department of the Punjab Government. A scholarly dux of the School in 1892.

John F. Anderson, now the senior Classical and English Master at Stonelaw Higher Grade School, Rutherglen, was dux of J.W.I. in 1893 and 1894. (Is this not unique in our annals?) Then year after year he gained success upon success as first prizeman, medallist, bursar and scholar at the Grammar School and the University of Aberdeen.

A suggestion. The Institution would honour them to whom honour is due if the names of all the duxes of the School were blazoned upon a gilt-framed board, hung on the walls of the Chapel.

Who votes that next summer the Jaunt of the Levites be a "Walk over the Pentlands" of about twelve miles, with a rest mid-way at our old Camp?

Several routes for the above Walk are well described in the well-known shilling book entitled, "The Pentland Hills, their Paths and Passes," published for the Scottish Rights of Way Society, Edinburgh. Its Secretary and Treasurer is an old boy, C. E. W. Macpherson, C.A.

Fred. W. B. Wilson was recently successful in obtaining a Second Division Clerkship in the Civil Service.

On the football field this season:—

In Edinburgh—Geo. Laidlaw, 1st Lismore; Arthur Lindsay, 1st Grange; Chas. Cuthbert, Bruntsfield; Fred Illingworth, 2nd Heriots; and James Bayne, 3d Heriot's.

In Glasgow—Ian Massie and Reg. Marshall, both 1st Bellahouston Academicals; Angus and Bruce Mackinnon, 2nd and 3rd Glasgow Academicals; Alex. M'Intosh, 1st Hillhead High School F.P.'s; and Graeme Gilray, 4th Glasgow Academy.

Will the Levites abroad kindly send some more foreign stamps to the Editor for distribution amongst the pupils?

At the recent Club Dinner Mr Langhorne related the following: A present pupil was recently ordering some athletic goods at Lumley's, when a gentleman, overhearing the boy give the name of John Watson's to the shopman, turned to him and put the pregnant question, "You're the team that often plays bigger fellows than yourselves?"

JOHN WATSON CLUB, EDINBURGH ROOM.

On Saturday, 1st February, a meeting was held by the members in Edinburgh at the proposed club-room at Merchiston Rooms, Merchiston Place, to further the scheme, described on page 202. Its merits were so attractive that then and there the charge of affairs was placed under a Committee of Messrs G. W. Crawford, D. M. Thomson, J. Ross, J. N. R. M'Queen, J. T. Campbell; and Secretary and Treasurer, G. W. C. Laidlaw, 17 Buccleuch Place. A very enjoyable evening was then spent. Round the fire one listened to various ideas of promoting friendships among John Watsonians, of having Concerts and Lectures given by Levites of both sexes, and of holding Dances, all under the same roof. Any Levite desiring further information will be gladly given same by Mr Laidlaw.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The Session began on Wednesday, 18th September. Ten days afterwards occurred the first case of measles. Thereafter about a dozen cases at each end kept the authorities anxious and busy.

The sickness effectually spoilt the football season. Three matches only were played :—

2nd Dalkeith, ...	19	points,	*v.*	J.W.I.,	0	points.
4th Royal High School, ...	6	,,	*v.*	,,	0	,,
2nd Dalkeith	25	,,	*v.*	,,	0	,,

For the information of those who note that victories are few, it may be as well to state, once and for all, that in age, size, and weight, the School XV. is almost invariably inferior to the team opposed. In pluck and skill it challenges comparison.

The names of the team are :—

F. Johnston (Back), D. Morison (Captain), G. Yorston, D. Wilson, and D. Brown (Three-quarters), Ian Brown, W. Gibb (Half-backs), A. Peddie, T. Gibson, E. Fairweather, A. Mackenzie, C. Stewart, S. Pattullo, J. M'Nish, and A. Cooke (Forwards).

Since a holiday for Hallowe'en was out of the question, a day was added to the Christmas holidays. These lasted from 21st December to 8th January.

On the last evening of term the Directors gave the boys and girls their Christmas treat; and all connected with the Institution, including the Deputy Keeper and other Directors, enjoyed a really smart exhibition of Conjuring and Ventriloquism.

Mr H. K. Grant has gracefully presented to the Boys' Library a copy of "Lays and Legends of the North," by his father, the late Mr David Grant, A.C.P., F.E.I.S.

It cannot be amiss to call the attention of Old Boys to the nature of this gift, with the view of inducing others to take this method of keeping their memory green. It calls for little sacrifice, and it may be offered without a sense of patronage. Without doubt the Directors *might*, at their pleasure, flood the Library with a plethora of books. (As it is, lost or worn copies are replaced, and coverless books rebound). But the suggestion is worth the consideration of Old Boys.

THE JOHN WATSON CLUB.

1907-1908.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

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ALTERATIONS OF ADDRESSES OF CLUB MEMBERS

Since 1st August 1907.

Levite of	*Life Member **
*1863	LIVINGSTONE, Captain J. W., 35 Dunearn Street, Glasgow.
1867	BEATY, G. H. S., The Bank House, Wem, Salop.
1882	SINCLAIR, DR WM. V., Cranbrook, Lansdowne Road, Aldershot.
1883	WATSON, WILLIAM, Calle Charlone 345 Chacarita, Buenos Aires.
*1883	STEVENSON, Professor WM. B., M.A.B.D., No. 7 The University, Glasgow.
*1885	RIDDELL, HENRY SCOTT, Natal Bank, Ltd, Pietermaritzburg.
1890	MACFARLANE, ARCH. K., San Francisco Deloro Mines, Limited, Aparto No. 48, Parral, Chihuahua, Mexico.
1891	LAMB, JOHN YAIR, Bank of Allahabad, Naini Tal, India.
1892	BOYD, DONALD JAMES, I.C.S. Lahore, Punjab, India.
1893	ADAMSON, ROBERT B., c/o J. Smith, Burnside House, Tannymorel, near Warwick, Darling Downs, Queensland.
1894	ANDERSON, JOHN F., M.A., Stonelaw Higher Grade School, Rutherglen.
1895	MACCALLUM, ARCH. W., The Central and South American Cable Company, Galveston, Texas, U.S.A.
1896	TATE, DONALD GEORGE, Box No. 177, Vernon, British Columbia.
1899	ROGER, ALBERT J., Messrs Petersen, Ltd., P.O. Box No. 38, Cape Town.
1900	PANTON, BEN, Bank of Africa, 113 Cannon Street, London, E.C.
1901	MACLEAN, JAMES, North of Scotland Bank, Nairn.
1901	MENARD, J. LOUIS, c/o Post Office, Frederickton, New South Wales.
1901	MASSIE, IAN W., c/o Wilson, 11 Millbrae Crescent, Langside, Glasgow.
1902	M'INTOSH, ALEX. B., 80 Holmlea Road, Langside. Glasgow.
1902	WILSON, FRED. W. B., 31 Chalmers Street, Edinburgh.
1904	MARSHALL, REGINALD R., c/o Wilkinson, 12 Dalhousie Street, Glasgow.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF NEW CLUB MEMBERS

Admitted since 1st February 1907.

Life, formerly Ordinary Member†*

Levite of	
1869	WALKER, Captain M. W., 277 Burger Street, Pietermaritzburg.
*1888	PENNELL, CHARLES S., I.C.S., Kyaukse, near Mandalay, Burmah.
1894	MACDONALD, CHARLES A., Kintore, by Inverurie.
*†1904	MASSIE, ANDREW B., Hudson Bay Co., Norway House, Lake Winnipeg, Canada.
1904	ILLINGWORTH, HAROLD E., 25 Abercorn Terrace, Portobello.
1906	WELCH, HENRY, 28 Gillespie Crescent, Edinburgh.
1907	GILRAY, GRAEME V., 33 Cranworth Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.
1907	CRAWFORD, JOHN A., 81 Morningside Drive, Edinburgh.
1907	AYMER, ALFRED I., Ravensby, Stonehaven.
1907	BAYNE, JAMES C., 59 Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh.
1907	RODGER, JOHN R., 4 Duke Street, Edinburgh.
1907	STEVEN, GEORGE G., 44 Granby Terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow.
1907	ALEXANDER, PETER, 1 Beechwood Cottage, Lesmahagow.
1907	PATTULLO, G. LEONARD S., Roslin Cottage, Castle Street, Broughty Ferry.

BIRTHS.

BOYD—At Lahore, Punjab, on 21st December 1907, the wife of Donald J. Boyd, I.C.S., of a son.

BOYD—At Pretoria, on 18th December 1907, the wife of Dr John J. Boyd, Medical Officer of Health, of a daughter.

HENDERSON—At Avril, Kyle Park, Uddingston, on 6th June 1907, the the wife of John Henderson of a son.

MARRIAGES.

ARNOT—NIMMO—At Aitchison's Rooms, Edinburgh, on 7th December 1907, by the Rev. Lewis Davidson, M.A., Mayfield United Free Church, assisted by the Rev. Alex. L. Johnston, Falkland, David Arnot, C.E., London, elder son of Thomas Arnot, Newton of Lathrisk, Falkland, to Eliza Murdoch, daughter of the late John Mitchell Nimmo and Mrs Nimmo, 111 Mayfield Road, Edinburgh.

JOLLY—MORRISON—At Barclay Church, Edinburgh, on 14th January 1908, by the Rev. R. Sangster Anderson, M.A., assisted by the Rev. H. M. Adam, B.D., Aberdeen, and the Rev. P. M'Donald, M.A., Glasgow, Captain George Adam Jolly, India Medical Service, second son of the late Rev. James Jolly, M.A., of West Port Free Church, to Kate, youngest daughter of Murdo Morrison, "Thule," Cluny Avenue, Edinburgh.

STEVENSON—KERR—At Christ Church, Edinburgh, on 28th December 1907, by the Rev. C. M. Black, M.A., William Barron Stevenson, Professor at Glasgow University, to Margaret Bell, youngest daughter of the late David Kerr, Clonim, King's County, and of Mrs Kerr, Cluny Terrace, Edinburgh.

STEWART—WATSON—At St Mary's United Free Church, Edinburgh, on 27th July 1907, by the Rev. George Davidson, B.Sc., James Bell Stewart, M.A., to Barbara Jamieson, daughter of John Watson.

DEATH.

CLARKE—In London, John Clarke, M.A., LL.B., Barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple, son of the late Rev. John Clarke, of Fochabers, aged 48.

THE LEVITE

Editor—D. M. THOMSON.

No. XII. AUGUST 1908

MEMORIES OF THE CRAW.

"You'll be a great man where you come frae, but you are of nae consequence here." Such was my reception from the Craw on first seeing him and putting the query, "Man, where is Big Dollo?" Needless to say if I had known who the august personage was, and what respect he demanded, I would have thought twice before approaching him on any matter so trivial as the mere whereabouts of another boy.

It was impossible to define the status of old Liddell, and there is no gainsaying the fact that everyone, from the Directors to the newest boy, took him at his own valuation, and this was no mean item; as anyone who came in contact with him must remember. Although only the janitor he insisted on every boy addressing him as Sir, until one would as soon have thought of leaving out this magic word when answering Mr Rowe himself. Woe betide the boy who splashed in taking his header into the bath in the morning. It would be "Now then ye guid for naething whippersnapper, stand up in the corner till all the boys have had their bath." And the unfortunate splasher was left to shiver and be splashed until the evolution was over. Or later, when polishing boots and submitting same to his critical gaze for approval, "You may call that polish where you come frae, but it'll no dae here." A local "snip" called for a few hours every Monday, and immediately after breakfast on these days before dismissal from the dining-room, he would shout "Neglect (recollect) all of ye to change clothes for the tailor's mendin'." He could not stand an English, and especially a Cockney accent, and would invariably wither any youngster, so accomplished, with "Now then, nane o' your small talk here." When in the humorous vein, he would sometimes enquire, "Does your mither skelp ye wi' a broom?"

A boy was lucky and always looked upon leniently for about a week after being sent by the Craw for his spectacles, which were usually to be found alongside of his newspaper on one of the seats in the playground. But to be called upon to make a journey to his lodge and ask Maggie, his daughter, for his boujee (a coiled taper candle with which he lit up the school) was a rare mark of confidence and

approval. He believed in all of us being warm on cold nights, and would heap coals in the fireplace in the playroom, making fires that were a source of comfort and delight to all beholders. He was never tired of relating his marvellous abilities in detecting run-away boys. I think there must have been method in this, as in 1872, when I was a new boy, the methods of some big boys were far from gentle, and some of us would perhaps have run but for dread of his Sherlock Holmes-like qualities.

He was great on red-letter days such as the Jaunt. I remember at one Jaunt a boy named McKinlay caught a rabbit and was told by the Craw to give it to Maggie Davy, the cook, to make a pie of. The day following, on being let out of school for our usual half hour in the forenoon, McKinlay got his pie in triumph from the kitchen, which took both of his hands to carry. He managed to negotiate it safely as far as the playground and began to call out for his special chums who were in company with him the day before, as they, and they only, were to partake of the savoury concoction. Soon in answer to his call, he became the centre of a hungry, covetous and "teamsed" mob, who could not resist the aroma of this tempting dainty, but vulgarly, unceremoniously and without invitation put their fingers into the pie to such purpose, that before any of his chums arrived, the dish was empty. All that McKinlay got was the lion's share of the tormenting fragrance, some grease stains, and the honour of holding the feast.

A cardinal sin was to be found out trying to dodge away from a fatigue, and as none of these duties were inviting, there was a general scramble on hearing his stentorian shout "Waggon." This meant that all catching the word or order had immediately to assemble in his proximity and proceed to the girls' playground. There a waggon full of dust and debris had to be pulled to the Kiddern. On one such occasion, I took cover behind an abutment of a wall and thought myself safe, but was discovered and had to fly ignominiously before his sarcastic "Away out o' here, ye low, mean, scheemin' fellay." He never laid hands on anyone, but had a peculiar trick of putting the outstretched fingers of his right hand at the back of your head and giving you a combination of push and lift, which sometimes sent one sprawling, accompanied by the remark that you were "A low mean hocher," skellum, or such like.

The Craw was much more tolerant when you became a Levite, and would even condescend to ask you a few questions in geography. I remember he once put a poser to me by asking if Schiehallion was in Skye. Not knowing what it

was, and being uncertain as to its whereabouts I told him I thought it was. I believe there is a mountain of some such name in the Grampians.

Poor old Craw! he was the right man in the right place, and if a bit of a martinet on occasions, was of a kindly and just disposition, and must have been highly respected by all his superiors. He had accumulated a substantial sum, as far as I remember it was mentioned at £2000, in shares in the ill-fated City of Glasgow Bank, and shortly after the collapse of that institution he took ill and expired, as also did one of his contemporaries in the girls' side of the school, Wee Jenny of beloved memory.

WEE DOLLO.

IN DARKEST AFRICA.

(*Continued.*)

The verb in the Kikuyu language is simply Protean in its forms, not only in its wealth of pasts, presents and futures, negatives and even imperatives (besides my simple friend which I always use), but specially in the changes which are necessary even for the most common tenses. Mr Barlow has been going over some of his hymns with Dr Arthur and me, and time and again we have laughed to find in a long, long word perhaps one letter of the original verb root. This little game is quite amusing when they are all written down before you in a book and can't run away, but when it is the "fleeting breath" of some one speaking to you, you repeat the sounds over and over again helplessly, wondering which ever can be the root which should give you the key to what the person is wanting. Ah me, for the gift of tongues!

And now I must hurry this letter of first impressions to a close. As to climate; this is the cold season, and it is about as cold as I was told. Sleeping socks and an eider-down quilt are boons and blessings. And yet in the day the sun is so hot that if I cross the yard without my helmet I am at once taken to task. As to "critturs," I have heard hyenas, seen monkeys, and seen the tracks of a leopard, but that is all. A rhino took a walk through the Mission grounds just before I came. A baby leopard was found here since, and one hears tales of the depredations both of leopards and hyenas, but I do not feel them here as a feature of daily life. Not so with the smaller animal life, which is much in evidence. Besides rats and other smaller creatures familiar

at home, there are the ever-present black ants *and* the jiggers. I have been fortunate as regards the latter, having had only four, but the ants seem somehow to have a special love for me.

And then "lastly" what ought to have been "firstly"—the people. Despite their hideous ornaments, despite the unclothedness of the men (and both are "more so" than pictures convey), I like the people, am indeed strongly attracted by many of them. Many of the faces are kindly, many are intelligent, a few even more than that. The older women do sometimes repel me, but perhaps this is because I have seen less of them. There is, of course, the great difference of colour and of feature, but that has not struck me half as much as I expected. They are bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, just ourselves in different garb; that is, rather to my surprise, my salient impression. Yet the "garb" *is* different, how different! They are indeed "uncivilised" in their appearance (very!) and in their manner of life. The huts are as tiny as I expected, the villages tinier. One realises how much of the work here must be one by one, and two by two; necessarily slow, necessarily needing many more workers than are here if the people are to be brought in. Yet one rests day by day on the assurance of ultimate success, on the prayers of you people at home, and on the realisation of the Master's presence with one all the day long. I think that the strongest of all these first impressions is just this, that if one is to keep strong and hopeful, unworried, undepressed, fit to be a "witness" for Him, one *must* walk consciously with Him every hour of the day. With loving remembrances to you all, I am, yours very sincerely,

MARION S. STEVENSON.

REMINISCENCES OF THE 50's.

In fulfilment of a half-promise to relate a few reminiscences of the "Old Home," I hope the readers of *The Levite* will be interested in these recounted. What a long time ago it all seems, still the pictures in the mind's eye are all very vivid.

The first recollection, which might almost have occurred yesterday in point of clearness, was being under the scrutiny of the Doctor, a kindly-faced gentleman, who startled me greatly by doubting my age; I was then very small for my

years. However, my mother, being present, thought she had every reason to know the exact date, and my credenda being quite correct, I was escorted down to the playroom, when my new life began, and for the next two years I was utterly happy, being for that space of time the smallest girl in John Watson's, and accordingly petted by all, and I am afraid somewhat spoilt for the trials of later life. How delightful it was to sit at a cosy fire in the matron's room in winter, instead of scrambling in amongst other forty girls at the fire in the playroom, or rushed round the cauldron between two girls on a fine breezy day, the whole place all our own; or, when the ice was available, being guided by the tallest girl down the long slide in the playground. These were joyful days and still happy memories.

Of intellectual pursuits at that time I remember nothing, nor until I entered the Second Section, and my entrance into it was inglorious enough. Seated at the foot of the class nearest the door, with a slate which seemed to cover me quite out of sight, so large it was, I had to write to dictation —my first attempt. That paragraph conveyed no meaning to my mind, and as for the spelling, alas! few were the words which were spelt correctly. The girl above me, soon to become connected through marriage, was no brighter than I, and with many whisperings, which we poor children thought could not be heard, agreed to spell all alike. And then the hour of retribution arrived. At the end of the lesson we were ordered to come to the master's desk and receive our jubation. We however got out of the scrape because it happened to be my birthday, and my friend thought it would be well to announce the fact, therefore, instead of getting a hundred lines to write, or more terrible still, the tawse, the kind gentleman gave me a present of a box of slate-pencils. Another memory I have of that section and master was the praise he accorded me for my writing. It must have been unusual, as I remember it so well. One other recollection of that section comes to my mind of a lesson in chemistry which I enjoyed much, and, amongst other interesting demonstrations, the prismatic hues of the rainbow were shown through the almost closed shutters of the class-room.

Then, there was our kind Treasurer, Mr Hamilton, who took such a lively interest in us all. He was greatly distressed that I refused to grow, and one day suggested that he would take my head, while Miss Auld would take my feet, and between them my height would be increased. And my porridge was always supped, too. He was anxious to know about this, being afraid I did not eat enough.

Then, there was "Wee Jenny," the laundry-maid. What a wee body she must have been, for *I* even thought her small. Well do I remember her initiating me into the mysteries of the ten-chain crochet pattern, and no crochet hook being available, she turned up the point of a bodle or "kill"-pin, and with that I worked quite a long bit of lace. Then we had a glimpse of Margaret, the cook, who taught us how to make a nice rice-pudding amongst other culinary arts.

But now evil days arrived, and I took scarlet fever so badly that my life was despaired of, and for a whole year I was very miserable, nor did I regain good health for a very long time. As the intellectual powers seemed to have been awakening at this period, I always look back grudgingly to the lost time.

The First Section is full of delightful memories to me. Our kind Master, Mr Rowe, imparted his knowledge to us in the most charming manner, and from the foot of the class I soon rose to be third, which place I held, but my utmost endeavour could not achieve my ambition to be Dux. "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," and "I sing the Sofa," are still fresh in mind. Having no memory for dates I still feel proud at holding a prize for History from Mr Rowe. I remember I strove hard for it,—this to delight my friends, who thought I was not careful enough. Another prize I hold is for Gardening—an augury of the future—a large garden I have had for many years being a great source of pleasure and toil. Mr Geoghegan's singing lessons I greatly enjoyed. He taught me rather an unusual thing. That was to sing the tenor of "French," sung to the Psalm "I to the hills." It is particularly pretty, and I like to sing it still in a large congregation, when singing in full voice. I am indebted to him for a fine testimonial.

I also look back with pleasure at my first instructions in music, which I found exceedingly useful in teaching my own pupils. Apart from the music, I may say here that I have reason to be proud of my pupils, some, as yet young in years, having attained almost the highest position possible for them. Many of them have been life-long friends, and I have enjoyed their friendship.

There are numerous other incidents which I can recall, but I fear the readers might find them wearisome, so finish here.

A. 3.

CAPTAIN M. W. WALKER.

From a Photograph by R. Milliken, Kirkcaldy.

In July of 1869, a youth of fourteen might have been seen passing the portals of John Watson's Institution, threading his way down "the front," and finally issuing out of the broad, open gate of the Institution into the unknown great world that lay before him. Stout of heart and fearless: what would he not try, what would he not dare? Did not the blood of the fighting Lairds of Gask run in his veins?

Michael William Walker, the youth in question, was a great favourite in the School. He was cheery and plucky and joined heartily in all the games. His pluck is remembered to this day by his contemporaries on account of a memorable long sustained fight which he had with a boy called St Clair. In the earlier part of his days at John

Watson's the Civil War between the Northern and Southern States of America was waging, and it was the pleasure of the Craw to dub our subject as the "Jiniral," after the well known General Walker, under whom the Craw had served. May it be *our* pleasure to see in this the prophetic.

After leaving school, Walker was for some time in business at Kirkcaldy, but the spirit of adventure led him to become a sailor. His grit was well tried on his first voyage. His ship was wrecked on the Californian coast and the crew had to spend thirteen hours in an open boat before they reached land. This nautical life next took him to the Cape, where he remained for some years. Then back and forward he journeyed between there and this country, Kirkcaldy being his resting place while here. His proclivities were now all in the direction of a military life, as exampled by his joining the Fife Light Horse, but it did not appear that he would ever enter the profession of arms. When he eventually began life in Natal, he became one of the Volunteer defenders of that Colony, and in 1893, Colonel Royston, the Commandant of the Natal Forces, speaks of him in these high terms :—"I have always looked upon you as one of the most efficient, reliable and promising Officers in the Volunteer service, and this opinion I feel sure is shared by all the Members of the Headquarter Staff."

All this shows that the man was preparing himself for the opportunity which awaits everyone, and all things are said to come to the man who knows how to wait. The moment came to Michael William Walker, when, at his country's call to arms to fight the Boers, he raised the Natal Hotchkiss Gun Detachment for special service. As commander of this battery he served within the beleaguered lines of Ladysmith, giving an example to his men typical of the heroic spirit of the foremost defenders of that historic siege.

Listen to this tale of arms, that glorious deed of his, at the recital of which every boy and girl pupil, present, past and future of John Watson's should flush with pride. The daring act of devotion is enshrined in the "Alexandra Reader" under the guise of "A Night on Wagon Hill," and the thrilling story* well merits the permanent form of a school classic. Thus it runs :

"The attack of 6th January 1900, on Cæsar's Camp and Wagon Hill, parts of the Ladysmith lines, was one of the most serious engagements of the whole War. You will have some idea what it means to be at close quarters with a determined enemy when you read the account of Lieutenant Walker. This brave volunteer was sent to Wagon Hill on 5th January with a Hotchkiss Gun and eight men to help in

* Reproduced by kind permission of M'Dougall's Educational Co. Ltd.

repelling the expected attack of the Boers on the hills which enclose Ladysmith on two sides.

"The night was dark and moonless, and the men of the Imperial Light Horse, who were in charge of the position at Wagon Hill, were all on outpost duty when the Hotchkiss arrived at midnight. No fatigue party could be spared to pull the gun to its right place, and the newcomers lay down on the hillside to get a short sleep. In a few hours' time some of their number had entered on that sleep which knows no waking. At 2.30 a.m. an officer of the I.L.H. roused the sleepers, saying that the Boers had commenced the attack and there was no time to be lost. The night was so dark that Lieutenant Walker could not see the enemy, and could only guess where they were likely to attack. . . . . His own account follows :—

"'We had now got things into working order, and were using case-shot, 42 bullets in each case, with grand effect; but the numbers of the enemy were overpowering and their rifle fire terrible. By this time two of my gunners were killed and three reported as wounded. The Boers pressed forward, waiting till each shot was fired to pour volley after volley on our position while the nek was lighted up by the flash of the gun. The few gunners left could not face the hailstorm of bullets . . . . . It was a terrible half hour. Observing that the gun would be taken by the advance of the Boers unless something could be done to stop them, they being within fifty yards of us, I felt it my duty not to leave my post, and determined either to save my gun or to be found alongside of it. In the few seconds left to decide my movements a bright idea struck me, to try a bit of bluff. The Boers do not like cold steel, so I at once called out to an *imaginary* "B" Company of the 1st Devons to "Fix bayonets," and after commanding them to make haste I shouted for an *imaginary* company of the Gordons to "Fix bayonets" also, and support the Devons.

"'The Boers, who had now got to about thirty paces from our position, stopped short. I had only two men left, but I managed to sneak up to the gun, and finding in the darkness a couple of cartridges of case-shot, I let them have them both as quickly as possible. This being more than they could stand, they retired down the hill for the time being; and thus the position was saved.'

"Could the Boers but have seen the man who was desperately working the gun, with his dead and wounded comrades lying around him, looking 'not pretty, but every inch a soldier and very much a man,' their retreat would not have

been so rapid, and our losses would have been heavier still."

Any one conversant with the operations of the Boer War well knows that this attack on Wagon Hill was the most dangerous of all; had it been successful, Ladysmith and General White's fine army might have been captured. Captain Walker merited by his act of fighting his gun alone the Victoria Cross, and one wonders why he did not receive this distinction at the hands of his Sovereign.

True, the morning after the attack General White congratulated and thanked him for his noble conduct; General Ian Hamilton called later and also thanked him; he was mentioned in despatches; and when after further war service, he returned to his native place, Kirkcaldy, the freedom of the burgh was conferred upon him, the Provost highly lauding his services to the State and expressing a hope that the Government would do something for one who had done so much for them.

After the siege of Ladysmith was raised, Captain Hotchkiss Walker (as he was popularly called) did splendid work in reconnoitring the enemy's position at Helpmakaar, "the Gibraltar of Natal," General Buller on this account writing him a holograph letter in which he said "if we could get many such informants in Natal, my work would be easier." Further, at that hot corner at Scheeper's Nek, where seventy-six men of Bethune's Mounted Infantry were lost in about ten minutes, he again came under the notice of his commanding officer, receiving this time the thanks of Major General Bethune. He was promoted to the rank of Captain for services rendered and again mentioned in despatches.

Since the Boer War ended Captain Walker has been Stores Audit Inspector for the Natal Government, and is ever on the move to see that the Colony's arms are bright and its stores intact.

In conclusion, it is of surpassing interest at the present moment to find that in the Special Order issued in April 1908 in connection with the new Territorial Army, General Sir Ian Hamilton singles out for mention, as a valuable lesson of the late War, the close quarters at which Captain Walker was able to work his gun at Wagon Hill. His tribute concludes,— "If the value to the Empire of those few shots could be estimated in terms of cash, they might make the annual cost of the proposed Territorial Artillery seem comparatively trifling."

"WHAT SHALL I BE?"

II.—THE CLERICAL PROFESSION.

The first thing that strikes me on reading my old friend Dr Boyd's interesting article in the beginning of this series is to wonder why so many "old boys" have preferred his profession to mine. Many are sons of the Manse, and further, as shown in earlier articles in this magazine, the early traditions of the Institution are closely connected with the Church. The club lists do not contain more than twelve or thirteen ministers, one of whom is the "father" of the club. One can safely say that they are vastly outnumbered by the doctors. One hesitates to recommend the Ministry as a profession, partly because one hesitates to recommend any profession or occupation at all. It is much better every way that a young man should choose for himself. If he is forced into an uncongenial occupation he will in nearly every case turn out a failure. Then every occupation has its own troubles and worries. Those of our own are very present and obvious to ourselves, not so obvious to others who fix their eyes chiefly on the advantages of some one else's occupation. Naturally we wish those in whom we are interested to be saved from our particular troubles. We forget that they will have their troubles whatever their occupation may be. And all the better for them. For everything to be made easy would not be good for any of us. But still more do I feel that for the Ministry almost more than anything else one ought to be conscious of some special aptitude, capacity, or, to use the old Scots word, "call." This is not the place to preach, but I must say what I feel to be a fact. It would probably be wrong to say that unless this condition be fulfilled then the ministry should be avoided,—that would be going too far. One cannot always be sure of one's self, especially in early life, but there may be those who suspect that that is their life work, and whom a little information may help to a decision one way or another.

The candidate for the Ministry, then, must make up his mind to a six years' college course at least. The degree of M.A., if not actually indispensable, is very nearly so. A general, as distinct from an exclusively professional, education is important for any man, for a minister perhaps especially. The course of study in the Divinity Hall is of necessity mainly theological, and a minister must be something very much more than a theologian. Nowadays the Arts course allows such variety and scope that a student may choose just those subjects that suit him best. He may even do some of his

Divinity work during the Arts course, Hebrew for example. My own view is that that is inadvisable. He *may* take Hebrew in Arts; he *must* take it in Divinity. In the interests of a wider education, it is better not to let the two overlap. It was once computed that there were 25,000 ways of taking the M.A. degree. There is only one for the higher degree of B.D. (Bachelor of Divinity), for which the M.A., degree is a necessary preliminary. There are four Divinity subjects, Divinity proper, Hebrew, Church History, and Biblical Criticism. [It will be noted that I speak only of Scotland and the Scottish Church.] The B.D. is not so obligatory as the M.A., but I feel that every one ought to take it, even though I omitted to do so myself, and it has not the value and estimation in the Church that the study required for it deserves. A minister, in these days more than ever, cannot be too highly endowed with intellectual culture. Perhaps it would be as well, then, if I enumerate shortly the obstacles in the shape of examinations which have to be met and overcome. I. ARTS. 1. An entrance Exam. (pardon the contraction!) in general and classical subjects which is of a searching nature. 2-4. Degree Exams. at the close of each of the three sessions of the course, the classes in the various subjects having been attended during the previous year. II. Entering the Hall the student has to face no less than three Exams. 1. An Entrance Exam., in which there is competition for bursaries. 2. A Presbytery Exam. in Bible Knowledge and Catechism, which ought to have no difficulty for a Scotsman, especially one with the ministry in view. And 3. A Synodal Board Exam. which is a simple matter if one is M.A., very much the reverse if otherwise. At the beginning of each of the other two years there is another Presbytery Exam., which is becoming more and more a formality, though it would be a mistake to assume it as such. Still the Presbytery naturally and properly feels that if the University is satisfied that is sufficient, when the same subjects are being dealt with. Then there are generally two B.D. Exams. at the close of the second and third years respectively, though they may be combined. At the close there is a Synodal Exit Exam., which is nothing to a B.D., but "something" otherwise. Finally, there is a Presbytery Exam. preparatory to license. Such is the course for the Church of Scotland. The U.F. Church varies slightly but not materially. I do not speak of other Churches.

The cost is no doubt a serious matter. This course is not so expensive as the Medical, but at best six years' study means considerable outlay. Still there are aids. I believe the Carnegie Trust pays the fees, if it is asked, though

honourable men will prefer to pay their own, if at all able. Then there are many bursaries in Arts, more still proportionately in Divinity. And it is always possible to eke out one's resources with private teaching, though this should be done sparingly, as it entrenches upon one's time for study, which, after all, ought to be one's first consideration. Still (I speak from experience), if board and lodging be provided otherwise, an average student might without difficulty earn enough to pay for education and clothes.

As regards practical training, the authorities rather discourage it, for study should come first, but one ought to do some church or mission work, and opportunities will readily be found in one's immediate church or the work of the University Mission. Still one does not really learn one's life work until one is plunged into the middle of it; but probably the same might be said of every occupation. It is distinctly an advantage for a licentiate in these days that he can obtain immediate employment. It was not always so, but the reduction in the number of students and the growing activity of the Church has increased the number of assistantships, and, incidentally, the emoluments.

A few words in conclusion regarding the advantages and disadvantages of the profession. I wish to say little or nothing of the former. They are real and they are great; after thirteen years experience I would not change my profession for another; but they are of such a nature as cannot be described in such a paper as this. The disadvantages can be more easily described. The length and cost of training have been mentioned. Then, stipends though generally sure are generally small. Still, neither of these objections is insuperable to a man who is in earnest. But a very serious drawback is the method of entry. I need not discuss the relative merits of patronage and popular election. Both are good. Both may be and are abused. Our present system is very far from perfect. A competitive preaching match, or worse still, praying match, before, not a congregation of worshippers, but an audience of keen critics, is an ordeal that no one ought to be called upon to face. It is degrading to all who are concerned, the people as much as the preacher. It is, I believe, the chief reason why so many good men shrink from entering the Ministry. And this fact emerges over all, that unlike other occupations, in the clerical office one must not look for visible results. One must be content to do one's duty, to work, in the dark if you will, though I prefer to call it in faith, and leave the results in Other hands. There may be discouragements and times of depression, but there are many and abundant compensations. *Experto crede.*

Will these considerations keep any one back from the service of the Ministry? I refuse to believe it. If a man is in earnest, discouragements will not deter him. I remember Henry Drummond speaking of a mission in the wilds of Australia. Recruits were badly wanted, and an appeal was made to the Universities Mission of Oxford and Cambridge. What were the inducements? A high salary? Home comforts? Not at all! "You'll get bread, and—perhaps—butter." And immediately some of the very best men volunteered to go, and went. The Christian minister must remember Who was the Founder of his religion, and also what His experience was. The disciple is not above his Lord. Those who aspire to serve the Master must do it on the Master's terms. But even he who gives a cup of cold water shall in no wise lose his reward.

D. G. HAMILTON.

THE LEVITES' JAUNT.

All roads lead to the old Camp in the Pentland Hills, so might have been the thought of some nineteen Levites on the first Saturday of June last as, by way of experiment, we did not follow the time-honoured route but travelled on "shank's naggie" by the well-trodden path from Bonally over the hills.

Our starting point was the Caledonian Station, Princes Street, where several of their contemporaries were pleasantly surprised to meet Mr Alex. Saunders of Birmingham and Mr James Stevenson from Cape Colony. After a few minutes' journey we arrived at Colinton, with a walk of twelve miles before us. The day was ideal. Soon we left the king's highway and began our climb through the wood by Bonally House, in whose grounds the School had sometimes held its Jaunt half a century ago. Often did we look around to admire the lovely panorama of town and country, sea and sky spread beneath us. And how invigorating the air was. "Pentland wine" it is well called. Over the high ground our party went, now in twos and threes, at a leisurely pace. Glencorse reservoir was sighted, then passed, and we found a resting place near Loganlea, where tea was ready, awaiting us. Next we visited the old Camp, scaled the rocks by the Waterfall and then directed our steps towards Bavelaw Castle and so on to Balerno. Here the second contingent of our party found with amused surprise that our first group had stepped out on the road to town, but they contented themselves with the train. So ended one of the best Jaunts we have yet had.

NINTH OLD BOYS' CRICKET MATCH.

"That great cricket match of the year, the Old Boys', is hoped to come off to-morrow," thus wrote the dux of the School in his essay on Thursday, 2nd July. The hoped-for event came off in splendid weather, and was well attended by the Old Boys. The girl-pupils also were interested spectators. The glorious uncertainties of cricket were well illustrated early in the game. The scores tell that tale and of a victory for the Old Boys. The honours of these matches to date are thus halved!

Old Boys.	
T. Millar, *c* Peddie, *b* I. Brown	0
J. Rodger, *b* I. Brown	3
J. T. Campbell, *st* Muirhead, *b* I. Brown	5
W. A. Alexander, *b* I. Brown	1
D. S. Burnet, *run out*	21
W. Cuthbert, *b* I. Brown	12
C. Cuthbert, *b* D. Brown	0
L. Pattullo, *run out*	16
D. S. Ross, *b* Morison	13
R. R. Marshall, *st* Muirhead *b* Morison	9
J. Ross, (Captain) *not out*	9
Byes 6, Wide Balls 1	7
Total	96

School Team.	
A. Peddie, *b* Burnet	0
D. Wilson, *b* J. Ross	3
D. Brown, *run out*	4
A. Muirhead, *c* C. Cuthbert, *b* J. Ross	3
I. Brown, *b* Pattullo	5
D. Morison, (Captain) *c* Marshall, *b* J Ross	0
I. Macnaughton, *b* J. Ross	1
C. Maclean, *b* J. Ross	2
J. Yorston, *c* W. Cuthbert *b* J. Ross	0
C. Stewart, *c* Pattullo *b* J. Ross	4
W. Gibb, *not out*	3
Byes	3
Total	28

TO THE GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

July 1908.

Dear Friends,

This old-fashioned summer has nowhere been seen to better advantage than in the old home. The Park, so well known to all Levites, has been filled, if not from "rising morn to dewy eve," yet through the long afternoons and evenings, with happy youngsters, girls as well as boys, busy at play.

As we previously remarked, the girls played hockey this last season, and a photograph of their team is reproduced here. The weather and illness prevented all their fixtures being played off, but the following matches took place :—

2nd Queen Street L.C.,	2	goals	*v*	J.W.I. Girls,	1	goal,	at Falcon Hall.
Do.,	6	,,	*v*	do.,	3	,,	at home.
2nd St Bride's ...	0	,,	*v*	do.,	2	,,	at home.

Reading from left—Back Row—Margaret Ferrie, Monica Millar, Dorothy Gerrard (*capt*). Ada Hain, and Vera Speirs.
Front Row—Molly M'Nish, Maud Sharp, Dorothy Comrie, Rita Rodger, Winifred Grainger, and Edith Anderson.

In their cricket matches the girls met with more success. The results are :—

George Square L.C. (scratch),	18 & 20 runs	*v*	J.W.I. Girls,	115 for 9 wkts.
Queen Street L.C. (scratch),	14 & 18 ,,	*v*	do.,	54 and 22 runs.
Do. do.,	32 ,,	*v*	do.,	105 runs.
1st St Bride's, ...	72 ,,	*v*	do.,	35 ,,
J.W.I. Boys (left handed)	56 & 33 ,,	*v*	do.,	10, 10 & 11 runs.

The success of this first venture into the field of sports is greatly due to the happy choice of our first resident games-mistress, Miss Sutherland, who in one short session has done wonders in imbuing the girls with a keen liking for games as well as gymnastic lessons. The regret at her departure at the end of this session is universal among us.

The gymnastic display given before the Directors a few weeks ago was a pleasure all round, and to those who know the girls best, it spoke volumes in the alertness of movement and, better still, concentrated attention to orders exhibited by the pupils. We are looking forward to the time when these points, strengthened and increased, will react on the young people's lessons, and then what more can be desired for our girls? With kindest regards to all.

Yours sincerely,

EMMA MURRAY, *President.*

SCHOOL NOTES.

The Spring holidays were prolonged by two weeks with the view of limiting infection from whooping-cough. Otherwise health has been good.

The Summer term will probably be remembered for the visit to the Exhibition on Friday, June 12th. The Directors kindly defrayed "Entrance" and fares, and gave every boy and girl a shilling to be spent at discretion.

On Empire Day a holiday was given. The Picnic was held on Wednesday, 1st July—a brilliant day.

The "value" of the Cricket XI. is normal. D. Morison is Captain. The results for the season are—

3rd Daniel Stewart's	...	18 and 49 runs	*v*	J.W.I.,	75 runs
,, ,,	...	...	68	,,	*v*	,,	50	,,
3rd Dalkeith...	...	...	...	103	,,	*v*	,,	61	,,
Old Boys	...	...	...	...	96	,,	*v*	,,	28	,,

Mr Jamieson inspected the School on 20th July, and reported very favourably.

The Institution broke up on Friday, 24th July. Miss Downie and Mr Moonie were most deservedly complimented upon the Concert. The Deputy Keeper was in the Chair, and Mrs Paul very kindly gave away the prizes. The principal winners were :—

Ian M. Brown, Dux of the School; Molly M'Nish, Dux of Girls; Edith Anderson and D. Brown, Sect. II.; Laura Peddie and Dora Sharp, Sect. III.; Ian Mackenzie and Nora Rodger, Sect. IV.; Margaret Ferrie and Nora Durno, Singing; Nora Durno and Dorothy Gerrard (Miss Downie's Prize), Pianoforte; Marjorie Hodgson and Thomas Menzies, Drawing.

The Club Prizes were taken by—

Ian Brown, the Dux Medal; D. Morison for Gymnastics; Ian Brown and Dorothy Gerrard for an Essay; Edith Anderson and Winnie Grainger for the best Garden.

Mr John Blacklock, Junior Master 1844-50, was present on the invitation of the Directors.

The following are leaving :—

Ian Brown, F. Johnston, E. Fairweather; Molly M'Nish, Margaret Ferrie, Norah Durno, Jessie Ironside and Dorothy Gerrard.

The leaving girls have presented a new Bible for use at Prayers.

The Librarians are indebted to Messrs Macbeth Forbes and John Blacklock for copies of their own books, and to Mr L. Durno. On the wall of the Library are now hung two mementoes of the Siege of Ladysmith presented by Captain M. W. Walker, and an early photograph of the School, another gift from Mr Blacklock.

Ian M. Brown has been elected to the Fettes College Foundation.

CLUB TALK.

General Sir Ian Hamilton's striking eulogium * of an old boy's service to the Empire will, with the service itself, add new vigour to the school patriotism, as also will the high standard of successes lately gained by other old boys. To one and all we offer our hearty congratulations.

The Reserve Fund of the Club was recently enriched by a gift of £10 from Dr. W. M. Crawford Watson. A worthy appreciation of worthy precedents.

At the Scottish National Pageant held at the Edinburgh Exhibition, Hector Chalmers, a Levite of 1863, appeared as King Donald Bain, and John O. Naismith, of 1898, as John Neilson, a Covenanting gentleman. Some of the younger pupils were also in the procession.

At the band-stand and the Concert Hall of the Exhibition a warm reception was given to the Edinburgh Professional Orchestra and its Conductor, G. W. Crawford. His works are being played there by other bands.

Along with his general practice Dr. T. Edmondston Saxby engages in meteorological, parochial and public health work. He also is Chairman of the School Board.

At its Spring graduation ceremony Edinburgh University conferred the degree of Doctor of Letters upon Professor Stevenson. His thesis was "The Crusaders in the East," a subject on which historical students regard him as a master. His recent book "supplies a want in English literature on the Crusades and does so to an extent not attained in any other modern presentation of them," writes a critic.

At the same ceremony Oliver S. Rankin received the Vans Dunlop Scholarship in Hebrew and Oriental (Semitic) Languages. His other distinctions were prizeman in Arabic and Syriac; hon. mention in Divinity (senior division); and in Biblical Criticism and Antiquities.

At the Summer ceremony Charles M'Neil received the degree of Doctor of Medicine (being highly commended for his thesis), and the Gunning Victoria Prize in Practice of Physic.

Captain George A. Jolly recently made such a record of successes in language examinations, five in fifteen months, that the Commander-in-Chief in India selected him to proceed to Japan for two years' study of the language there.

Gordon G. Jolly gained the 5th highest place in the competitive examination held in July for commissions in the Indian Medical Service.

* See Page 226.

From Siberia comes a message from a Levite to be remembered to his old chums. The Levite is S. R. M'Dougall, who passed adventurous days at Riga during the massacres and Russian revolutions of recent times.

Harry Lees is at present Captain of s.s. *Lord Iveagh.*

Tennant Archibald has obtained second class Honours in Classical Moderations at Oxford.

Ian Massie is now assistant manager of the Supply Department of the Rangoon Electric Tramway and Supply Co., Ltd. A good appointment.

Fred Cuthbert has secured his First Officer's certificate.

William Cuthbert has passed the Scottish Institute of Banker's examination and that of the London City College.

Ernest J. Fisher has passed his second professional examination in Medicine, and won the Anatomy Medal of his class.

W. Alister Alexander has passed his first professional examination in Medicine, and obtained the Practical Zoology Medal and second class Honours in Botany.

The Club prize for the best anecdote related by the younger Levites was won by Jack Thomson, a Levite of 1906. The entries were few and the results disappointing.

John Robertson has been successful in examinations in Higher English and Higher French; Alec Linton, in English, German and Latin; and Leslie Durno, for the Intermediate Leaving Certificate. Peter Alexander has gained a Marshall Trust bursary of £15.

"The School Park and Playground" proved a popular subject with the pupils in the competition this session for the Foreign Members' Essay Prize.

JOHN WATSON CLUB, EDINBURGH ROOM.

The Club Room at Merchiston Place, the latest outlet of the Club's activities, has, from the experience of last winter, met a long-felt want in the John Watsonian circle. On the first Saturdays of February to May inclusive the room was open from 7 to 11 o'clock and was well taken advantage of. Lack of space prevents us from relating the pleasant experiences there, but we are sure that numbers of old boys will by word of mouth do this gladly. The scheme was financially supported by eighteen members, and the Treasurer, after paying all the expenses, has half-a-guinea in hand. The programme for the coming winter is at present engaging the attention of the Secretary and Treasurer, G. W. C. Laidlaw, now of 1 Warrender Park Crescent.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF NEW CLUB MEMBERS

Admitted Since 1st February 1908.

Levite of	
1876	MACALESTER, JOHN C., 280 West Princes Street, Glasgow.
1894	HERBERT, GEORGE S., 12 Brighton Terrace, Rothesay.
1895	LEES, HARRY O. M., 7 Wardie Crescent, Edinburgh.
1896	M'DOUGALL, SAMUEL R., Superintendent, Union Cold Storage Co., Ltd., Kurgan, Siberia.
1908	JOHNSTON, FRANCIS G., 13 Pitt Street, Edinburgh.

BIRTHS.

MACGREGOR—At Durham House, West Hartlepool, on 21st February 1908, the wife of Dr A. V. MacGregor, M.D., of a son.

QUINCE—At Central Station Hotel, Glasgow, on 17th July 1908, the wife of S. H. Quince (neé Rebecca Connel), of a son.

STIRLING—At Erskine Manse, Kilwinning, on 27th February 1908, the wife of the Rev. G. Stirling (neé Margaret H. Graham), of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BLACK—SMART—At Maitland Hotel, Edinburgh, on 6th June 1908, by the Rev. Alex. Williamson, D.D., of West St Giles, William Eglantine Black to Elizabeth Gordon (Bessie), elder daughter of the late John Smart.

LAMB—BLANNY—At Umzinto, Natal, on 18th February 1908, by the Rev. B. M. Ford. assisted by the Rev. A. S. M'Phee, B.D., George, third son of the late Rev. William Lamb, of Ednam, to Medina Mabel, elder daughter of Alfred Blanny, Umzinto.

PENNELL—THIRKELL WHITE—At Maymyo, Burma, on 10th June 1908, by the Venble. the Archdeacon of Rangoon, assisted by the Rev. W. White, Charles Stuart Pennell, India Civil Service, youngest son of the late Rev. James Pennell of Ballingry, Fife, to Dorothy, elder daughter of the Honble. Sir Herbert Thirkell White, K.C.I.E., Lieutenant Governor of Burma.

M'NEIL—BENDALL—At St Cyprian's Church, Durban, on 30th December 1907, Robert Patrick M'Neil, M.B.Ch.B., Boksburg, Transvaal, third son of the late William M'Neil, M.D., Stranraer, to Elizabeth Catherine, third daughter of Peter Bendall, Cheltenham.

MUIRHEAD—MAIN—At Dalkeith Parish Church, on 17th July 1908, by the Rev. W. A. Dunnett, B.D., assisted by the Rev. H. Farquhar, B.D., William Muirhead, Solicitor, Dalkeith, to Jeanie Muir, only daughter of William Main, Eskbank.

A LEVITE!

The Levite has now, indeed, earned its name. With the completion of its sixth year the First Volume has reached its last Vacation Day, and, like its human prototype, enjoys a like retrospect. This we gratefully owe to "the authorities"—our contributors and readers at the School, at home, and, not least, abroad, We are sanguine of the future. May the Second Volume be "second to none."

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.